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Overland Monthly

THE AWAKENING OF

MEXICO

CENTENARY
OF THE
REPUBLIC

July 1910

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Dr. Jekyll *and* Mr. Hyde At the Telephone

Courteous and considerate co-operation is as essential at the telephone as in the office or home.

In every use of the telephone system, three human factors are brought into action—one at each end, one or both anxious and probably impatient, another at the central office, an expert, at least as intelligent and reliable as the best stenographers or bookkeepers.

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Perfect service depends upon the perfect co-ordinate action of all three factors—any one failing, the service suffers. This should never be forgotten.

All attempts to entirely eliminate the personal factor at the central office, to make it a machine, have been unsuccessful. There are times when no mechanism, however ingenious, can take the place of human intelligence.

The marvelous growth of the Bell System has made the use of the telephone universal and the misuse a matter of public concern. Discourtesy on the part of telephone users is only possible when they fail to realize the efficiency of the service. It will cease when they talk over the telephone as they would talk face to face.

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The Overland Monthly

Vol. LVI--Second Series

July-December 1910

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Vol. LVI **No. 1**

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An Illustrated Magazine of the West

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No one interested in Mexico can afford to forego this book, and no library is complete without it. It is printed on fine Bible paper, bound in flexible cover, and shaped to fit the pocket.

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The Sonora News Company,

Calle de Estaciones 12, Mexico City, Mexico

AGENTS WANTED IN EVERY TOWN IN THE REPUBLIC

La Mutua

Compania de Seguros sobre la vida, de Nueva York

The Mutual Life Insurance Company of New York

INCOME.

Ledger assets, Dec. 31, 1907	$495,158,421.46
Premiums	58,994,653.29
Interest and rents	24,300,559.94
Supplementary contracts	366,872.52
Miscellaneous deposits and collections	244,358.64
Profits on securities sold, etc.	635,687.38
Readjusted book value of bonds	337,895.04
Total	$580,038,448.27

DISBURSEMENTS.

Death claims	$21,664,819.77
Endowments and surrender values	19,949,699.88
Annuities	2,736,925.49
Dividends	8,311,255.89
Supplementary contracts	296,560.55
Taxes	1,118,109.97
Actual expense of management	7,123,180.69
Readjustment of book value of real estate, bonds, etc.	3,487,367.88
Disbursed from miscellaneous deposits	68,350.85
Ledger assets Dec. 31, 1908	515,282,177.30
Total	$580,038,448.27

ASSETS.

Real Estate	$26,196,029.54
Mortgage loans on real estate	126,120,961.39
Loans on policies	63,048,558.17
Collateral loans	2,500,000.00
Bonds (book value) and stocks (market value)	309,279,002.09
Cash	3,926,622.04
Interest and rents due and accrued	3,850,765.03
Premiums in course of collection	4,117,029.87
Admitted assets	$539,038,968.13

LIABILITIES.

Net policy reserve	$433,137,716.00
Other liabilities on policies	5,392,550.52
Premiums and interest paid in advance	1,826,692.47
Dividends payable in 1909	11,092,282.38
Miscellaneous liabilities	1,744,735.56
Reserve for deferred dividends and contingencies	85,844,991.20
Total liabilities	$539,038,968.13

THE MUTUAL LIFE INSURANCE COMPANY OF NEW YORK:

We have made an audit of the books and accounts of The Mutual Life Insurance Company of New York, at its general office, for the year ended December 31, 1908, and

WE HEREBY CERTIFY that the attached statement of Assets and Liabilities sets forth the true financial condition of the Company on December 31, 1908, that the accompanying Revenue and Expense account and Gain and Loss Summary is a true statement of the results of the company's operations for the year ended on the above named date, and that the books of the company are in agreement therewith.

HASKINS & SELLS, Certified Public Accountants.

H. E. BOURCHIER, Director General for the Republic of Mexico, The Mutual Life Building, Esquina de la Avenida del Cinco de Mayo y Calles de Santa Isabel y La Condesa, MEXICO.

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Its future knows no bounds.

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IF IT DOES we want you to know all about El Paso, and the famous Rio Grande Valley.

IF YOU WILL GET A TEXAS MAP you will see that El Paso is located at the extreme western end of the State, and stands as a warden or keeper of the Western gateway to the State and of the natural gateway to Mexico.

THROUGH THIS PASS eight large railroads pour in and out of Texas, thousands of travelers from every part of the world and millions of tons of freight composed of the products of the world.

IT IS THE MOST DESIRABLE PART OF TEXAS, and is typical of the Great State in which it holds so important a location, inasmuch as it represents every branch of the resources of the State.

IN AGRICULTURE, it lies in the rich valley of the Rio Grande, where fruits, berries, vegetables, alfalfa, wheat, corn and other grains and grasses grow in perfect profusion. The United States Government is actively engaged at the present time in the preliminary work on what will be the greatest irrigation dam on earth, creating the largest artificial lake in the world, from which will be irrigated the rich lands of the Rio Grande Valley.

IN MINERALS, it outclasses any section of the State, and is naturally located in the center of the vast copper, gold, silver, lead, tin, quicksilver and coal districts of Texas, New Mexico, Arizona, and Northern Mexico. Oil has been recently discovered in this already rich mineral belt, which has not yet begun in development.

IN CATTLE, it is the logical point for this industry, and through this port passed 76 per cent of all the cattle imported into the United States during the year 1909.

IN MANUFACTURES its possibilities cannot be overestimated; nearly $6,000,000 are now invested in the manufacture of over one hundred different articles.

IN JOBBING it has no competition in the Southwest, and over $3,000,000 are invested.

IN RETAIL TRADE the most fastidious can be satisfied from stocks carried of over two million dollars.

IN FREIGHT RATES it enjoys exceptional privileges, having advantages of water rates from the Gulf ports and from the ports of the Pacific Coast.

FINANCIALLY its banking institutions, which consist of six banks and three trust companies, are as solid as any in the country. Total clearings for the year 1909 amounted to $49,379,488.78.

IN SOCIAL, FRATERNAL, EDUCATIONAL AND RELIGIOUS ADVANTAGES it has not its equal in any city of its size in the United States.

IT HAS AT THE PRESENT TIME nine buildings under construction from five to twelve stories high, costing $965,000, and a number of smaller buildings.

IT IS A MODEL CITY in point of paving, sidewalks, lighting and decency, and has 48,000 energetic, hustling population.

IT IS A CITY OF HOMES solidly built of brick, surrounded by beautiful lawns, characteristic of a happy and contented people.

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El Paso Chamber of Commerce

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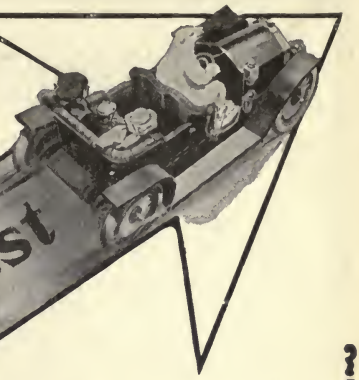

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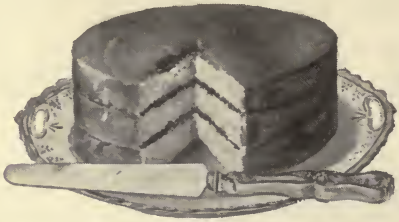

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THE AWAKENING OF A NATION

Marvelous Mexico and the Muck Raker. A Study on the Spot

BY PIERRE N. BERINGER

After reading what follows, the publisher must admit that there are many important matters connected with the marvelous development of Mexico that are apparently unknown in the United States. It seems almost incredible that any reputable magazine publisher should have allowed the exploitation of very evident exaggerations, if not actual falsehoods, in a periodical wielding an influence over the public mind, without proper investigation as to the validity of the charges made. Mr. Beringer, who was sent to Mexico to look into the matter, has decided to place before the American people a mirror, in a sort, of the Mexican public, by and large, a reflection of the impression made upon his mind by his own investigation, and he has very properly dismissed the libelous statements as not worthy of refutation. He has gathered facts, by word and by picture, to show that Mexico is not only advancing very rapidly, but that in some things Mexican cities have distanced American and European cities in the race when the end in view is giving the greatest liberties and greatest comfort to the greatest possible number of citizens. The author has shown that he is not narrow, and while deprecating the faults of a one man rule he has pointed out many advantages that accrue to a people when that people is governed by as wise a ruler as Porfirio Diaz. Mr. Beringer has refused to burden his work with the assimilated wisdom of others. He has seen Mexico under all sorts of conditions: he has visited, in four months of almost constant travel, ten of the twenty-seven States, and he has in no wise been handicapped by a publisher's instructions. His instructions were: "Tell the truth!" Of course, many of our readers will be astounded at the character of the material gathered, and we must admit that the title to this article is astonishingly well chosen, for the article itself is a revelation in innumerable ways to a majority of the citizens of the United States of North America, where a most lamentable ignorance exists as to our nearest neighbor. The publisher of this magazine has always followed a policy of uplift and, indeed, every successive publisher and editor of the Overland Monthly has always borne in mind the devise of Bret Harte, "Devoted to the Development of the Country," and it is with pleasure that the writer submits the work of the editorial staff to the American people.—THE PUBLISHER.

I HAVE CHOSEN as the introductory article to the series on Mexico to write my impressions of Porfirio Diaz. I have refused to accept the ideas of others on the man. I have chosen to see him and speak to him, to watch him in public and in private, to obtain the opinions of the men of his day, some of the men he has himself distinguished by his favors, and some of them fellow-countrymen who cannot see his virtues and who will not condone his faults. I have conversed with him and I have delighted in watching him in private conversation.

As a result, I have been weeks and months making comparisons.

I am accustomed to having my own way with the expression of my own thoughts, and I do not hesitate in saying that only three really great men have existed on earth in the last two hundred years—and I measure their greatness in the order in which I name them: Napoleon, Washington, Diaz, and I am not sure that there are not moments when I would change this order and say Napoleon, Diaz and Washington.

These moments come when I call to mind the stupendous difficulties that have never, at any time in thirty years, failed to loom up portentous with tragedy before the genius who rules over Mexico.

It must be remembered that Washington had at hand all of the materials for the creation of an ideal Government. It must be admitted that he had all about him able and willing advisors and coadjutors.

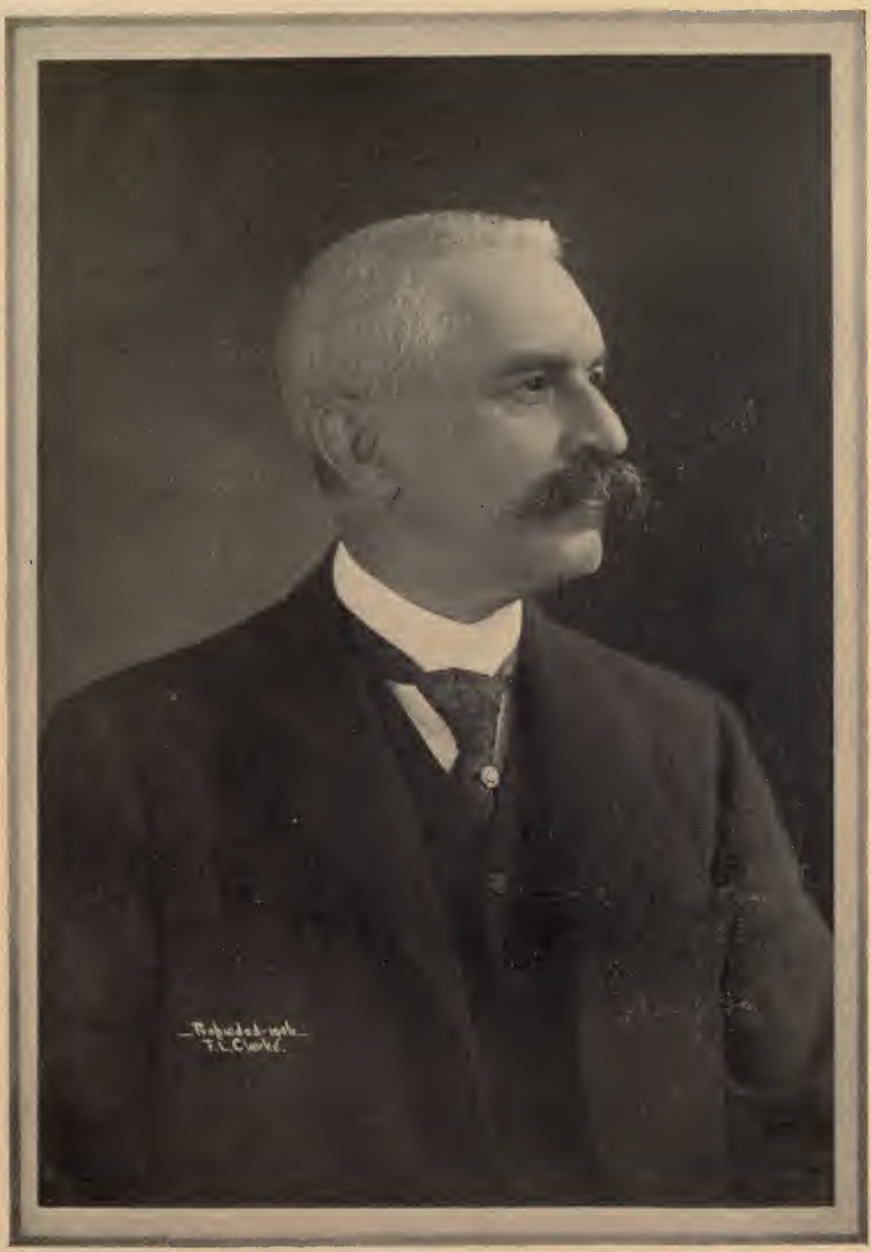
The conception of Washington and his advisors was far simpler, more practical and greater than the present-day result. The conception of Diaz, big as it was, fell far short of the achievement. Washington and Napoleon worked nations out of plastic and willing material, the unit was intelligent and educated, patriotic and enterprising. The unit in Mexico, from the lowest to the highest, was, in the beginning, although patriotic, antagonistic and unbelieving and, in the end, while the *"gentes decentes,"* the educated classes, were conquered by the march of civilization and events, the humble *hombre* became a non-resistant, passive unit, rendering no help in achieving results, and only convinced of the value of advancement *after the event.* It is almost impossible to conceive the difficulties that have beset Diaz' path from the beginning of his rule.

The real civilization of Mexico began with Diaz. Before Diaz' rule the Spanish rule did not make for advance. It cannot truly be said that Mexico made any advance whatever, according to what may be called German, English, French or American civilization, until after the first seven or eight years of Diaz. It must be then a marvelous thing that so much has been accomplished. This also accounts for the fact that the advance has not been as great *along all lines.*

The Indian of Mexico is not a very different being from the Indian of North America. Indeed, we know that the original inhabitants of Anahuac came from the North, and that these and others were in turn displaced by others, also from the North. The present day civilization of Mexico has not only known how to preserve to the Indian his birthright, but he is on the increase. Let us, for the purpose of comparison, recall for an instant what our own civilization has done for the Indian of North America. It is the one great blot on our scutcheon.

We have civilized and syphilized him. Mexico has preserved for him his right to live, and it has surrounded him with all the protection that surrounds any resident of the republic *without making of him a dependent.* This is and has been the Diaz policy.

In the process, disaffected tribes, nomads who would in no instance conform with the law, have suffered, notably the Mayas and the Yaquis. No student who looks carefully into the life of Porfirio Diaz will attempt to deny his genius at conciliation and his great ability in bringing in as adherents spirits insurgent, providing such spirits have been amenable to reason. In the process of the selection of men fit to govern States, cantons and cities, Diaz has discovered more able men than he has uncovered inefficient ones. Of course, as in all other countries, we have in Mexico the grafter, the man who is no patriot, the individual who would hold office for the sake of the perquisites or pelf. It must again be admitted, by any truthful historian, that Diaz has been singularly successful in his quest of the patriot, and his roster of able men in office would put to shame the selections made by president or king of any country in the world. The general run, the large majority, of the men selected have been able and honest. Most of these men have held opinions not in accord with those of the President, and it was exactly for this reason that he made selection of them for the cabinet, for representation abroad, for the Congress or the Senate, or as his immediate advisors. His great stroke of genius has been played on every string of the



Mr. Ramon Corral, Vice-President Republic of Mexico. Mr. Corral may be best described as a man who is "making good" every day. He is a man of singular constructive ability and he has a keen grasp of the political situation at all times.

political harp. Willingly or not, the enemy, he of the adverse opinion, must be conciliated and made of use. "If a man has boldness of heart enough to have opinions, let him put those opinions to the test, let him get in harness with me!"

It was this same policy that made of the roving bands of pillagers the best constabulary force in the whole world, the rurales. The idea has brought the idle millionaire into play as a useful, diligent governor. It is useless to follow the theme any farther. Every conciliable unit making for good government, it seems to me, has been conciliated. Mexico of to-day is not the Mexico of thirty years ago. It is not the Mexico of eighteen years ago. It is not the Mexico of yesterday. The irreconcilable of the yesteryears was destroyed, killed or imprisoned. The irreconcilable of to-day, if he be dangerous to the peace of the land, is exiled. If he simply spread his doctrines in the public prints or mouths them in the public squares he is tolerated and—watched.

In regard to the involuntary expatriate who *"juntaizes"* magazines, it would be well to remember that old story of Plutarch's, who told us of an idle and effeminate Etrurian finding fault with the manner in which Themistocles had conducted a recent campaign.

"What," said the hero, "have you, too, something to say about war, who are like the fish that has a sword but no heart?"

The man of the least worth is always the severest censor on the merits of others.

I went to Mexico without a feeling of sympathy for the man or the institutions of his creation. I had been reading the muck-raker's version of the achievements of Diaz. I felt instinctively that much of what I read was not true, but per contra, I had no first-hand knowledge of the country or its people. I had twice dipped over into the land of the Aztecs and what had been apparent to me had not predisposed me for a kindly treatment of the subject selected for me by the publisher. It is true that I had never penetrated very far into the interior, never straying far from our own border. The country was arid, the people poor, the very atmosphere was niggardly of the moisture to keep even the most primitive forms of animal and plant life alive. It seemed as though creation had stopped short in its task and had proclaimed itself bankrupt.

I have met several members of the Diaz family, notably the son and the nephew of the man at the helm. I have been struck by one characteristic in these three men. Napoleon did not possess it. It is modesty.

You wish to know of the man Porfirio Diaz? Modesty seems to be his chief characteristic. If you are observant, that is one salient result of your observations. He is not keen as to his own worth or his own achievements. It is the country he thinks of, and the power to rule wisely. Self and self-consideration has never entered in his calculations. It is in the Diaz character to follow a task set unremittingly and to never economize a Diaz or a Diaz' blood in the doing of it. Diaz is surrounded by a cabinet, each member of which is probably many times a millionaire. Diaz himself is not a rich man. Almost any other man would have been wealthy beyond computation—given the same opportunities. But this was not in the man, this love of wealth or of the opportunity for senseless display wealth gives. With Diaz, it has always been what the man does, not what the world's estimate of the man is, that counts.

Writing at this day of a man who will be reckoned as truly great only after he is dead and gone, I feel a particularly exultant thrill when I recall him to mind. Without knowing exactly, I should say that he is about five foot seven in height; he is well built; he has the bronzed features of the old campaigner; his step is springy, his eye is keen, his speech quick and very slightly husky. His thoughts come like lightning. One of the attaches of the American Embassy dropped the information that I was in Mexico on account of the "Barbarous Mexico" articles. The President showed no emotion, but he took occasion very soon thereafter to say to me that he welcomed the attention that had been given Mexico by the slanders contained in these articles, and that he was overjoyed at the fact that the land was being overrun by intelligent men and women looking into conditions in his country. The last words he spoke to me this time were: "Tell the truth; that can hurt no one."

Jose Yves Limantour, Minister of Finance. A man who would grace the cabinets of England or France; except Diaz, probably the ablest of all men in Mexico.

Senor Don Enrique Creel, of Chihuahua, Governor of that State and Minister of Foreign Affairs for the United States of Mexico, formerly Envoy Extraordinary to the United States.

Porfirio Diaz is magnetic; he is sympathetic; he is human. The Porfirio Diaz of to-day is not the Porfirio Diaz of the historian of a decade ago. He has advanced with the times and ahead of the times. He has been credited by a magazine writer as a graduate from the cobbler's bench, a shoemaker's apprentice turned statesman and soldier. I hesitate to believe the story, but I would not brand it as a lie, without authority for the branding. It has been reported that his parents were of the poorest, and that the pigs and other household pets of the peon played about the paternal portal. I hesitate to believe this. Porfirio Diaz was born in Oaxaca in 1830. He received a classical education at the Oaxaca Institute, and had begun to study law when the war with the United States broke out; served through that struggle with the National Guards, practiced law during the dictatorship of Santa Ana; was at one time a judge of the Supreme Court; his military achievements are well known; he has been Governor of Oaxaca, and has occupied many other responsible positions, besides that of the presidency. Of course, I know it is absolutely a necessity to the esteem of the *hoi polloi* to be born in a pig pen, to be truly great and to be held as one of the anointed by the yellow journalist.

Nevertheless, it is well nigh impossible to reconcile the classical education with the pig pen. Presidents of the United States have towed canal boats; one split rails and told droll, *risque* stories; another raised chickens; a third was a drummer boy, but it is the birthright of such to cumber the seats of the mighty. At least, it was so in the good old days. But to conceive of the mother of Diaz with a pig in the parlor of the humble adobe and the son in the Oaxaca Institute is a mental *"tour de force"* I am incapable of under the circumstances.

It is more than probable that the Dona Diaz was a very well-to-do woman. In fact, the signs of Nature's aris-

Oligaro Molina, formerly Governor of Yucatan, now Minister of Fomento. It is due to Senor Molina more than to anyone else that Yucatan's large cities are as healthful places of residence as any of the larger cities in the United States of America. Merida is probably the cleanest city in the world.

Sr. Don Guillermo Landa y Escamdon. Governor Landa is devoted to the people of his district, and labors indefatigably at the betterment of the condition of the poorer class. He is a veritable Haroun al Raschid, and he is tireless in his labors.

Sr. Don Justo Sierra, Minister of Education for the United States of Mexico.

tocracy abound in the whole Diaz family. That cobbler story is very delightful, as material for literary contrast, but I will have to have some more substantial proof than the say-so of a magazine author.

The Diaz who has made Mexico what it is to-day did not make it so without help. The help he has had has been efficient, *always*. The men about him are great men, and would be great in any nation. They will carry on his Government, after he is gone. That Government is changing day by day. I should say that Porfirio Diaz is a man who shows an indifference to little things, who has a real and well-proportioned zeal about things of importance, and this, as Lord Chatham hath it, "can proceed only from a true knowledge, having its foundation in self-acquaintance." Diaz has the same faculty as regards his friends and his enemies; he has instinctively a thorough acquaintance of their motives and their ambitions, and it is because of the knowledge of self, because of the ability to grow with the times, because of his competence in selecting his advisors, that Mexico has been so wisely governed that I may with all truth call it "marvelous."

One of the rules laid down by Diaz is that no man has ever earned the right to be idle. Rich men must take up political responsibilities. No man may evade the right to serve when the nation demands. Napoleon once said that no man had the right to avoid a responsible position under the Government. Diaz is right. Napoleon was right.

If the principle obtained in this country, we might still be following the ideal condition laid down by the founders of the Republic.

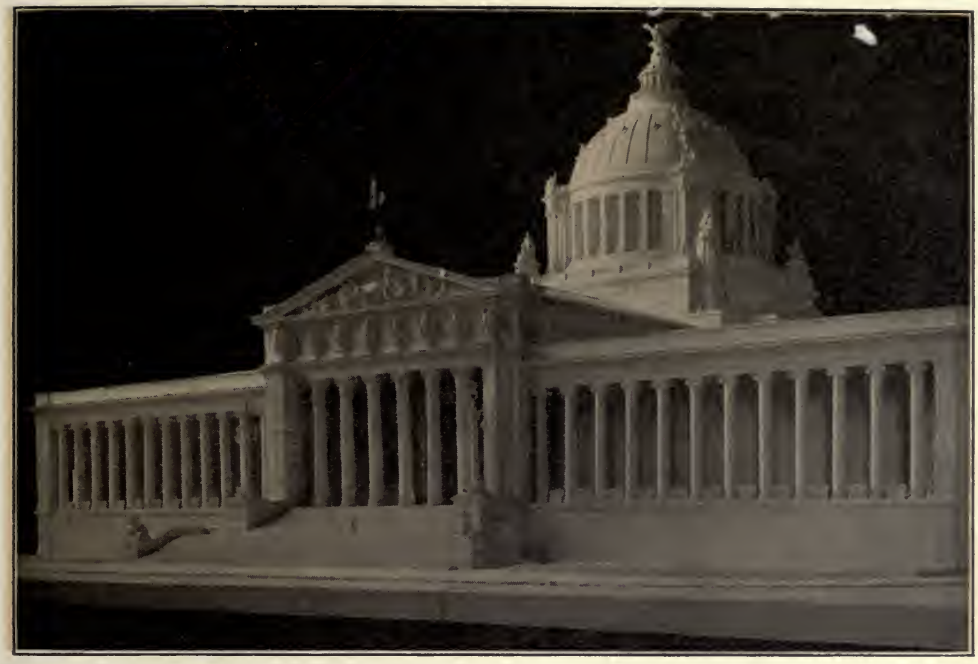
THE MUCK RAKER

The gentle poet Longfellow is not usually spoken of as being guilty of having written things that wound, but he was sorely hurt by the critics at times, and he had to let it out of his system. Do you remember his mild reproof of the unmannerly cubs who pelted his rime with jibes and who made fun of his songs? This is what he said: "Some critics are like chimney sweepers: they put out the fire below, and frighten the swallows from their nests above: they scrape a long time in the chimney, cover thesmelves with soot, and bring nothing away but a bag of cinders, and then sing from the top of the house as if they had built it."

General Manuel G. Cosio, Minister of War. General Cosio is one of the men who was faisely accused of waxing rich in the transportation of Yaquis to Yucatan.

NO INTELLIGENT Mexican denies the existence of peonage. There is much that may be defended in the system. No intelligent Mexican denies that many men have been sent to the Valle Nacional. Three thousand Yaquis, in the years of the Diaz rule, have been sent there. This is authentic. Magazine statistics have placed the number at three hundred thousand, but this is known to be false. They have increased rather than decreased. It is not true that such conditions as have been described exist in Yucatan. That there have been cruelties practiced, at times, cannot be denied. That these cruelties were state or nation-wide is not true. That they were general in the Valle Nacional is not true. That there is a junta in New York and in Los Angeles ready and willing to create publicity, with revolution as its object and pillage as its reward, is true. That this junta has had money, which was wrung from its duped followers, with which to pay for publicity, is believed. That members of the Mexican colony of involuntary expatriates have been guilty of attempting blackmail on residents in Mexico is susceptible of proof. That, after fair trial, members of revolutionary juntas have been placed in jail in the United States is true. That such men were tried by American judges and by American juries is true. That the charge is made by the involuntary expatriates and their American sympathizers that President Diaz bought up these judges and these juries is also true. Do you believe it?

The trouble with Mr. Turner is that he imagined himself another Harriet Beecher Stowe, a sort of reincarnation. He fell far short in his portrayal of the character. The *mise en scene* was poor. Har-



Palacio Legislativo Federal, Fachada principal (Facade of New Legislative Hall.)

riet Beecher Stowe had the real slavery conditions as a stage-setting. Mr. Turner had the fragments of a fact, pieced together with fake drawings and photographs, and the evidence furnished him by exiles, who were exiled for their country's good, or fugitives from justice. Mr. Turner created a ripple of excitement, and then a wave of pencil pushers whelmed over all Mexico, and from him was taken the halo of truth, the scent of romance, the skirts of Harriet, and he was stripped to the buff—yellow of sensationalism in magazine writing, a remnant of little worth.

Walls Forbidding.

I can easily conceive the why and the wherefore of the conflict of opinions regarding Mexico. It is a case of walls forbidding. The old conservatism of the Spaniard, the very architecture of the houses, forbids a knowledge to the passing stranger of the delights within. Once past that gate, once enter within and earn, by your behavior, the friendship and the trust of the owner of the casa, be it ever so humble, and a new world is opened to you.

It will not always be thus, but I truly believe the Mexican will not gain much by exchanging the shut-in simplicity of his life for the more open and strenuous existence of the Anglo-Saxon.

I can well remember a group of tourists passing along the blank, white, hot wall of a street in Tacubaya, gazing along to the other side of the street to more white 'dobe wall, topped with broken glass, and sighing audibly an "Oh! What a horrible place! Let us get back to the street cars and get a breath of air."

Truly, "walls forbidding," grated windows, and locked doors and looks distrustful, but within—

Flowers everywhere, birds singing in the trees, fountains playing, a riot of scarlet flowered vines, children laughing and romping over the tiled walks. Grey shadows playing over the red tiles and bright black-eyed girls and fine matrons sitting in the shade of the awnings all about the court. Once within—

You have proven your worth, and you are as one of them and no sacrifice is too

Direccion General de Correos, Escaleras (*General National Post Office*), *Mexico City.*

great to testify to this fact. From the humble *hombre* to the *haciendado,* from the *haciendado* to the *"illustrio,"* they will share with you their all.

Walls forbidding, and pride; yes, that is true. Why not? Have they no right to pride? Have they not, in thirty years, conquered the inherited taint of the ages of Spanish rule; have they not fought the greatest battle a nation may ever fight, and won? Have they not conquered themselves?

There are foreigners in Mexico who have been there thirty or more years, and who do not know the Mexican. Do you know why? It is walls forbidding and—the Mexican knows *them.* The man he will not admit to his home he will not admit to his confidence, and that man is the one you will find who tells you, "I have been here 30 years and I *know* the Mexican and he's no good!" That man is sometimes a conscious and sometimes an unconscious helper to the revolutionary junta, over there in Los Angeles and in New York.

The Charge of Barbarism.

What is it to be barbarous? What is barbarism? The reputation of being barbarous has been applied to a nation, the evidence upon which the charge is based is that some people in that nation are alleged to have indulged in cruel practices. It is known that if the allegations were true, founded on fact or proven, it would be a charge proven against only a very small minority of the people of the State affected. That State is one of the most southerly of the States of Mexico. Of that State I will deal later.

The charge does not interest me in the least. It has been shown that there is lit-

tle or no foundation for the articles in question, so little, in fact, that conditions are far worse in some of our own States, and demand investigation much more urgently than any of the States of Mexico. I would hesitate a long time before I would bring a charge against the whole State of Texas, of Louisiana or of Florida. I should certainly think it an error of judgment to damn the people of Wisconsin for the sins of some of its lumber kings, as regards labor. The maladministration of Government in these States is no valid argument to establish the contention that the people of the United States are barbarians!

It did not take many miles of travel to find that the charges were to a great extent fabricated out of whole cloth, that they were supported by drawings from memory, and memory is a close kin to imagination. The charge is openly made in Mexico that some of the photographs used were made at Ocotlan, hundreds of miles from the Valle Nacional. Fake drawings and fake photographs, fake stories of atrocious behavior by overseers to bolster up a struggling atom of truth.

My attention was attracted to other things, and these are all of them material factors in refutation of the wholesale charge of barbarism, although bearing but remotely on the subject. I was face to face with facts, all of them crying out in thunderous tones: "It is not true; these people are not barbarous; it is not true!" I visited tobacco fields, maguey acreages, sugar plantations, coffee haciendas, rubber plantations, factories, iron and steel works, stores and offices, and, with my associates I traveled from one end of the Republic to the other, conversing with men

Direccion General de Correos, Fachada (General Post Office), Mexico City.

Banco Nacional de Mexico. The National Bank of Mexico. Branches in every city of importance. Mexico City.

of all classes, visiting them under any and all conditions. No knowledge of my mission was given before I came upon them. They had no time to prepare to play a part. I found them distrustful at first. I conquered the distrust. I reached behind the "walls forbidding." I found the Mexican patriotic; I found him proud; I found him hurt to the core that he should have been struck so dastardly a blow in the house of his friend. But—that is again the other story, and we are not going over that ground.

Here is a nation that is old, as old as any in America. It was planted in blood and by deceit. It was the prey of a Cortez after it had been the greatest of all Indian nations of the Western hemisphere. When Cortez found it, it was almost as cruel in its practices as the Spaniards themselves. For the years it was under Spanish domination, and in the wars that preceded Diaz, it learned nothing new. Its credit as a nation was nil, its people were torn by dissensions; it had no place in the comity of nations; its leaders were little better than the thieving barons of Europe in feudal times. This condition lasted until a strong man, with a splendid grasp of affairs, with an iron hand and an executive ability so remarkable that it has been the wonder of the modern world, took hold of things.

The story of the finances of Mexico is interwoven with that of intercommunication and railroad development. It is the best exemplification of the phenomenal ability of the Great Constructor and ruler of Mexico, Porfirio Diaz, and so the story follows.

THE FINANCES OF MEXICO

*Michel Chevalier, the historian, wrote thus in 1870: "Notwithstanding the enormous advantages presented by her natural resources and the important geographical position which she occupies between the Atlantic and the Pacific, Mexico, owing to her unsettled government, and the consequent insecurity of life and property, has shown a retrograde movement in regard to commerce since the establishment of her independence; and the annual value of her trade is now estimated at only about six or seven millions sterling. The precious metals, it is estimated, constitute nearly nine-tenths of the exports, the remainder being made up by productions of the soil, and industrial products, such as cotton goods, woolens and silks. Soap, gold and silver, lace, cigars and brandy are also exported. * * * The financial condition of Mexico has been allowed to fall in such disorder, since the establishment of independence, that the expenditures have been continually increasing beyond the receipts. * * * Such indeed is the disorder that it is doubtful if reliable figures could be obtained anywhere. * * * A printed estimate for the year 1856 gives the receipts at five hundred thousand dollars and the expenditures at $13,126,239; thus marking an enormous deficit. * * * The National debt in 1865 amounted to $317,257,250, no portion of which is recognized by the actual Government, except about thirty-three million dollars, six per cent internal Mexican debt, the interest on which has not been paid for many years. The amount due the French for war expenses amounts to about fifty-eight million dollars."*

MONSIEUR Chevalier, after the gentle manner of the historian and lexicographer, was putting the situation mildly before his readers. He could not have had a very clear idea of the subject, as it was an impossibility for any one outside of Mexico to grasp the correct idea of the anarchy and imbecility in the saddle preceding the advent of Diaz in his first four years of public service as President of Mexico.

Clearly, this condition was one of barbarism. Fratricidal wars, vengeances and reprisals were the order of the day and hour; one Government succeeded another, and the financial condition grew worse and worse until it seemed impossible to avoid a general national bankruptcy.

A man of ideas was needed, and the first move in the right direction was made in following out the policy of General Diaz of opening new means of communication, the building of railroads, according to a well matured plan. While the conditions described in the following article gave but little hope for prosperity of any kind for Mexico, the first term of President Diaz showed a very marked economic movement in betterment. I do not desire to burden this article with statistical notes, and will limit myself to three tables, the first of which follows, and which shows the number of passengers carried and the freight transported for a period of years, during which the Great Constructor worked with might and main to bring about a regeneration of his countrymen:

Year—	Passengers	Tons
1876	4,281,327	132,915
1877	5,329,845	158,930
1878	5,414,449	172,496
1879	5,913,654	199,011
1880	7,183,499	249,552

Of course, there was a stimulating movement all along the line as a result of that in the railroad development in the country, and the telegraph and postal ser-

vice was so improved as to make means of intercommunication as facile as in other countries, at that period, excepting, of course, the old and more settled parts of Europe.

These activities, in turn stimulated larger and more profitable commercial transactions, suggesting all sorts of international interchange and the opening of new trade relations, as will be seen by the following most interesting and satisfactory report on the foreign commerce during the first four years of the Diaz incumbency:

Years	Value
1877-78	$29,285,659
1878-79	$29,891,177
1879-80	$32,663,554
1880-81	$29,928,697

I have been unable to find any data regarding importations for the same period of years; at least none that could be said to be exact, or based on Government reports, but, according to Don Matias Romero, one of the most eminent financiers of the world and a Mexican who is recognized as an authority, and who was the first to make a practical application of finance as an exact science, in Mexico, in its fiscal administration, we find that the importations from 1877 to 1878 were in amount $21,462,621, and from 1880 to 1881, $23,000,000.

Repressing with a vigorous hand the Governmental anarchy, recognizing neither friend or foe, and with favors toward none, with the idea, first, of pacification, by conciliation or by force; secondly, the establishment of a permanent peace because of a solid base, sparing no method even to the most coercive, to the end that the country might develop its potential energies, that the chronic revolutions might be avoided, that the dissensions tearing the very vitals of the various States might be brought to an end, Diaz labored.

In every direction the energies of the people were bent to discover and foster the germs of organization to the end that anarchy might be killed and society on a civilized basis be established. The spirit of enterprise and initiative was launched, and the people seemed to react against the conditions that had brought one of the most fecund lands to the verge of hopeless bankruptcy and moral degeneracy. It it a most interesting study. The dry documents, the parchment records all tell the story of a man who undertook the work of national regeneration with a full knowledge of the situation, and who continued at the labor, through good and bad fortune, with profound perspicacity and a clarity of political vision that is absolutely astounding.

The financial system of any nation is naturally connected and interdependent on the economic prosperity of the country. As soon as the policy of honorable dealing with creditors, inaugurated by General Diaz, began to show itself in an attempt at solvency due to the regeneration measures, the condition of the people began to improve, and it is undoubtedly true that the first step in the awakening of Mexico was taken in the first administration of President Diaz. Those were four strenuous years. This transformation had been unforeseen except by the Great Constructor, and the repetition of the establishment of rapid means of communication undoubtedly helped much in the stimulating of a confidence long pessimistic as to the honesty of Government officials or of the truth of governmental promises to pay. The probity of the government itself was soon so firmly established that it seemed impossible that any one should doubt its solvency. In addition, a rigid discipline had established a peace that seemed to promise a long life to the Republic.

Great treasure from foreign sources came into the country, with a view to exploiting the riches of the land, in every direction. The benign climate attracted men of means from everywhere. Commerce revived, and its enterprises were doubled and quadrupled, under infinite forms of production and protection industry prospered. The Mexican nation had, it seemed, taken its place on an equal footing among the great people of the earth.

To get an idea of this immense work of redemption it is necessary to recollect that for a half century after the ties connecting Spain and Mexico had been broken, there was not one moment in which the

nation had respite or leisure to reconstruct or to found some sort of durable political regimen. The whole country seemed fated to be plunged in sorrow, all of its strength, all of its young manhood was wasted in civil contentions and bloody feudal wars; there were constant and sanguinary outbreaks among the partisans of varied opinion, the advent of the one into power was followed shortly by the advent of another, and this brought about a constantly changing and deplorably unstable form of experimental Government, and a consequent misery among the populace. The triumphs and successful vengeances of one or another party succeeded each the other with vertiginous rapidity.

These were the conditions that each succeeding president might expect to face after he had been but a few days established in the executive chair. Bands of revolutionists over-ran the country and bathed it in fire and blood; they sacked property, placed imposts and taxes upon the populations, and such were these extraordinary taxes that they very soon exhausted the resources of the nation. In a word, all the natural energy of the people was atrophied.

This was an abnormal situation, continually changing for the worse, and reflecting in a most sinister manner on the financial administration. It was impossible to count on a regular income from taxation for the mere purposes of running the Government, and, in the midst of this general ruin, the recourse was had to expedients more or less savory to provide funds to suffice momentarily for the needs of the treasury. The income of the treasury was nil, or practically so, owing to the continual agitation and the lack of confidence consequent thereon, and this was followed by scandalous deficiencies.

As a natural consequence there were in the business world innumerable bankruptcies, and these scanty means of subsistence brought about the recourse to the most usurious loans; there was an interminable series of pacts with foreign money princes on terms that would have bankrupted the richest country in all Europe. The foreigners, taking advantage of the conditions, imposed payment, through tripartite alliances, and essayed to overthrow the autonomy of the Republic of Mexico.

This was, more, or less, the condition of affairs when General Diaz began his great work of regeneration.

It is a most difficult task, in the space permitted me, to narrate the various steps by which the Republic of Mexico was finally placed in a proper light before the world, and actually rescued from barbarism. The first four years were the awakening, the peep of a pewling child first feeling the coming of adult strength, asserting itself and earning the respect of school fellows. That is an analogous condition. But it was not to be a development, an awakening, without the attendant ills of childhood.

General Diaz desired, in order to regularize the income of the Government, to perfect a Governmental organization; he must re-establish peace in all perturbed districts; he must put a stay to the causes that brought about national depression. The nation must be liberated from its chronic anxiety, the depredations must be stopped, to the end that the husbandman might draw the riches from the virgin soil of the land. He brought order out of chaos. The revolutionary spirit was curbed, works were commenced that would allow the extension of legitimate ambitions for betterment by the people; new means of communicating from one part of the Republic to the other were devised, and the realization commenced; the conquering of great distances and mountains, the removal of obstacles to free interchange gave a stimulus to the nation that propelled it a long way along the road to prosperity. This was the preliminary policy of President Diaz, and all through this laborious work the underlying idea was that of establishing from one end of the Republic to the other a well thought out railroad system. He was face to face with a problem of almost impossible solution, for in every direction that he turned for help, in the extremity in which he had found the nation, he was confronted with the fact that any attempt at drawing financial assistance by taxation or otherwise, in the furtherance of his plan, meant a weakening of the financial structure. The nation had been practically sapped by its rulers. He could not expend any particular sum in any direction without feeling a loss or losses in another. The only ele-

ment that went to save the situation, and that gradually and slowly made for the better was the confidence reposed in the Government by the commercial and mercantile classes, who were the first to feel the benefits conferred by an effectual stop put to the revolutionary element.

The integrity and honesty of purpose of the Government was firmly established in the minds of the financiers of foreign nations by President Diaz, by his meeting the debts contracted by his predecessors. From the beginning of his administration there never was any attempt made to avoid the terrible debts incurred in the various attempts of incapables to stave off national bankruptcy.

General Diaz dealt with the matters of the public debt contracted in the name of the nation with the same ability and energy that he had displayed in putting an effectual stop to the revolutionary bands that had pillaged the country. From the beginning of his administration the idea was to give the world at large notice that Mexico was as honorable in her dealings as any nation on earth, and it was but a short time when other nations acknowledged the fact, and the good repute of the Southern Republic bade fair to be established on a strong and durable base. Steps were taken to pay promptly the employees of the public service, a practice hitherto almost unheard of in Mexican affairs.

The Government also began scrupulous payment of the debts contracted toward citizens of the United States during the civil disturbances. The crowning triumph of these first four years of administration by Diaz was the amortization by one million of the public debt.

Such was the record, rich in performance and promise, when General Diaz was succeeded by General Manuel Gomez. Unfortunately for this individual, the records show no continuation of such fidelity to the service of his country, show no such ability and no such appreciation of what constitutes a rectitude of conduct. On the contrary, scarcely had the reins of Government passed into his hand than he by his acts began to endanger the work of regeneration initiated by his predecessor. Matters went to the bad generally, and it was because of promiscuous private and public bankruptcy and governmental disgrace that General Diaz was recalled to office. Once again in harness, and once again face to face with the gravest possible dangers to the people and the nation.

Here is a message rendered in December, 1888, which gives a very fair idea of conditions upon the advent of General Diaz for his second term. Well might he have recoiled. The fact of the matter is, that this man has never economized his brain or his blood in the service of his country, and, called to power by the country's evident dolor in extremity, he cheerfully buckled to the task:

"The proper management of finances is a condition of such nature that without such proper management no guarantee may be given of a continued or secure administration of public affairs. The grave difficulties with which the executive finds himself face to face, at the inception of his administration, as well as the efforts made to bring order in a branch of the public service that is so important to the welfare of the nation, may best be appreciated by a review of what follows: The debt on the part of the Government to the Banco Nacional, the Hipotecario and the Monte de Piedad banks, on the first of December, 1884, amounted to $10,751,-015.95. To meet these obligations strictly according to the letter of the contract, and including as well those that are owing to individuals, it was thought fit to pledge the income from the customs, and the extremity was such that the Mexican Government found itself in a condition where only 12.63 per cent of this source of revenue was to be had to pay the wages of the customs officers and employees, and nothing at all available to pay the ordinary running expenses, outside of wages, connected with the customs offices. As an additional guarantee, the Banco Nacional had had given to it all the revenue of the Federal District, one of the most important sources of revenue of the Government."

MAKING A FRESH START

THE LONG PEACE

*President James Buchanan, in his second annual message, said, among other things, about Mexico: "No American citizen can now visit Mexico on lawful business without imminent danger to his person and property. * * * Mexico has been in an almost constant state of revolution since it achieved its independence. One military leader after another has usurped the Government in rapid succession. * * The successive Governments have afforded no adequate protection, either to Mexican citizens or to foreign residents, against lawless violence. * * * A civil war has been raging between the central Government and the party or parties that maintain the Constitution. * * * The fortunes of war are constantly changing. Meanwhile the most reprehensible means are exerted by both parties to extort money from foreigners, as well as natives, to carry on this ruinous contest. The truth is, that this country, blessed with a productive soil and a benign climate, has been reduced by civil dissension to a condition of almost helpless anarchy and imbecility. It would be vain for this Government to attempt to enforce payment in money of the claims of American citizens, now amounting to more than ten million dollars, against Mexico, because she is destitute of all pecuniary means to satisfy these demands."*

THE RETROGRESSION under Gomez seemed fatal, but General Diaz' vigorous handling not only stemmed the tide, but, astounding as it may seem, gave to affairs an almost immediate turn for the better, such was the confidence of all in his great ability. Not only was he able to re-establish the sources of income of the treasury, but he almost immediately succeeded in quenching the activities of the revolutionary bands, who were protesting in all directions against the inconsiderate, rash and costly administration of General Gomez. One of the first steps of the executive was taken in a recognition of the claims made by England, although this action bade fair to give rise to a revolution, and did not meet with approval by any of the other leaders. Although an honorable measure, it did not seem to meet with approval, but with the idea of re-establishing a credit at home and abroad, General Diaz, recognizing the rights of creditor and debtor, followed the honorable course. In the face of the vehement opposition of the Mexican Congress, the leaders and the press, Diaz signed the famous law of the 22d of June, 1885, recognizing the foreign debt. This was a case of unheard-of temerity, and it was with bated breath that all awaited the result of his action. A most surprising thing happened. Every one comprehended the action of the Government and all approved it as honorable. Almost immediately the prestige of General Diaz was recovered, and there has been no wane. The effect of the means of salvation adopted was almost immediate, the nation was born again, and the march of civilization began. The creditors at home, fully understanding the situation, not only were willing to extend the time for payment, but in many instances reduced their demands, while in others many offers of new loans were made and in some instances accepted.

With this new-found strength and the approval of all, General Diaz could turn his attention to his vast plan of regeneration. Let us, therefore, review as rapidly as possible the evolution from barbarism to the ways of civilization.

The first step to provide for the payment of the Mexican debt was taken, according to the law of the 22d of June, 1885, when a convention of the creditors was held in London in the year 1886. A

loan of ten and a half million pounds sterling at 6 per cent per annum sufficed to cover a part of the floating debt and to care for some of the more indispensable costs of Government. In 1890 another loan was made of six millions sterling to pay the subsidies to railroads, and, as before, to help pay part of the floating debt and to discharge the presumed fiscal charges. This same year of 1890 another loan was contracted to suffice for the reconstruction and completion of the Tehuantepec railroad. This was in amount two millions sterling.

Without sequestration, this condition of being a perpetual debtor was untenable, so much the more so as the responsibilities and the necessities were continually on the increase, forced upon the Government by the stimulus it had itself given to a civilization that was kept going through suggestion and strong initiative. It became absolutely necessary to break the galling chains, to re-organize upon some more solid base the system of national finance, to establish an unrestricted, natural and free play of the receipts and disbursements of the national income, and moreover to lay aside economies for some unlooked-for emergency. It was known that this condition of paying rigidly as to amount and as to time could not endure unless other steps were taken, and that such good repute might disappear in a moment if brought face to face with a crisis in the financial world, of even a momentary duration.

And such was the case, for now occurred two grave events. The first of these was the crisis caused by a successive loss of crops. The second was caused by the sudden and unexpected lowering of the value of silver.

The first of these two events caused a great contraction in all mercantile transactions, while in other directions, such as the stamp tax and in exports and imports the Government suffered. The reduction in the price of silver affected Mexico most seriously, as it had always been a country producing a great quantity of the white metal. Here was, then, a

Teatro Nacional, Mexico. The great National Theatre of Mexico, Mexican City. The architect's design.

notable reduction of all manner of income.

As a result of the readjustment of the money standard in which Mexico suffered much loss, the Government treasury reported a deficiency for the year 1892-3 of $6,157,085, and apparently the nation was once again face to face with bankruptcy. Herein, indeed, was a black perspective. The public voice clamored for a suspension of payment of the public debt, to obtain a lowering of imposts. Such counsel was undoubtedly pernicious, carrying out the public wish might entail a loss of all reputation so laboriously acquired, the good faith of the Republic was in the balance, the closing up of all credit was imminent, and yet some sort of action seemed necessary.

Presently the panic became so widespread that the Mexican Government had to take measures to put a stop to the bad state of affairs. Three means to an end were adopted. One was a revision of all imposts, the increase of such where it would not be a too severe burden, and the creation of new taxes as a source of income.

In many instances the taxes were reduced, and while new ones were created, these were imposed on interests that could stand the strain. The last and most effective means of revenue creating mediums adopted was that of well-thought-of reforms, and economy in Governmental administration. Several of the new imposts were rooted as a charge on the exportation of such articles as coffee, henequen and printed calicos. Means of income were proportioned on the various States in the Union, and as an instance of the efficacy of the new system, without apparently increasing the burdens of the people, the Federal District contribution increased the national income almost immediately by 25 to 30 per cent. Based on this was contracted a loan of six hundred thousand sterling toward the sinking fund in amortization of the floating debt, providing for the deficiencies of the past. There was also negotiated a further loan of two million six hundred thousand dollars to provide for the internal debt, and finally two hundred and sixty-seven thousand five hundred sterling was provided with which to meet various and most important demands.

In addition to the sums above provided through the new means of national income, the same reformatory measures were so efficacious as to create an excess of $21,728,000 with which to maintain the financial equilibrium, and for the first time in the history of the country, it was firmly placed on a financial base that no crisis may shake. The following table, the last one that I shall ask my indulgent friends to read in this article, is most impressive and shows the continual advance of the income over disbursements, showing a balance in favor of the exchequer that is an eloquent testimonial as to the management of this country being in most able hands:

Years—	Income	Disbursement	Balance
1895-96	$50,521,470.42	$45,070,123.13	$5,451,347.29
1896-97	51,500,628.75	48,330,505.25	3,170,123.50
1897-98	52,697,984.55	51,815,285.66	882,698.89
1898-99	60,139,212.84	53,499,541.94	6,639,670.90
1899-90	64,261,076.39	57,944,687.85	6,316,388.54
1900-01	62,998,804.63	59,423,005.75	3,575,798.88
1901-02	66,147,048.72	63,081,513.73	3,065,534.99
1902-03	76,023,416.11	68,222,522.20	7,800,893.91
1903-04	86,473,800.94	76,381,643.22	10,092,157.72
1904-05	92,083,886.66	79,152,795.80	12,931,090.86
1905-06	101,972,623.70	79,466,911.68	22,505,712.02
1906-07	114,286,122.05	85,076,640.51	29,209,481.54
1907-08	111,771,867.68	93,177,441.17	18,594,426.51
1908-09	98.775,510.79	92,967,393.31	5,808,117.48

Governor Teodoro A. Dehesa, of the State of Vera Cruz. Governor Dehesa is one of the ablest of the Governors of the States of Mexico. He has extended and improved the school system of the State of Vera Cruz, and is responsible for the great advancement of that State.

To summarize what has gone before: the income of the exchequer is not only fixed in a firm manner, but its management is such that it has met with the approval and admiration of all other nations; it has not only met all claims made upon it, but it has a balance in hand; its income is always greater than its disbursement, the reserve is constantly larger, magnificent public works have been initiated and carried to a completion throughout the length and breadth of the land; all this without increasing the burdens of the people; the system of taxation is a just one, and is administered with greater equity than is that of countries boasting a much older civilization, and I will say, in conclusion, that the finances of Mexico are in excellent shape and that for solidity, elasticity and ability to stand a crisis will compare more than favorably with those of any country in the civilized world.

This is the *piece de resistance* in my argument against the charge of barbarism flung at wholesale at the citizens of a sister nation. The man at the helm, the men in office, the whole governing body of Mexico, will compare with that of any nation, and, indeed, I doubt most seriously, after an extended acquaintance with men who rule, from the Orient to the Occident, if, in all my experience, I have ever studied a cabinet that would favorably compare with the group at the head of things in Mexico.

In some so-called more liberal countries, statesmen are drawn from corner groceries or groggeries; in others it is the fashion to inherit the diplomat or the ruler, and, in others, these favored individuals are God given. I prefer the Mexican brand, where their statesmen are educated to the task, and where they do not graduate to the presidential cabinet, or as advisors of worth, from ward saloons or because of any gift from God or heredity.

This closes my story of Mexico's conquest of Mexico, the first chapter in Mexico's awakening. The magazine for this month is simply an object lesson to those who would know. Many would rather remain unconvinced, or would prefer the romancists' recital of wrongs and oppression to that of truth, optimism and uplift. I have no quarrel with such, but I deprecate their taste.

THE TRAMWAY AND POWER SYSTEM IN MEXICO CITY, AND THE FEDERAL DISTRICT

BY CLARENCE E. FERGURSON

The District in which Mexico City is situated is probably the best governed municipality and aggregation of municipalities in any country on earth. It has the best police system, the very best lighting system, the cleanest streets, and the best tramways system of any city on the American Continent. Mr. Ferguson has been to some pains in the preparation of an article that should command attention from the captains of industry to the worker in the ranks. In making a study of the management of this great plant, Mr. Ferguson points out that all of the workmen are Mexicans, developed into expert mechanics and operators under the tutelage of three or four Americans. The entire shop force, engaged in work not only as regards the making of tram cars, but as to the mechanical and other necessities of the immense Nexaca water power plant (see April Overland), is extraordinarily capable, and it is farther noteworthy that these men are quite as intelligent and apparently much more content and better cared for than workmen engaged in the same callings in the United States of America. Strikes are unknown, and there is no ever-rising schedule of wage. The result is that the cost of the necessities remains the same. Generally speaking, the workingmen and women of Mexico are a less turbulent, less restless and more contented people than those similarly situated in almost any other country. But that is another story. The advantages offered the working force by the tramways system of the City of Mexico are such that few, if any, companies in the United States may boast of, and are indicative of a more thoughtful humanity in dealing with the semi-professional laboring element.

EDITOR OVERLAND MONTHLY.

WHILE THE underlying principles of street railroad operation give us many points of similarity in practically all parts of the world, conditions in foreign countries necessitate, at times, radical departures from established customs of companies operating in this country.

We have, in our previous issues, explained street railroad practice in Oriental countries, and the object of the present article is to give to our readers the system of our southerly sister nation, Mexico, especially applying to the magnificent street railway system in the capital of the Southern Republic.

The first street railway in Mexico was established in the year 1856, the system at that time consisting of two or three cars drawn by mules, which were operated from the central portion of the city through the business and residential sections, the entire round trip requiring about twenty minutes. Gradually, as the growth of the city warranted, additional lines were placed in operation. These properties were independent concerns, and in the year 1883 a consolidation of all street car interests was effected, and a new company organized, which was called "Ferrocarriles del Distrito Federal," which, translated, means "Federal District Railways." This

company made several extensions and obtained from the Government a new concession giving it the right to operate street cars in the Federal District for 99 years.

In the year 1900 all the rights that this company possessed were acquired by a corporation organized in Great Britain and known as the "Mexican Electric Tramways Company." The new company immediately proceeded to reconstruct various lines, install power houses, etc., and change operations from mule to electric traction. A number of new lines were built, and extensions also made to existing lines so as to reach the outlying districts and keep pace with the growth of the city.

In the early part of 1907 the interests of this company passed to a Canadian corporation, at the head of which was F. S. Pearson, Dr. Sc. This new corporation was called the "Mexican Tramways Company," and under this administration, the growth of the system has been remarkable. New lines have been constructed, reaching out to every part of the Federal District. A contract was entered into between the company and the Mexican Light and Power Company, whereby the latter concern furnishes power, generated from its hydro-electric plant at Necaxa, to the former company. This necessitated the establishment of sub-stations by the Tramways Company, which were erected in various parts of the city so as to assure an adequate system for the distribution of electrical energy. At the present time the company has seven of these sub-stations, three of which are located in the city proper and four in the suburban districts, namely: one at Churubusco, another at Mixcoac, a third at Xochimilco, and the fourth at Tlalnepantla. Also there is a portable power station, established in a car which can be moved from point to point in accordance with the necessities of travel or demands for power upon any particular district. The capacity of the sub-stations is 10,000 kilowatts. In addition to these substations, the company has located at Indianilla an auxiliary steam-plant, with a kilowatt capacity of 3250 kilowatt hours, which is only used in case of necessity or extraordinary demands. In addition to these plants there is a storage battery located at Indianilla as a reserve source of power for the operation of fire pumps in connection with a very elaborate fire sprinkling system installed in all of the company's buildings.

The main offices, depots, etc., of the company are located at Indianilla, a short distance from the center of Mexico City. The property of the company at this point covers upwards of 15 acres and the car barns have a capacity of about 500 cars.

The shops of the company are also located at this point, and are one of the most complete on the North American Continent; they are thoroughly equipped for the construction of all kinds of cars used in passenger, freight, funeral and other services of the company. They are in charge of a skilled master mechanic and a trained corps of assistants. A force of upwards of 500 men are employed, all of whom are Mexicans, with the exception of the master mechanic and his assistant, and the class of the work turned out of this shop will compare very favorably with that of the best car building companies of this country.

In addition to this main depot, the company has another depot at San Antonio Abad, where 200 additional cars may be stored. This latter property is used principally for the operation of freight service. The main store-rooms of the company are also located at Indianilla. In addition thereto, however, they have a large property covering about six acres, located at about one mile from Indianilla, where all heavy material is stored.

In track construction the company has adopted as a standard for city work 90 lb. and 114 lb. steel rails, with steel ties laid on a concrete bed, reinforced by expanded metal, the lighter rail being used on lines where the traffic is not very heavy, while on all principal streets and lines over which large suburban trains are operated the 114 lb. steel is used, with curves and switches correspondingly heavy. All suburban lines are constructed with 70 lb. steel, A. S. C. E. section laid on creosoted wooden ties with bearing plates and ballasted with rock.

For the purpose of securing a constant and cheap supply of rock for its various building purposes, and also for track ballast the company owns and operates a large stone quarry, located at a convenient suburban point called Santa Ursula,

Don Licenciado Rafael Reyes Spindola, editor of the "Imparcial." Mr. Spindola is one of the leaders of thought in Mexico. His daily newspaper is energetically managed and without the stain of yellowness.

the rock being a lava composition caused by an eruption of Mount Ajusco some thousand or more years ago.

The number of men employed in the track and building departments varies quite naturally in accordance with the amount of construction work the company is doing. On account of the large amount of construction work that they are doing at present, the company is employing about 1500 men.

In the city, overhead line construction consists of steel poles and 000 wire, and suburban lines are constructed with creosoted pine poles, the size of the wire being the same.

At the present time the company uses in its various services 617 cars, which are divided as follows: 250 electric passenger motors; 85 passenger trail cars; 68 passenger mule cars; 71 funeral cars; 135 freight cars, and 8 special cars.

The company has in operation 159 miles of electric track, equipped with electric trolleys, and 23 miles of track with animal traction, making a total of 182 miles, exclusive of freight sidings into quarries, factories, etc.

The plans of the company for the present year call for the construction of one or two extensions to existing city lines, in order to furnish additional transportation facilities to parts of the city that have quite recently developed considerably, and at this time show prospects of such future growth as to warrant that they have better service than heretofore. These extensions will probably add five or six miles to the mileage above given for electric traction.

The operating system of the company is composed of 40 different lines or routes, of which 35 are electric traction and 5 are mule lines. The latter are operated from a point at which the electric line terminates and extends to districts which, until quite recently, had not shown sufficient development to warrant the extension of the electric lines, but now that the financial situation has improved considerably and building operations are extensive in all parts of the city, these sections are showing a very favorable increase, and it is the intention of the company to convert these to electricity within the next eighteen months.

With very few exceptions the city lines use one street on outbound trips and another parallel to it on inbound trips. Suburban and interurban lines are operated over a private, fenced-in right of way for the entire distance of each line. This private right of way now amounts to 46 miles.

Located in the heart of the business section of the city is a central plaza or park, called the Zocalo, the correct name of which, however, is Constitutional Plaza. It covers an area of about six acres, on the east side of which is the National Palace, while on the north side is the world-renowned cathedral, and on the south the Municipal buildings. On each of the four sides of this plaza the company has laid its tracks and practically all lines of cars start from this central point and radiate in every direction throughout the business and residential sections of the city and outlying districts, and from their outer terminals return again to this central starting point. This system is especially gratifying to the tourists, of whom there are always a large

number in the city, as they seem to make it a practice to become acquainted with the location of the Plaza and use it as a landmark in order to find their way around the city.

Mexico is attracting considerable attention from the tourist at the present, and owing to the equable climate of the capital, the mean temperature varying very little the entire year, the hotels are always filled with travelers who leave their homes in order to escape the extremes of northern climatic changes, for despite the fact that Mexico is in the tropics, *there is never any excessive heat in the City of Mexico; the days are warm, not hot, and the nights are always cool.*

The intervals between cars during the greater part of the day on the different city lines vary from three to six minutes, depending on the amount of travel on the respective lines. These headways are maintained from 7:30 a. m. to 8 p. m., after which hour the schedule gradually lengthens—no owl cars are operated, but on nearly all the city lines service is kept up until 2 a. m. On suburban and interurban lines the service is less frequent, although some are operated on as close a schedule as six minutes, more at ten minutes, and others at 20 minutes, 40 minutes and one hour, depending on the distance and travel. Service is kept up on most of these lines until 1:30 a. m., and the first car from the outer terminal starts at 5 a. m. For the convenience of its employees who reside at some distance from the depot special early morning cars are operated.

On all city lines a special type of double truck car, seating 36 passengers, is used. These cars are equipped with two G. E. 70 motors and type K. 11 *H* controller. The fare on these lines is 6 cents, Mexican currency. The service on suburban and interurban lines consists of a first-class motor car pulling a second class trail car. The seating capacity of the motor is 56 passengers. It is 48 feet 6 inches, over all, has four G. E. 87 motors and type M multiple unit control. The second class trail car is 43 feet 8 in. over all; is equipped with longitudinal seats, and in the front part of the car is an apartment for parcels and express matter. The fare prices on first class cars vary from 10 cents to 40 cents, Mexican currency, being at the rate of two cents per kilometer, depending on the distance from the center, and on a second class car it is usually about 60 per cent of the first-class fare for the same distance. In the compartment of the second class car, where packages, parcels and express matter are carried, a charge is made for packages depending upon the size of the package, and is based upon the second class fare for the distance.

In order to build up and encourage the growth of the suburban towns, the company, some years ago, established a system of monthly tickets which they call "abonos." These entitle the holder to make five trips a day between the center of the city and the point to which the ticket is valid. There are first class monthly tickets and second class monthly tickets which entitles the holder to ride in either first or second class cars, with the advantage to holders of first class monthly tickets that they have the privilege of riding in either first or second class cars according to their desires. The price at which these tickets are sold varies in accordance with the distance from the city, and ranges, for first class monthly tickets, from $4.50 to $10 Mexican currency, while the second class monthly tickets are sold at prices ranging from $2.50 to $6.50 Mexican currency. They are good only for the month for which they are issued, and can only be used by the person whose name is written on the face of the ticket. On nearly all suburban lines, express trains are operated in addition to the regular schedule trains. These trains make regular morning trips, leaving the outer terminals at such hours as will allow residents of suburban towns to arrive at their offices before opening hours. They also make outbound trips from the center, leaving the principal plaza at 1 p. m. and a few minutes thereafter, so as to permit of the suburban resident going to his home for dinner. Return trips are likewise made so as to arrive at the plaza shortly before 3 p. m., and outbound trips are again made in the evening just at closing hours.

These trains stop only at certain advertised stations, and a speed of 40 miles an hour is maintained. No extra fare is charged on these trains, and the regular

monthly tickets are accepted for passage provided they are valid on the line. This system of express train service and monthly tickets is, more than anything else, the cause of the building up and rapid growth of the suburban sections around the City of Mexico, as by means of these great advantages a business man can reside at a considerable distance from the business section and be enabled to go to or from his home as quickly, if not more quickly, than a person living in the residential section of the city, and generally at a cost slightly less than the outlay required on the city lines for the same number of trips. It seems to be the policy of the company to accommodate as much as possible suburban residents and encourage the growth and building up of suburban districts.

The conditions of travel in Mexico are radically different from what we are accustomed to in the United States, for, whereas here we have but two business rushes, one in the morning, the other at night, they have four: one in the morning, two at noon, and one at night. The City of Mexico is in the tropics, and its inhabitants, like all tropical peoples, like their noon hour rest (called there "siesta") and all business ceases from 1 to 3 p. m. This quite naturally creates additional business for the railroad company, and is also, incidentally, the reason for maintaining a short headway on all lines during the greater part of the day. Contrary to expectation, the heaviest riding months of the year are those of the rainy season, or, say, June, July, August and September. During these months it is usually pleasant in the morning, and, as a rule, rainy in the afternoon and evenings.

The company has found by experience that fare registers are not practical in so far as their system is concerned, and consequently no registers are used, but in place of these they have established a ticket system whereby the conductor, upon payment of the fare, hands the passenger a ticket showing the line upon which it is issued, the point to which it is valid and the amount of fare paid; each ticket is numbered consecutively in accordance with fare prices. In addition to the conductor, each car has an inspector or car auditor, who rides over the greater part of the line with the car, and it is his duty to check each ticket, see that it is properly punched, is correct as to fare price, and also that no attempt is made to ride beyond the destination marked thereon without the conductor collecting for the additional distance.

The operating system of the company is divided into four divisions, each of which is directly in charge of a division superintendent, and he has as his assistants two men who have the title of "chief of division." The division superintendents are held responsible for the operation of their respective divisions: they must see that schedules are maintained, that the service is efficient, that subordinates are performing their duties, and such other duties as naturally pertain to their position.

The most important branch of the company's business outside of its passenger service is its freight department, at the head of which is a superintendent. This department was established a few years ago for the purpose of carrying rock from the quarries to such places as it might be required, and has gradually developed until at the present time the company has in this service 40 per cent of as many cars as they are using in the passenger service. Most of the business is carried on in carload lots, and besides rock from the quarries they are now hauling sand from the various sand mines located throughout the Federal District, brick from the brick factories, wood pulp from steam railroad stations to factories, paper from paper factories, to consumers and railroad stations, and, in fact, every kind of article that is possible to think of in conjunction with a freight business, is receiving the attention of the company, and every effort is being made to extend the business wherever possible. Sidings have been placed in all of the steam railroad freight yards centering in the City of Mexico; also into all stone quarries, sand mines, factories and any other point where it is possible for the company to obtain business. Possibly in no city on the North American Continent is the freight service of an electric railroad carried on to the extent that it is operated by the Tramways Company of Mexico.

Another service which originated with the Tramways Company is the operation

of funeral cars. The tracks of the company reach every cemetery in and around the Federal District, and they are prepared to handle any class of a funeral service that may be required, from the most humble to the most elaborate service that it is possible to conceive. For this service special cars have been constructed with a catafalque for carrying the body, and leaving a sufficient space on either side for flowers, wreaths, etc. The car that carries the body is called a "carroza," and prices are based on the distance to be carried, varying from the very cheapest service furnished by the company, $3.75 Mexican currency, to the magnificent palace funeral cars at $150. The prices are based on 20 kilometers, and should the distance be more a corresponding increase is made for each additional kilometer. A kilometer is about five-eighths of a mile. This, like the freight department, is also a special department of the company, and is in charge of an employee who devotes all of his time to this particular branch of the company's business.

Owing to the immense amount of printing that the company requires for its various purposes—tickets alone amounting to upwards of ten millions per month—they concluded some three years ago that they would operate a special printing department, where all tickets, passes, monthly tickets, forms and every other kind of printing matter used in the various departments of the company's business, could be executed. This department is now as complete as any printing office of its size in the United States, and the work turned out would be a credit to any professional printer.

In the main building of the company there is a private telephone exchange having connection to all the offices, despatchers and important points throughout the system. This switch board has in use upwards of three hundred drops.

For the convenience of employees, the company has established in its main building at Indianilla a club room, where they have located a library, gymnasium, baths, dormitories, a restaurant and barber shops. No charge is made for the use of any of these conveniences except for the restaurant, where eatables are dispensed at cost. In the library, besides books, periodicals, magazines, etc., they have the phonograph, checkers, chess boards, dominoes, etc., so that the men while off-duty may amuse themselves in such manner as they desire.

Traffic regulations in the City of Mexico are strictly enforced. All cars are required to stop at the near crossing for the purpose of receiving or discharging passengers. Passengers boarding the car must do so by way of the rear platform and leave by way of the front.

The growth of the system during the last ten years is best shown by a comparison of the number of passengers carried for each year.

Figures for the year 1900 to 1909 are as follows:

1900, 26,669,888; 1901, 26,709,225; 1902, 31,132,030; 1903, 36,482,784; 1904, 42,602,094; 1905, 47,757,440; 1906, 54,562,725; 1907, 64,623,567; 1908, 70,357,661; 1909, 71,973,390.

The showing of the company for the last two years has been remarkable when we take into consideration that the financial crisis in the United States in the latter part of 1907 was of such world-wide importance as to make itself felt in all financial centers, and it follows, naturally, that a country so dependent upon foreign capital for the development of its great varied resources should have received a very substantial check to its progress through the tightening of the purse strings in these centers. The wonderful growth of this country in recent years under the wise administration of President Diaz has been a revelation to business men throughout the world, and immense amounts of foreign capital, principally from the United States, Canada, Great Britain, France, Germany and Belgium, have found their way to profitable investments in the establishment of various industries in this country. The prospects at the present time are very bright, and capital is again finding its way to this wonderful country for the purpose of investment.

A relative comparison for the year 1909 of the first and second class passengers carried shows: 52,766,646 first class passengers; 19,206,744 second-class passengers.

As before stated, second-class passengers are carried only on suburban and interurban lines.

The President of the Company, F. S. Pearson, Dr. Sc., is a capitalist of international influence, having been for many years identified with Tramway and Power Companies, and is one of the most important personalities in the development of modern Mexico. Dr. Pearson's interests in Mexico are numerous. Besides being President of the Tramways Company, he is also president of the Mexican Light and Power Company, the Mexico Northwestern Railroad, and the moving spirit in the Mexican Steel and Chemical Company. In addition to his Mexican interests, Dr. Pearson is also president of the Rio Janeiro Light, Power and Tramways Co., the Sao Paulo Tramway, Light & Power Co., Sao Paulo, Brazil, and is connected with many other enterprises of that country.

The executive and operating officers of the Mexico Tramways Company follow:

President, Dr. F. S. Pearson, New York; Vice-President, Miller Lash, Toronto, Canada; Managing Director, R. C. Brown, Toronto, Canada; General Manager, Harro Harrsen, Mexico, D. F.; Treasurer, Lloyd Lyon, Mexico, D. F.; Secretary, W. E. Davidson, Toronto, Canada; Local Secretary, Pedro Mendez y Mendez, Mexico, D. F.; Electrical Engineer, W. H. Fiske, Mexico, D. F.; Civil Engineer, V. L. Havens, Mexico, D. F.; Purchasing Agent, G. J. Troop, Jr., Mexico, D. F.; Supervisor of Traffic, W. H. Bellamy, Mexico, D. F.; Master Mechanic, George C. Murray, Mexico, D. F.

HOW TO SEE MEXICO

BY THE EPICURE

THAT IS NOT a difficult question to answer. "How to See Mexico!" Go to the office of National Railroads, and put yourself in touch with that affable and competent official, the Industrial Agent. He will map you out an itinerary. Mexico has not known as yet how to capitalize most of its most interesting features, and it remains for the mere tourist or the globe trotter to ferret out his itinerary and gather his information as best he may.

The one great drawback to this most picturesque and interesting country is the hotel service. It is quite generally bad. The cooking is for the most part very poor, and not at all what good Spanish cookery or Mexican cooking really is. This is Mexican hotel cooking, a variety of Mexican cooking that does not find, in many instances, its equal in the humble adobe of the Indian. Of course, there are exceptions. There are three or four fair restaurants in Mexico City. The man who will go to Mexico City and put up a strictly American hotel and restaurant will simply coin money. There are from three to five hundred transient Americans who are hunting something that is not swimming in grease or daubed all over with mantequilla (butter), and flavored very perceptibly with garlic. The food question is the one great drawback to all Mexico, and as you cannot see Mexico without hotels and without eating, that is strong reason for knowing just what to do, in that respect. I would advise you to live in your hotel and eat outside. Find your restaurant. There's Sylvains, Prendes, Gambrinus, Gran Restaurant de Paris,

and a host of others to choose from. The Hotel del Jardin I found to my liking, because the proprietor speaks English, and unlike most hotel men in Mexico, he makes an attempt to give his guests an equivalent for their money. The place is an old convent remodeled, and is most delightful, indeed, as it is quiet and retired, although situated in the middle of the city. Its garden, with its immense trees, is a constant source of delight.

The best service of any encountered throughout all of Mexico was at Orizaba, where the Hotel de France is charmingly clean and well kept. The proprietor understands his business. At Vera Cruz, the Diligencias is the hotel, as it is the best in town, but for no other reason, the best being like the conditions at Suez.

At Oaxaca you will have the Chavez, where you will find courteous attention and a good table. At Puebla, the Hotel del Pasaje is very clean and quiet, and the table is excellent, but these are the exceptions in a long list of places where the main study of the cook seems to be to make business for the doctor.

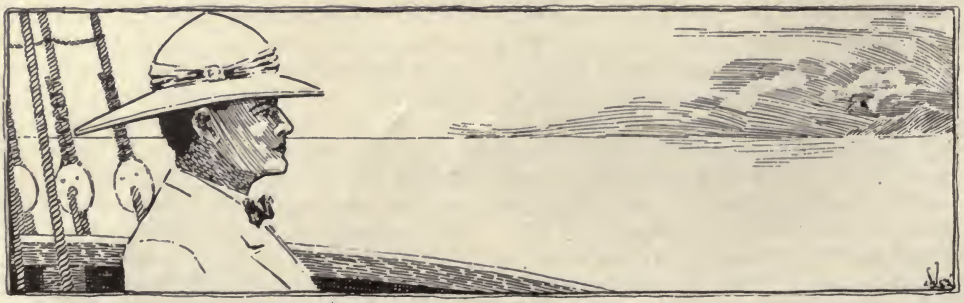
The Chinaman who keeps the eating house on the National Railroad at Tomelin, between Puebla and Oaxaca, does a thriving business, as his repute as a cook has reached the remotest corners of the Republic. He says that the reason the Mexican seems high-strung and nervous, and the reason for the prevalence of intestinal disorders, is just grease, plain grease.

This trip from Puebla to Oaxaca is one of the trips you must take, for you would not go from Mexico without seeing the great church at Puebla or the Church of Santo Domingo at Oaxaca, and as the Overland Monthly has already, in a past issue, devoted pages to the description of the latter, I will not burden you with a repetition.

The cathedral at Puebla is a wonderful building. It seems as one of the great churches in Europe, at Avignon or Rome. One might easily imagine oneself there. It is full of remarkably fine paintings, and during Holy Week, when I was there, it was full of interest.

Another point that the visitor must not omit in his itinerary is Jalapa, the quaint and beautiful mountain capital of the State of Vera Cruz, and once at Jalapa the traveler will never want to leave, as the surrounding country is one continual round of pleasure. Take the railroad to Coatepec and see that pretty village, or go on up to the end of the road to the falls. At Coatepec and in Jalapa you will see the women who are the most beautiful in all of Mexico. They walk as an American woman walks; they hold their heads proudly, and they are all of them possessed of an education. That explains it all. They have less drunkenness and more schools than any other State of Mexico, and the culture of the State of Vera Cruz centers at Jalapa, the seat of Government. The Gran Hotel is your place of rest, and at Coatepec there is the quaint Coatepec hotel, "The Star of Gold," with its profusion of flowers and its birds.

The scenery between the two places is magnificent, and to the man or woman who is so inclined, the walk from one place to the other is only a matter of three or four hours. Start early in the morning and arrive at Coatepec in time for lunch. You will see all kinds of landscape, from the thick jungle of the semi-tropics to the rolling prairie. You will pass through coffee plantations and see the ripe red berries on the bough; you will see Poinsettia trees twenty and thirty feet high as at Orizaba, and you may gorge on sweet oranges.



The city of Guanajuato, one of the show cities of Mexico.

Tunnel "Porfirio Diaz," Guanajuato.

Teatro Juarez, Guanajuato, Mexico. Every large city in Mexico has a beautiful theatre.

Junction Avenidas Chapultepec and Bucareli, showing switch system and general cleanliness of streets all over Mexico.

Avenida de los Hombres Ilustres, showing new post-office, National Theatre under construction, and the Alameda. Note clean lines of streets. New York system of electroliers.

The street railways and the streets of Mexico City. A fine railway system, and the cleanest streets in the world.

The Interoceanic route from Mexico City to Vera Cruz is most picturesque, and while mapping your itinerary, do not forget to include a return over this line or a trip in the opposite direction. You will enjoy some of the most stupendous scenery on the American continent, and you will see some of the most picturesquely beautiful sights in the world. It has not been given the Mexican to advertise the beauties of his land, and the transportation companies are rather lax in that direction. The stream of tourists and sight-seers in Mexico should be trebled and quadrupled, and it certainly would be if an intelligent effort were made to bring the manifold beauties of the land before the public in an attractive manner. It is right over the border. You will find it worth while to go there.

While in Vera Cruz I took occasion to visit the cigar factory "La Prueba," because it was on one of the plantations of this firm, Balsa Brothers, that some of the atrocities reported in a contemporary magazine had occurred. The tobacco plantation is situated in the Valle Nacional, Yucatan. Together with my associate we managed to get in familiar conversation, after some time, with the men

Mexican Tramways Co. The model means of intercommunication in use in Mexico City and the Federal District. The sight-seeing car.

who work in the cigar factory. We also managed to get into the factory, without the knowledge of the owners. We found, at the outset, a very interesting situation. All of the men work by the piece and earn a very fair salary, and, taking all things into consideration, such as cost of living, house rent, etc., many of the men are earning even a better salary than is earned by men in a similar calling in the United States. Finding that the work was such that, at times, a man nodded over his labors, probably the sleep was induced by the fumes of the tobacco, some bright genius suggested that the men chip in a cent apiece and that they hire a public speaker. liberal education they were getting at practically no cost. Balsa Brothers have encouraged this awakening of a better intelligence among their men, in every way. I asked one of the men if the "Barbarous Mexico" articles had been read to them, and he laughed and said: "No, they had not." He said that he thought the articles in question had done much good, though, as they had created discussion, and in every direction the Government had been watching jealously over the peon. I asked him if there had been such cruelties as had been chronicled, and he said that probably some of the things had occurred. He had been in the Valle

San Ildefonso Woolen Mill. Mexico is producing woolens that compare favorably with the French and English fabrics.

This man stands on an elevated platform and either reads or declaims to the men. His first duty is to read the morning papers aloud. Next he switches to some interesting or comic story. Sometimes he reads a bit of history or a stirring account of one of the battles for independence. At any rate, the scheme has resulted in keeping the men awake, and has netted them a handsome profit on the cent each one invests daily as pay for the orator. There are upwards of three hundred men employed, and the effect has been good in all directions, for in conversation with one of the men, he told me that it was a Nacional and he had never seen anything of the kind. Many of the men sent to the Valle were now better citizens than they had ever been before, and some of the never-do-wells sent down from the north had actually reformed. This foreman said his only objection to the stories was found in the fact that the title of the series was a "deliberate insult to an entire nation," and that "no self-respecting people could help resent it." This is a sentiment from one of the "plain people," as Mr. Hearst, of New York, would have it.

To Teodoro A. Dehesa, the entire Mexican nation is deeply indebted because it is

Machine shops of the woolen mill, San Ildefonso.

Salon of looms, San Ildefonso woolen mills.

The new Porter's Hotel, a modern hotel in Mexico City.

due to his efforts that the cause of education has made such progress in every direction, the State of Vera Cruz being the most advanced of all States of Mexico. I was for passing through Jalapa without stopping for any length of time, but was told so much as to the educational advancement that I stopped there for overmuch time. Congressman Ituarte, a gentleman who has done a great deal for the cause of education in Mexico, and whom I met, quite by accident, in Jalapa told me of the wonderful work accomplished by the Governor. I found, by independent investigation, that Teodoro A. Dehesa has a great many enemies, and I imagine, from the twinkle in his eye when I mentioned it, that he rather joys in the fact. I should say off-handedly that Dehesa, in his way, is the most advanced Governor of any State in Mexico, possibly excepting the Governor of the Federal District, Landa y Escandon. Dehesa has been indefatigable in his school work, and every haciendado, every coffee planter, every owner of acreage where any number of laborers is employed, will tell you that the Governor's policy has made better men and women, and more capable workers. There is a school at nearly every crossroads in the State of Vera Cruz and

Dreinhofer's store, showing carving in front of Iturbide Palace, Mexico City.

"La Ciudad de Mexico," Puebla, Mexico. A handsome dry goods store housed in a splendid all-steel building built in Paris.

in Jalapa, the capital, may be found the finest preparatory school I have ever seen. It is equipped as many universities are not. Its every essential requirement has been met. No city in the United States of from one hundred to two hundred thousand inhabitants has such a school as this.

Barbarous indeed! Imagine my surprise when I found that in this building, by permission of the Governor and the school authority, there meets regularly some forty to forty-five men of affairs to discuss *in the English language* the Synthetical Philosophy of Spencer and Gibbons' works. The argument goes on alternate evenings about once every week, and there is a summing up by a professor of

Government Palace. Puebla.

The famous "Pasaje." This is lined on both sides by stores that would be a credit to New York.

the arguments of all. A knowledge of English is thus obtained, and the students are adding to their oratorical ability and their knowledge. I have tried to imagine forty Americans meeting to discuss, *in Spanish,* Cervantes or any other author.

Governor Dehesa is a man who might, were he so willed, give up the work he is doing for the State of Vera Cruz and retire. He is a wealthy man, wealthy enough to travel about, to live abroad and to take his ease. He prefers the harness, or it might be fairer to him to say that, in the development of the country he is an indispensable unit in Diaz' work. He is all business. In his mind and in every department of the business of the State the same idea governs, and this idea is not original with Dehesa. It is a Diaz idea.

"As little politics as possible, and as much work as you can crowd into your daily life will make the efficient public servant." I know that in Mexico there are many who will accept as true a statement to the effect that a public office is a public trust. I know full well that a great army of Americans hold that no man will hold office disinterestedly, and that always graft, peculation, nepotism, etc., rules. There are many of our people who will say that such a thing as patriotic service to one's country is old-fashioned and gone out of date. I am ashamed to confess that this sentiment seems on the increase in the United States of America. Thanks be to God, Mexico is not yet so well civilized, and I have met more patriots in that barbarous land than in my own!

An opportunity will be given the people of the world to see Mexico in gala attire in September. The whole month will be devoted to celebrating the hundredth anniversary of its independence. Almost every motif for a public demonstration has to do with education. Universities and schools are being opened in every direction. A proper national pride has been fostered, and as a result, we have a broader and a better educational system. Some parts of the country are still backward, but it is only a question of time when a vast national system will have been promulgated, and Mexico will be able to say to the world at large, in this as in many other qualifications, "I am thy equal."

One of the foremost citizens of Oaxaca is Mr. Grandison, the owner of a cotton mill and a banker. He speaks the English language well, and was instrumental in putting us in touch with local conditions. Oaxaca is situated right in the midst of a very rich mining country. Owing to the fact that the tail of the financial twister of 1903 hit Oaxaca severely, because of the many Americans located there, the mines are to a great number shut down. There are some that have been running right along, and these show profitable returns. Probably there is no place on earth where the prospects in mining are so good as in the country surrounding the city of Oaxaca. The capital invested here by Americans is immense, and prospecting is going on all the time with splendid results. The activity in mines is what has helped to make a prosperous place of beautiful Oaxaca. The city is on the eve of an awakening, as it has had a very large sum of money appropriated for a public betterment system. All that is needed to place it on a par with its sister cities of the Republic is a little energetic work on the part of the Governor.

Zorilla Brothers are the owners of the electric light plant which is a good one, and they operate a model cotton mill. The hardware business is in the hands, for the most part, of Eggers and Reimers. This is the mining man and the agriculturist's headquarters. Oaxaca has a very rich agricultural basin on all sides of it, and I have never seen such rich pasture lands, such verdant fields or such a prosperous-looking people. Nearly every peasant owns a number of cows and a few horses or mules, and these are all sleek and well fed.

The visitor is struck at once with the evident look of prosperity everywhere.

One of the very best evidences of the rapid advancement of Mexico City is this splendid hardware establishment that would honor any city in the United States. The entire building is occupied with an immense array of hardware, tools, agricultural implements and household goods. Roberto, Boker & Co.

Brewery, Orizaba.

Bottling Department. Moctezuma *Freezing plant, brewery at Orizaba.*

The great brewery at Orizaba. They make the beer here that bears the label "The beer that made Milwaukee jealous."

La Prueba Cigar Factory at Vera Cruz, Mexico.

PUEBLA, MEXICO

PUEBLA IS A revelation. From its beautiful "pasaje" to its charming plaza, its portales, its magnificent municipal building, its immense cathedral, its newer residence quarter, its affable officials and its every-day hustle and bustle, it is a revelation.

The "pasaje" is a passage from one street to another, under glass overhead and mosaic under foot. On either side great plate glassed windows show displays of every possible article man or woman may want or need. Here are the Paris fashions, months ahead of the same in America. Here are jewelry stores making exhibits that would put Chicago to shame. Here are hardware stores so large that it is incredible that such a town should support them.

Puebla has one store that struck me at once. It is a steel and iron structure, and it is called the "Ciudad de Mexico," which translated means, "The City of Mexico." This building was made in Paris in its entirety. It was erected there, and every nut, bolt, screw, stringer beam, roof girder, steel floor joist, stair rail, and in fact every infinitesimal piece in the building numbered and sent to Mexico, and then re-erected and every piece fitted. Not an hour's work was lost in making pieces over or in refitting parts. The building is three and one-half stories high, and the interior is most ornate.

There is a great central stairway, beautifully ornamented by hammered iron rails and there is no part of the interior that is not well-lighted. In this store one finds an assortment of dry goods, women's and men's wear, ready-made garments for both sexes, and a fine assortment of gentlemen's furnishings, besides trunks, satchels, etc., that cannot be found in most towns in the United States, boasting a population of a hundred thousand people. This store is the sales agency for one of the largest cotton mills in Mexico.

The store of Lions Brothers, called the Ciudad de Mexico, is the delight of all women travelers who come to Puebla, and next to the Cathedral and the Plaza is the one point of interest, as it is as well stocked with all kinds of dry goods as any store in the United States in a city of sixty or seventy thousand.

The educational system of Puebla is a very high order, and indeed all over the State of the same name, Governor Martinez has inaugurated a wonderful spirit of initiative among the teachers employed. Mr. I. R. Ysunza is the Superintendent of Education for the State.

At some future time I propose to treat of the advance made in Mexico along educational lines.

The city of Puebla is the capital of the same State, and is an interesting place because of its historical features. I have treated of it in another place. The men in Puebla who are responsible for its general advance are the owners of the cotton mills and the store-keepers. Some of these have struggled on to a competency all through

Banco Oriental de Mexico, S. A., Puebla.

the strenuous years of the past, and they, of all men, in Mexico are the most grateful for the "long peace" of the Diaz rule.

The Governor of the place is a grand old warrior, one of the great heroes of the wars for independence, scarred in battles for his country, a very capable and conscientious gentleman of the old school. General Mucio P. Martinez is quite an old man, how old I do not know, but I should say in the eighties, and yet he comes down daily to his desk and administers the duties of a governorship over a very active constituency. The demands upon him are great, and yet his diplomacy and his ability are such that he is never found wanting in an emergency. He is ably seconded in his work by Mr. Pita, who is the *jefe politico* of the district, and who has as his lieutenant a secretary who speaks the English language fluently.

Among those of foreign birth who have made good is the Pierson representative in Puebla, Mr. Charles Riach, who is manager of the Light and Power Company and the street car company. In the latter direction Puebla is deficient, and should have all of its lines electricized, but that is not the fault of the local management, which does the best it can with the tools at hand.

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Foremost among the citizenship stand the bankers, Manuel Rangel del Campillo and Mr. Miguel A. Quintana, two men who are at the head of the Banco Oriental of Puebla. These men are also interested in cotton mills. Puebla is surrounded by cotton mills. Indeed, I am told that there are some fifteen to twenty in operation.

Part of the great harbor of Vera Cruz; the stupendous work of the S. Pierson & Sons, Ltd., of London. The Ward line steamers dock here from New York.

MEXICO ON THE SEA

The Mexican Navigation Company is an enterprise calling for help and attention by the home Government. With the brilliant future that is open to Mexico in placing her manufactures before the world she should not neglect the opportunity of building up her commercial carriers of the sea by subsidy or by some means that in the time to come to pass the Mexican-made goods will be carried in Mexican bottoms. The company of which I speak, I note, is doing quite a successful business, and is prosperous and not demanding any assistance of anyone, least of all the Government.

Having returned so recently from Japan

S. S. Sonora, 3150 tons, Mexican Navigation Co. Home port is Vera Cruz. This freighter brings coal from New Orleans and carries as a return cargo mahogany. Calls at all ports of Central America.

and having noted the wonderful progress of that wonderful people and also noting that on my first visit to Japan many years ago I predicted a great future for that people, noting, too, that the conditions are almost identical in Mexico, I am forced to draw the conclusion that Mexico will be the new Japan, the next country to take its place among the manufacturing, and, I hope, sea-going nations. Mexico must subsidize her ship building, and she must subsidize her cargo carriers if she would take her proper place among the nations in future years. She is now practically unknown on the sea. Her commerce is carried in foreign bottoms; her war vessels are so few and so small as to be practically unknown. In fifty years it will be different.

* * *

With great regret the management has to acknowledge the non-receipt of promised photographs of the great works that have been accomplished in the State of Vera Cruz and notably at Vera Cruz itself. A great harbor has been redeemed and immense acreage has been added to the city by the energy and the ability of Englishmen, at the head of which Sir Weetman Pierson stands as the commanding figure. The Government of the city itself is in most capable hands, and the civic work is progressing along smooth lines, always making for betterment. The canton is in the capable hands of Senor Eulalio Vela, than whom there is no more capable, painstaking or honest man in all Mexico. He is an engineer, a graduate of the military school of Mexico, and one of the Young Mexico that is going to show the world at large that Mexico is one of the greatest nations on earth.

Vera Cruz is blessed in many ways by the very able men who are, and who have been of late, at the head of affairs municipal. The present Mayor of the city is a very conscientious, capable man, but his desire is that no mention be made of his name, and I must respect his wishes in that respect.

His predecessor in office, Mr. Rafael Alcolea, is a man of great executive ability, who is responsible for the wonderful works the city has undertaken in many directions, and it is due to these two gentlemen working in happy conjunction with the canton and State and Federal officials that Vera Cruz is so well governed, has such fine schools, is so well policed and has such clean streets. The drainage system of the city has absolutely removed the danger of yellow fever which formerly threatened at all times, and not infrequently raged as an epidemic. To-day, Vera Cruz, thanks to the energetic work of S. Pierson & Sons Co., of the *jefe politico* Mr. Vela, of the Mayor and of the harbor officials, is one of the cities showing the best health conditions in all America. There is in course of construction a preparatory school that will be a source of pride to all Mexico. It is a solid concrete building of magnificent proportions.

Valdez' hat store and factory, Vera Cruz. The great emporium for Panama hats in Southern Mexico. Importers and exporters.

Another evidence of the wonderful perspicacity of General Porfirio Diaz and his foresight and keenness in selecting his assistants in the regeneration of Mexico, was the choice of Mr. Francisco Nicolau, the Director of Light Houses, whose headquarters is at Vera Cruz. In another issue, space not permitting it in this, I will devote time and space to a description of the Mexican Light House Service. Long ago, when still quite young, a rising engineer, Mr. Francisco Nicolau, was distinguished by this selection, and at that time there were no light houses worthy of the name at Vera Cruz or at any place along the Gulf Mexican coast. Mr. Nicolau evolved a complete system, realizing that, without lights, commerce would not seek the Mexican Coast. To-day the coast of the gulf is so well provided with lights that no part of our own Atlantic seaboard may be compared with it for efficiency of service. Every element that goes to give perfection in light house service has been adapted to the peculiar necessities of the very dangerous reef-lined contour. The Light House Service has a building out on the reclaimed section of Vera Cruz that is wonderfully well adapted to its purposes and that is furnished with warerooms, experimental rooms, machine shop and clerks' rooms. The building itself is a beautiful piece of architecture, and one of the finest in all Mexico. It has just been completed, and is of concrete and steel construction. Mr. Jose Meneses is subdirector of the Light House Service, and is an able coadjutor of Mr. Nicolau. Both gentlemen are devoted to their work.

* * *

The port of Vera Cruz has a great and growing commerce, and no factor has been as great in bringing trade and travel to Mexico from our Atlantic coast as the steamer lines represented by Berea, O'Kelly & Co. Mr. O'Kelly is well known in Mexico City for his urbanity and general good humor, and among transportation men there is none more popular than he. He has, as an able assistant and manager, Mr. Tomaso Cassasus, a representative of the celebrated Cassasus family that has produced so many able men in Mexico. The firm of Berea, O'Kelly & Co. represent among others the Ward line of steamers. This firm represents the Ward, the Leyland and other lines. It is expected that a great passenger traffic will crowd these steamers for the Centennial celebration in September.

Banco Minero, Chihuahua.

"El Palacio de Hierro." The great emporium of Mexico City, a larger general dry goods and merchandise store than many of the so-called "largest in the world." The annex across the street is almost as large and contains fine furniture and art furnishings.

THE GROWTH OF BUSINESS IN MEXICO

The Mexican Government is indebted to the French people for the vast development of the mercantile business of the country. The French have been absolutely indefatigable, and they have done that which no other nation has done. They have persevered in their industries regardless of fair or foul weather, regardless of revolution or counter revolution, and Diaz, the Great Constructor, has among these people his greatest adherents. The faith in Mexico is a faith the hard-headed Basse Alpes people have handed down from father to son, and there are houses here that stood all the inclemencies and the fair weather of fifty years. You may reckon them among the owners of the big stores of the City of Mexico, the owners of the big cotton mills, and then, again, you will find that they are also directors of banks.

The Frenchman in Mexico is of the best as a citizen. He has done well, and he never scruples to praise the Government and the country.

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The traveler who goes forth to study the men and manners of a country is at once struck with the idea that practically no effort has been made by us to engage in profitable intercourse with our southern neighbor. The few who have made an intelligent attempt at doing so have prospered beyond their dreams. Other

nationalities have distanced us in our race for trade. We stand alone as controlling the mining and mining machinery situation. All other lines are held by foreigners.

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The Drogueria de la Profesa, in Mexico City, is an establishment that is unique in more ways than one. In the first place, it is doubtful if any city in America possesses a store which has the architectural charm and the beauty of display this one has. The building is an old one, and the owners have known how to so transform it as to make of the old patio a joy forever. In many of Mexico's old buildings such transformations have been made, but in no other has such success been attained. The drug stock carried by Julio Labadie, Successors & Co., is such that almost any patent medicine, made in any country, may be obtained, and farther than this, it may be said that they carry an immense assortment of all kinds of medicaments, herbs and chemical compounds. The business was established in 1865, and it is an evidence of the great ability of the early French pioneers in Mexico. They all of them have builded enduring monuments to their ability, testimonials of their merit.

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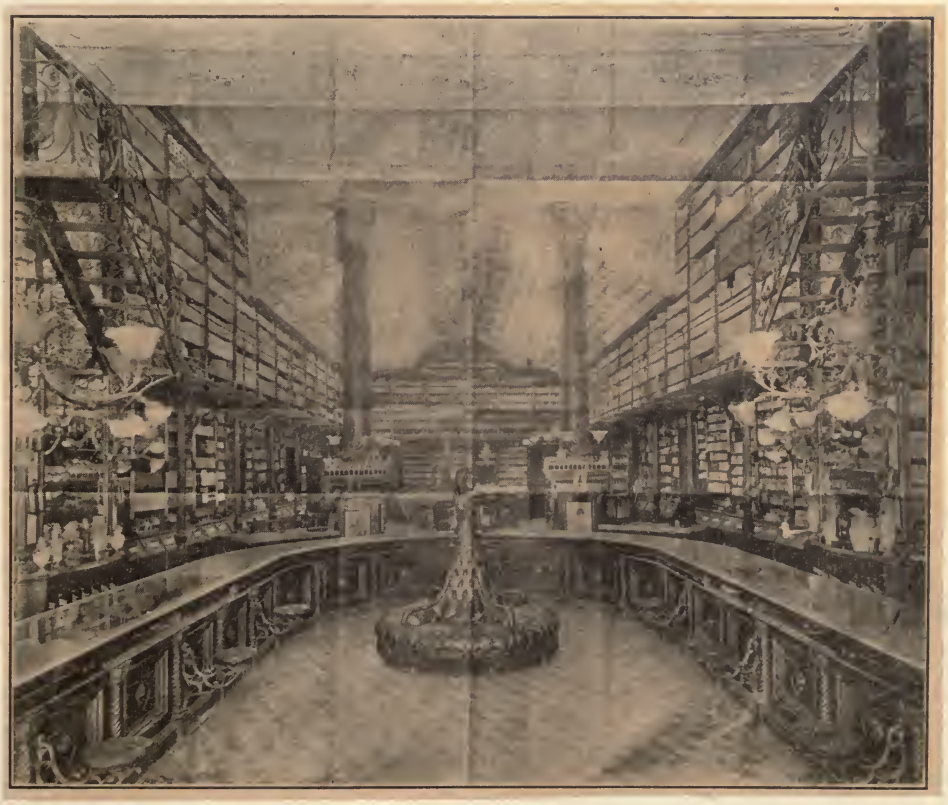
"La Ciudad de Hamburgo," a store that is exceptionally fine and would be rated so in any American metropolis, is that of Gustavo Struck & Co. The firm is one that is well-known in Mexico City, and it has branches in Vera Cruz and in Hamburg, Germany. It is strictly a first-class establishment for the sale of dry goods, millinery, silks and ladies' novelties. Visitors from the States in the month of September must not fail to visit the "City of Hamburg," for it is one of the show stores



The drug store of "La Profesa." Labadie Successors & Co., Mexico City. A dispensing wholesale and retail drug store, the most elegant establishment of its kind in Mexico.

El Centro Mercantil. One of the most beautiful buildings in the world, the greater part of which is occupied by an immense drygoods store of the same name.

of the big Mexican capital. Messrs. Struck are enterprising to a degree, and they have the latest in Paris and Berlin styles as quickly as New York.

* * *

El Centro Mercantil is the very appropriate name given to one of the largest buildings and the most ornate in all Mexico City. In this building is housed the firm of S. Robert & Co. They have taken the name, which, freely translated, means "The Mercantile Center," as the name of their immense establishment of dry goods, fancy goods and notions, and it is in this store that the output at retail is made of the merchandise made in their factories, called "La Hormica." This great business house has a store in Paris at Rue Richter No. 15. On another page is given a very fine view of the building, in Mexico City.

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Veyan, Jean & Co. is a French firm operating two factories of cotton goods and two mills in Mexico. The mills are the Santa Tereza, a manufactory of wools and casimires, the other the "Magdalena," a manufactory of cotton goods and printed cloths. Their immense store in Mexico City is called "La Francia Maritima," and it occupies a central location. In all of these stores the trade is large and continually growing, and the good management of Veyan, Jean & Co. has guaranteed to its establishment a constant stream of custom. As in most of these establishments the stocks carried is of much more varied character and in much greater quantity than in most stores in the United States, so it is with "La Francia Maritima." French and American styles are exhibited here as quickly as in San Francisco, and the latest gear for men and women is handled, as well as all kinds of dry goods and notions.

* * *

"Las Fabricas de Lyon" is another of the establishments belonging to members of the French colony. These sturdy French mountaineers have shown the world at large what they may do in the business world, and there are practically no records of failures among them. This store is on the Avenida San Francisca, at No. 72, and it is one of the most brilliant of all the beautiful emporiums on that

celebrated street. The specialty is church goods and decorations, but one may find all kinds of delightful French notions in the way of perfume bottles, jewel cases and candle sticks in this place. It is well worthy the attention of the visitors who delight in bringing presents home.

* * *

"La Ciudad de Londres" is the one big general store of Mexico City that calls attention to itself because of its location and because of the class of its trade. No American who goes to Mexico City goes away without making a visit to "the City of London." Here may be had everything in men and women's wear. The store is a French one, and it is most ably managed. The firm style is J. Ollivier & Co. They do tailoring for men and women, and their fitters and cutters are the best that money may hire. This is a branch of a big Paris house on the Rue Druout. This great house handles the finest of French furniture, and also that made in the United States and in Mexico. In connection with all these specialties, there has recently been added the manufacture of chinaware. This is a new industry in Mexico, and the Mexican labor has taken to it as a duck to water. Already the Mexican chinaware is compelling the cheaper Japanese goods to notice the competition. No house in Mexico is more active or more interest compelling than that known as "La Ciudad de Londres."

* * *

I have been in many cigarette factories in the eastern part of our own country, but I have never been in any factory so large, so clean or so well managed as that of the Buen Tono. The making of cigarettes in this factory, reputed to be the largest in the world, is reduced to a sanitary science. The building of the company from the saw mill to the office from which emanates the finished product are models in their way. The stables are of stone and marble, and there the delivery horses drink filtered water and are cared for as none but the finest race horses are

Mr. H. H. Hansen, manager International Banking Corporation. The Bank and Safety Deposit, Mexico City. An American financial institution that reflects credit on the American nation.

Joyeria "La Esmeralda." Hauser, Zivy & Cia., Mexico.

cared for elsewhere. There are a number of automobiles in the service, and I was pleased to note several American makes. There are drying rooms and baling rooms, and thousands of square feet of floors where bright-faced girls run the machines for crimping the cigarettes. One noteworthy fact is that there is absolutely no chemicals used in the making of these cigarettes.

Then there is acre after acre of floor space devoted to packing the product. The officials of the factory are affable and energetic. It is all business, and yet the proverbial French politeness does not prevent them from welcoming visitors. Mr. Pugibet, the founder and president of the company, is a prince of hospitality.

The company runs an immense lithograph plant, and the draughting and printing is as all other labor, skilled and unskilled, Mexican. The duty on Mexican cigarettes should be removed and the American public educated to the use of undoped, delightful, pure tobacco.

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There is a large number of Americans who have made good in Mexico. These

men are in mining or its collateral branches. To the Americans goes the bulk of the mining machinery trade; to the Germans goes all, or practically all, of the smaller hardware and the household goods business. The dry goods and fancy goods business and ladies' wear is practically all of it in the hands of great French houses. The gentlemen's furnishings are handled by the Americans and the French, and there is quite a large proportion of Mexicans who handle American goods. While shoes are made in Mexico, it cannot be said that they command a ready sale, and the American shoe, as in all parts of the world, is the shoe that is worn, except by certain old fogies who stick to the shoes that are made in Mexico or that are brought from Europe. There is a prevalence of the comical looking "tooth-pick" among these, and the old style rubber "gaiter" is also seen. The method of tanning by the Mexican shoe factories is deficient in that it leaves to the native made shoes a most offensive odor.

The General Supply Company, S. A., of Mexico was formed the latter part of 1906 by Messrs. Phipps, Hodgkins & Owens.

The present capital of the company is $250,000 Mexican Cy. The purpose of the company was to enter into the supply and machinery business, with special attention to the mining, plantation and railroad machinery and supplies. The company has been particularly successful, and has secured some very good business in all of these lines, and at the present time are representing some of the most substantial houses in the United States and abroad building this class of machinery. I might mention D. Stewart & Co. (1902) Ltd., Glasgow, Scotland, sugar mill machinery; Chicago Pneumatic Tool Co., Chicago, air compressors and air tools of all classes; Jeffery Mfg. Co., Columbus, Ohio, electric locomotives, coal handling machinery.

Second floor "La Esmeralda."

First floor and entrance to second floor "La Esmeralda."

conveyors and elevators; Mechanical Rubber Co., Cleveland, mechanical rubber goods; Bradford Belting Co., Cincinnati, leather belting; John H. McGowan Co., Cincinnati, pumping machinery. The company has now a main supply store and offices, Calle Angel No. 2, and a branch store at Ave. Juarez No. 12, traveling representatives throughout the country, and is conducting an increasing supply and machinery business. One of the largest installations made by the company was for the Hacienda de Calipam, belonging to Governor Martinez of the State of Puebla, and for Angel Diaz Rubin's plantation at Atencingo in the States of Puebla. Present officers of the company: W. J. Wilson, President; C. F. Owens, Vice-President and General Manager; M. P. Phipps, Secretary.

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Everybody who goes to Mexico City goes to the Plaza de la Constitucion, and naturally the Portales are a favorite promenade. Under these "portals" are found some of the largest establishments in this great city. Here is the real retail mercantile center, and it is worth your while to visit some of the great stores. Tardan Brothers is probably one of the largest hat stores in the world devoted exclusively to the sale of men's hats and nothing else. Here you will find a selection of sombreros of such variety as to bewilder you. The latest New York, London and American styles in men's headgear is made a specialty, and here may be found straws and Panamas in bewildering array.

Gerber-Carlisle Co. is a corporation established in 1905, and occupying a five-story building, as shown in the photograph. This building is situated in Ave. Cinco de Mayo, one of the principal business streets of Mexico City. The company carries extensive lines of office and house furniture and furnishings, a complete stationery department and phonograph department, and in addition has the exclusive representation in Mexico of Herring-Hall-Marvin Safes, Royal Standard Typewriters, Edison Mimeographs and Crex carpets and rugs. It also has a large factor equipped with modern machinery for the manufacture of office and store fixtures, partitions, counters, shelving, etc.

The company, by push, modern methods and extensive advertising, has become one of the largest houses in its various lines in Mexico, and its trade covers the entire Republic.

* * *

Mexico has advanced so much in all lines that to attempt in any way to give an idea of this forward movement of the past twelve to fifteen years would be impossible. We can only touch on the subject, and in the space allowed it is impossible to do justice to the matter. La Latino-Americana is an institution that is deserving of the attention of the public, of the world in general, and of the gratitude and patronage of the Mexican public in particular. It is a life insurance company that is officered exclusively by Mexicans, and its wonderful success is attributed to the splendid executive ability of its board of managers, which contains such names as those of Oscar and Thomas Braniff, Walter S. Jones, Pablo Macedo, Jose Luis Requena, Hugo Ryder, James Harold Warner, Landa Y Escandon, and others, and the further fact that it is managed by such an able man as Senor Don Manuel A Parraga. It is the largest and the first to be established of the mutual life insurance companies of Mexico, and its policies are sought after because of their manifest advantages to the insured. The Latino-Americana is one of the manifest successes under a purely Mexican control. There are Americans on the board, and Americans have figured in the promotion of the company, but the

El Importador, one of the largest drygoods establishments in Mexico City.

The "Ciudad de Londres" is one of the largest drygoods, tailoring, furniture and ladies' dress goods stores in Mexico City, an extraordinarily fine department store.

A great deal of fine furniture comes from France, but much of it is being made in Mexico.

The manufacture of cheap chinaware has just begun in Mexico, under the auspices of this establishment. The labor is all Mexican, under French overseers.

company is under Mexican management, and the majority of the directorate are Mexicans.

* * *

The International Realty Company, under the management of Mr. H. A. Basham, is one of the reputable institutions of the country. Of course, in Mexico as in other countries, there are many to be found who make a specialty of the real estate business, and this is especially true of a land where the opportunities are so great and where land is so cheap as it is in the ancient empire of the Aztecs. Just as big as are the opportunities, just so large loom the possibilities of being drawn into losing ventures by people who take advantage of the enthusiasm of the buyer. After a searching investigation, the Overland commissioners found that this company, the International Realty Company, was reliable in every respect. It is, therefore, with pleasure that mention is made of the activities of the corporation. They have been instrumental in disposing of many thousands of acres of land in all parts of Mexico to American and European purchasers, from small to large tracts. The company has secured a vast territory in Lower California, and in a climate that is similar in most respects to that of Southern California. The tract contains sixty thousand acres. The land is fertile, and it has a ten mile frontage on the east coast of the Gulf of California. It is known as the Bebelama tract. It may be reached by the Southern Pacific Railroad, the station of Bamoa being fifteen miles from

The General Supply Company is one of the largest mining machinery supply houses in Mexico. A representative American house in Mexico City. C. E. Owens Vice-President and General Manager. The store in Mexico City.

the tract. Port Stilwell is eighteen miles to the north, and is the terminus of the Kansas City, Mexico and Orient railway, now in construction. There is never any frost, the land is fertile, you can raise anything that you can raise in California and many that you cannot raise in that favored land. Oranges, lemons, bananas, mangoes, dates, figs, pomegranates, cocoanuts and sugar cane. There is a mill on the tract. Cotton is raised and grapes are plentiful. Game, fish and oysters are to be had for the endeavor, and fishing is excellent—quail, pigeons and deer abound. The native delivers oysters at your house for two cents, gold, per sack of two bushels.

It may be interesting to those of the eastern part of the United States who desire to lay aside a little for a rainy day, or for old age, that the International Realty Company is selling 10,000 acres of this land at $20 per acre, and 30,000 at $30 per acre. This price will be raised, after ten thousand acres are sold, and the next tract is put on the market. The terms are one-third cash, and the balance in one, two or three years at six per cent interest. The property is subdivided in tracts of sixty-four acres each. There are eight lots to the block, with a sixty foot road running on all sides of the block. Along the main sides of the road will run the main line of the canals and all laterals. The company's Mexico office is at Gante I, Mexico D. F., and it has an agent in the person of E. H. Conway, at Guasave, via Bamoa, State of Sinaloa, Mexico.

* * *

The Sonora News Company handles the Overland Monthly in Mexico. Of course, the magazine may be had on all newsstands throughout the Southwest, and the Sonora News Company, with stores at Nogales, El Pazo, Laredo, Texas, Torreon Mexico, Puebla, Mexico, Cananea, Cordoba, Parral, Monterey, Guadalajara, San Luis Potosi, Rincon, Antonio, and

the City of Mexico, may be depended on to furnish you with an Overland from now on. The store in Mexico City is an impressive exposition of all that is artistic and ancient or quaint in the Republic. Visitors to the capital are enjoined not to fail to visit this store, as it is well worth while.

* * *

While the hardware and household goods business of Mexico may be said to be almost exclusively in the hands of German firms, there are exceptions to the rule. There is the house of Valentin Elcoro & Co. This house is Mexican, and its present manager, Mr. Emilio Elcoro, is a perfectly courteous and affable man. The trade of the house extends from one end of Mexico to the other, and even reaches down into other Central American States. The store and warehouse occupies a three story building, and covers nearly half a city block in floor space. All kinds of machinery, hardware, steel, iron and agricultural machinery is handled. The array is endless, and the firm name so well established that no mention of the growth of business in Mexico is complete without it. Mr. Emilio Elcoro is a polished gentleman of splendid attainment. He is, as are most of the better class of Mexicans, well versed in French, and has a very good knowledge of English. I found him a broad-minded man, who resented the charge of barbarism, while he welcomed the attention of the world.

* * *

With the general advance of business, the European and American steamship lines have all of them established agencies in Mexico, and maintain their representatives in Mexico City. The Hamburg-American line is in the capable hands of two very deservedly popular men, Messrs. Christlieb and Riebke.

* * *

Probably the largest of the stores in all Mexico is the Palacio de Hierro, or Iron Palace. This is a wonderful dry goods house, and it may safely be said that it cannot be equaled short of San Francisco, London or Paris. It is almost credible that it passes in extent and value of stock any store in the world except the Selfridge establishment in London and the Bon Marche in Paris. Of course, it

Candle factory at Chihuahua, Mexico. La Victoria.

Glass and chinaware department Fancy goods and men's wear department Hardware department.

The businessmen of Mexico are active and up-to-date. Ketelsen & Degetau, Chihuahua, Mexico.

might be possible to ask for an elephant and find that it was not in stock, but it is a fact that about anything that one might dream of, from a pin to an elephant, may be found in this vast emporium. A cut showing the exterior of this store is found on another page.

One of the great factors in the business development of the City of Mexico and its suburbs is the Mexican Telegraph and Telephone Company, under the management of Mr. Gill, a Mexican gentleman of unequaled executive ability in his particular lines. The company is growing so fast

The girls of the central telephone exchange of Mexico City. It has been found that the Mexican young women are quite as capable as those of any other country. This exchange has grown to such capacity that it has called for additional building room. Mexican Telegraph and Telephone Company.

Sommer, Herrmann & Co.'s store. One of the largest hardware establishments in Mexico, with branches in all the principal cities. Note the cleanliness of the street.

that the central station building is to be enlarged to twice is capacity.

The equipment is the most modern and the service is excellent. Miles and miles of telephone lines have been added under Mr. Gill's successful management, and from a small beginning the business has grown to magnificent proportions. It is the Bell system, and a splendid dividend maker for the stock-holders.

* * *

The Mutual Life Insurance Company, or, as it is called in Mexico, "La Mutua," is an American institution that shows the value of practical management. Mr. H. Bourchier, the resident managing director, is a man among men. He is a polyglot of no mean ability, a man of executive grasp, and he is respected and consulted by eminent men in Mexico, of all nationalities. It is very seldom that any one man attains, in a foreign community, the distinction gained by Mr. H. E. Bourchier. His care of the employees of the office and his watchful and kind superintendence of the affairs of the canvassers, solicitors and field managers is what has placed "La Mutua" so high in the esteem of the people of Mexico.

The Compagnia Industrial "La Aurora"[2] is managed by F. N. Robertson. Mr. Robertson is one of nature's noblemen, and he is so thoroughly identified with Mexico and Mexico's material interests that he carries with him but little of the Scot, although he is from Dundee. Mr. Robertson, capable and practical, is an enthusiast as to Mexican labor. In the "La Aurora" jute mill he has demonstrated the fact that the Mexican may be developed into a first-class self-respecting workingman, the equal of that found in any similar calling in any country. His inside manager is a Mexican. He is now earning three hundred dollars a month. The men have been taken right from the fields, where they were earning forty cents a day, and they have been patiently developed into skilled men. The administrator of the whole mill is a Mexican. At

"La Mutua"—The Mutual Building. This splendid building impresses the stranger with its magnificence.

Grand entrance. Mr. H. E. Bourchier is the managing director of the Mutual Life in Mexico.

Gerber-Carlisle & Co.'s splendid store in Mexico City.

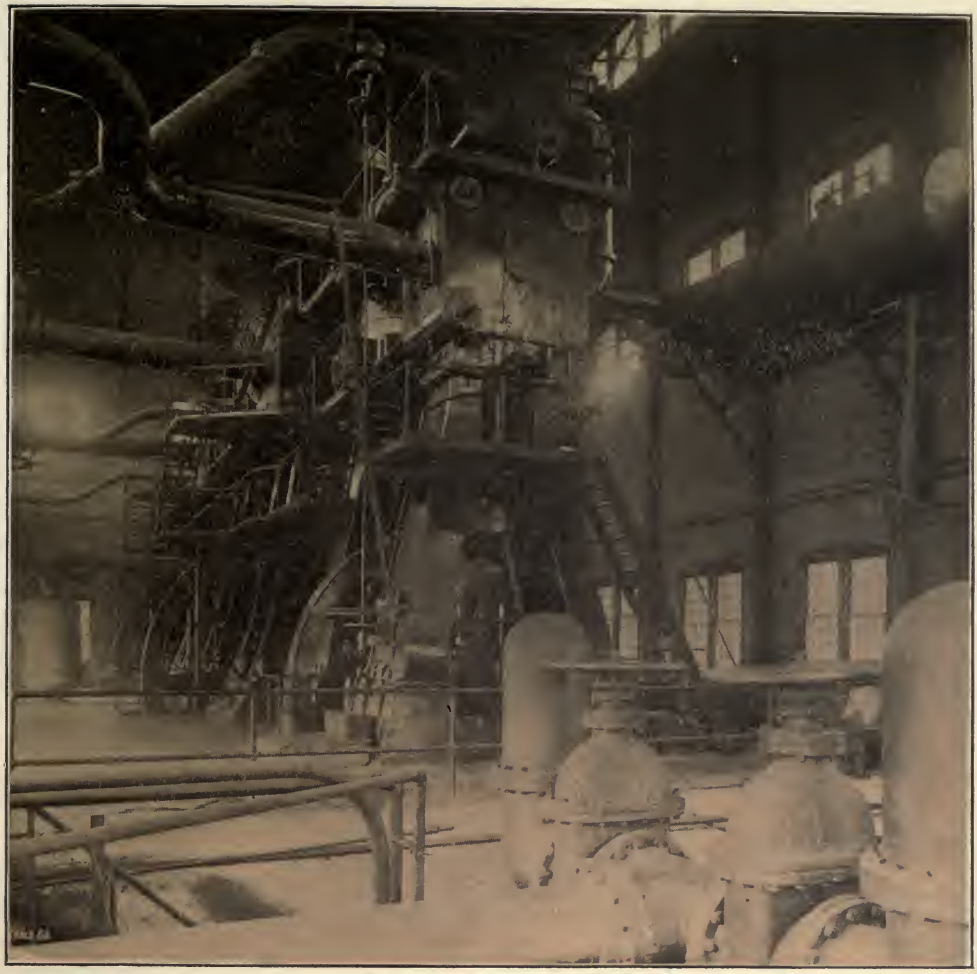
first, in common with the prejudice that most foreigners carry about with them, the mill imported Dundee hands to take the more responsible positions. It was found, however, that these men, while expert, were for the most part given to drink, and transplanting from the land of the heather to the land of the maguey seemed to make but little difference in their desire to consume all that was at hand in the way of intoxicants. They were got rid of, and the work of development of native labor began. Mr. Felipe N. Robertson has had thirty-five years of experience with Mexican labor, and while it cannot be said that this labor is possessed of initiative, it must be admitted that it is imitative, and a remunerative, tractable and easily improved class. The advance made from the most primitive form of industry into skilled mechanics and mill hands by the Mexican native all over the country is suggestive of the idea that a great manufacturing and industrial future looms up brightly for Mexico in the not far-distant future.

The American visitor in Mexico during the Centennial month will find that he can obtain all American-made articles in the gentlemen's furnishing line at The Chic, Louis Bergman & Co., on San Francisco avenue. This firm is agents for Clapp's famous shoes, the Knox and the Stetson hats, and the Manhattan and the Eagle shirts. Mr. A. P. Aguirre is a Mexican gentleman of more than usual urbanity, and clever to a degree, while Mr. Bergman is one of the best known of the merchants of the city. The proprietors and the clerks speak English.

"POPO!"

Popo always was a household word in Mexico. From time immemorial the name of Popocatapetl, contracted into the diminutive of Popo, was used in every household. It meant large and beautiful, something quite beyond the grasp of the mind, and was derived from the beauty of the mountain that is the only rival of Fujiyama. The original meaning of the word is shrouded in mists of antiquity, al-

Senor Don Adolfo Prieto and Master Joaquin Barroso, his nephew. Mr. Prieto is the able manager of the Monterey Steel Works, one of Mexico's foremost industrial enterprises. Mr. Prieto is of Spanish birth.



Monterey Steel and Iron Works, Monterey, Mexico. In every direction Mexico is turning its attention to manufacturing.

though I am told that it meant nothing at all like the above. "Popo" to-day is applied to meats. It means that if the brand be Popo on the meat, if the sign be Popo on the shop, if the legend be Popo on the refrigerator automobile delivery or on the long train of refrigerator cars, that it is the best Mexico produces. When you see the meat taken aboard ships at Vera Cruz you know that it is meat that is properly slaughtered, properly shipped and properly delivered, for the "Popo" plant, as the works of the Mexican National Packing Company has come to be known, is that of the only packing company in Mexico that is operated on a large scale, or where the very latest modern methods are employed.

This concern owns one of the most vast in conception, and the most valuable in the future of all concessions ever granted by the Mexican Government. It is controlled mostly by Mexican and English capital, and eventually it will be a serious competitor to the American export packer, and will be an interfering factor in the smooth sailing of the frozen meats from Australia and New Zealand. It is so much nearer the home market. Its labor is so much cheaper. Its range country has an unlimited capacity of production on the hoof. and better than all this, it will practically enjoy a monopoly for all time. It is a most astonishing thing that Americans

Monterey Steel and Iron Company, Monterey, Mexico.

have not seen the opportunity in time to prevent its falling into the hands of foreigners.

It has been exceedingly well managed, for it controls the meat market of Mexico City; it has made a clever move in buying out the Rastro de Ciudad, the local abbattoir concessionaires, whose chief asset was a Government monopoly to supply the meats in the City of Mexico until 1916. Think of it! With the consent of the Government, this concession was transferred to the Mexican National Company and Mexico City, modern in many other respects, is modern in the perfection of its meat supply service. There is another big plant at Urupuam, in the State of Michoacan, with a daily capacity of 750 cattle, 500 hogs and 500 sheep.

While the capital is mostly Mexican and English, the company is incorporated under the laws of the State of New Jersey, I believe, and the man established this business ten years ago, Mr. John W. Dekay, is still at the head of it. Under his wise management it has prospered, and while certain difficulties have overtaken it by involving it in a measure with other institutions that have fallen by the wayside, it has only had to take precautionary measures to safeguard its stockholders. The value of the business, the enormous probable increase in output and profit, and the character of monopoly, is such that it has weathered financial storms that would have wrecked other institutions of like magnitude. Mr. Dekay is a constructor, and his work has been well done.

The City of Mexico is populated by very nearly half a million souls. They are meat eaters. Here are two items of the concession. All cattle, sheep or hogs slaughtered in Mexico City until the year 1926, must be slaughtered in the packing house belonging to the National Packing Company.

That, until 1926, no other packing house can be operated or established in the City of Mexico.

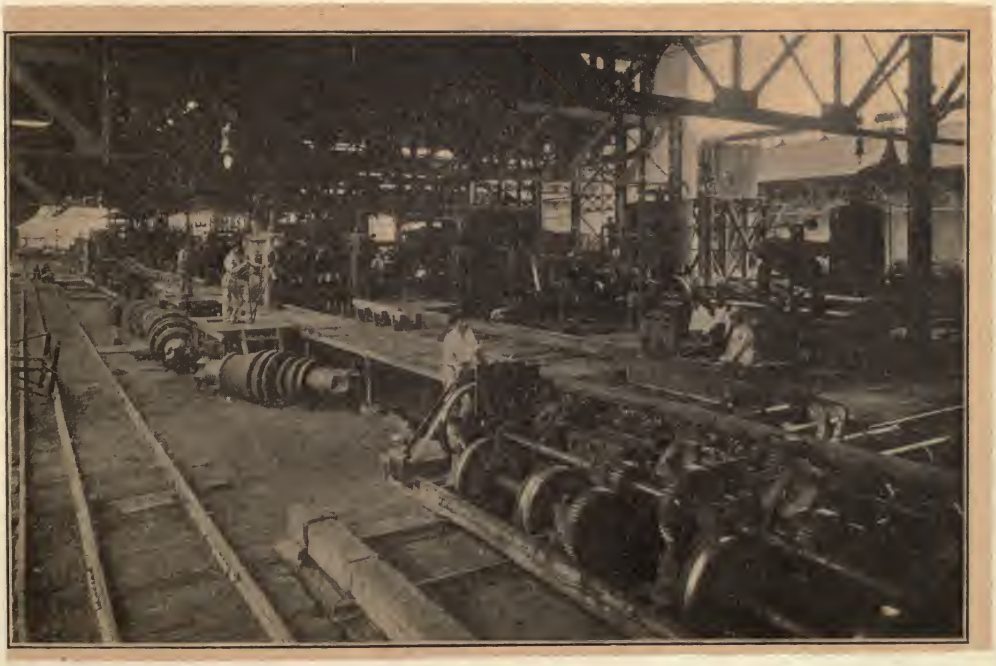
The company is slaughtering upwards of five hundred thousand cattle a year. The "Popo" brand of ham, bacon, lard and tinned meats is, as I said at the beginning of the article on this food produc-

ing plant, a household word. The company makes its own cans, having established a factory for that purpose. It has practically made itself independent of the outside world for everything that it needs in manufacture. The establishment of the Popo Company has given a stimulus to cattle raising, and this in turn has given the railroads larger returns. Three-fourths of the area of Mexico is only good for grazing and cattle raising. The grazing interests are almost wholly undeveloped, and there is just at present an immense demand by Americans who have come to Mexico to engage in the business of cattle raising.

No industry is receiving more attention in the United States than that of the raising of stock. The cost of meat has increased to such an extent that the great packing companies are looking to foreign countries to supply the demand, to keep their prices within the reach of the masses. Every thoughtful stockman, who thinks of remaining in the business, is looking toward Mexico with a view of learning its possibilities. Mexico, the United States and Argentine are the biggest stock-raising countries in the world. In both the other countries the winters are so severe that thousands of dollars are lost every year. In Mexico the equable climate of the grazing table lands knows no snows, and there are no losses. There are no ticks, no cholera, no fevers among the cattle of Mexico. Stock raising is one of the great opportunities Mexico offers the man of mettle and capacity.

* * *

No American who goes to Mexico in September need fear that his wants in the line of haberdashery will remain unsatisfied. The splendid stores have everything in the line of men's wear. "The High Life" is on the Avenida San Francisco, and is so situated as to command the best clientele both native and foreign. Here you will find the finest American, French and English goods. The stock is most complete in gentlemen's wearing apparel, shoes, ties, underwear and in appointments the store easily rivals the very best and most exclusive in the United States.



The laminators and rolls of the Monterey Steel and Iron Mills.

THE ISTHMUS AND ITS STATES

BY OLIVER HARRIS

MEXICO EXTENDS southward until it narrows down to a neck, connecting us with South America, and it is across this neck, in a north and south direction, that the Tehuantepec Railway operates, which extends from Coatzocoalcos on the Gulf of Mexico to Salina Cruz, on the Pacific Coast, a distance of only 302 kilometers. The road is one of the richest in the world, in its products and possibilities, as apart from its strategical position which makes it the best means at hand, at present, to bring freight from the East coast of the United States to the West, a competitor and a very efficient one in keeping down the transcontinental rates in the United States, its lines are run through what is probably the garden spot of the earth, which has no equal in possibility of variety of production or in value of crops.

It runs partially in the State of Vera Cruz, and in the State of Oaxaca. South, on the Pacific side, from this line the Pan-American runs a tortuous line to the Guatemala border. This road is in the State of Chiapas; probably there is in the whole world no State of like area capable of such varied and valuable production. Chiapas is noted for its tropical fruit, for its range possibilities, for here are raised some of the finest cattle in the world. The banana-fed hog is toothsome to a degree. Corn grows on the higher ground; sugar, cacao, coco, pine-apple, and in fact all the delicious semi-tropical and tropical fruit grows in abundance. Its higher levels teem with minerals. As a grazing land it has no equal. The Governor of Chiapas, Senor Don Ramon Rabad, is one of the progressives of Mexico, and he has given to Americans every possible welcome, when these came to his State with a view to working out its wonderful resources. Senor Rabad is a man who is up to date in his ideas, and he, too, has felt the invigorating influence of the strong educational flood in the neighboring State of Vera Cruz, and he has given his State, as rapidly as it has been possible, a school system which, taking into consideration the original condition of his people, at the beginning of his incumbency is most flattering in results.

The State of Chiapas has a distinctive value in the eyes of the world at large, for it is the home of the Zacualpa Rubber Company, known everywhere as the model rubber company of the world, the best managed of any.

Yucatan and Tabasco lie south of the line of the Tehuantepec road, and these are two States that deserve more attention than space allows. I will speak only of the one, Yucatan, at length, and merely say that the world will hear of the State of Tabasco in the future, when native, American and European enterprise and capital will have demonstrated its immense value. Yucatan has had a population that differs in many respects from that of any other part of Mexico. It is independent in its thought, and it is probably the most cosmopolite of all the Central American States. Its people, ever since the earliest days, have been "Yucatecos," and they do not desire to be designated as Mexicans, although thoroughly loyal. Under Molina, and the Governor who has succeeded him, much attention has been paid to sanitary regulations and to the improvement of conditions between the proprietor, the Haciendado and the laborer or peon. I have been commissioned to say but little on this subject, but cannot refrain from mentioning one fact which cannot escape any observant traveler, and which goes far to disprove many of the stories told. Most of the natives carry guns, shot-guns or rifles, for there is plenty of game here. If the stories told are true—what is to prevent an uprising, and an effective one, as nearly every one has at hands the means of enfranchise-

ment from slavery. Of course, I do not infer that the workers in the henequen fields or in the tobacco plantations are allowed rifles, but what I do mean to say is that there cannot be a general discontent in a State where the authorities are so fearless and liberal that, more than anywhere else in Mexico, firearms are carried openly. It is one of the best-governed States in Mexico, and the people are a contented lot.

The streets of Merida, the capital, are so clean, and the general condition of everything in Merida is so clean, that it makes one want to shriek for a little dirt. Of course, this is only a recent conversion, and the convert may not keep up his faith, but if true it is that cleanliness is next to Godliness, then truly, too, are Yucatecos of Merida "next." I have never seen anything like it. As far as the peons of the country are concerned, they are much like the peons of any other lands. It must not be forgotten that we have our own peonage, only we give it fancy names; also that we have prisons where we coop up six in a cell, where we incarcerate the small boy, the "first offender" criminal with the ones that are taking the post graduate course. I do not think we have any the best of it in our penal or prison system. The peon who is imprisoned for debt has one advantage we do not see fit to give our convicts: he can breathe the outside air. It is probably true that some of the felons sent down to this country have been badly treated. People here do not attempt to deny it. I did not see any of it, however, in three months' time in Yucatan, in which I went about and conversed with all classes and conditions of men and women. While here I encountered at least ten disgusted newspaper men and women, representatives of American newspapers, and the consensus of opinion was that a mountain had been made of an alleged mole hill —and we had not been able to locate the mole hill.

The State of Guerero lies on the West Coast, and its principal port is well known to American travelers. Acapulco is advancing just as all Mexico is advancing, and its importance cannot be denied. It is one of the principal ports of call on the Pacific. Chilpancigo is the pretty capital of this State, and it is beautifully located in the higher levels. Salina Cruz to the southward of Acapulco and Manzanillo to the north, have robbed the port of the State of Guerrero of much of its commerce, but with the development of its immense agricultural and mineral resources, the State is bound to figure as one of the richest and most productive in the Republic. The Governor is an up-to-date man, and given to serious endeavor for the betterment of his people. Senor Don L. Cous is one of the men who has made it possible, by following out the path marked by Diaz, to say "marvelous Mexico," instead of "barbarous Mexico," when speaking of his native land.

CALIFORNIAN IN MEXICO.

There is scarcely a Californian of the older generation that was not a friend of General Frisbie, or at least acquainted with his sterling qualities. His long residence at Vallejo, near the Mare Island Navy Yard, and his manifold services to the nation and the State, have kept the good old soldier's memory green in the hearts of his countrymen. His deeds are no less well known in Mexico, and his son, Leon C. Frisbie, is carrying on the plantations and the other activities in every direction. The name of Frisbie is known from one end of Mexico to the other, and highly respected. The estate owns the Atlixtac plantations. While on the subject of sugar plantations, it may be as well to call the attention of the reader to the model institutions maintained by the Association of Sugar Growers, the Compagnia Azucar, I think it is called. I visited the one owned by Senor Ramon Corona, the San Vicente and Annex, and I found it one of the most perfect of plants. I was not particularly interested as to the cane itself, although I must admit that it grows to a development as to product to as profitable results as the best cane in the Cagayan, which means that it is superior to the Cuban or the Hawaiian product as to quantity of sugar produced. The machinery at the mills is the most modern, and the treatment of laborers leaves nothing to be desired. They are housed, clothed three times a year, and schools are provided. The quarters are clean, and they seem care-free and happy.

THE MINING STATES OF MEXICO

IT WOULD BE almost impossible to segregate the mining States of Mexico from such as are purely agricultural, as all are mineralized very highly. However, certain States in Mexico may be said to be well developed as mineral producing.

There is no country, not excepting California, that is so thoroughly mineralized as Mexico. It seems as though the great California mineral belt, that of Arizona and that of New Mexico and Colorado, had been squeezed and fused into the great Mexican table land.

Every mineral product of the world is to be found in Mexico. From oil to gold, we have the counterpart of the conditions in California. It is manifestly impossible for any one to give more than the most superficial idea of the mineral development by Mexicans, Frenchmen and Americans of this wonderful, natural gift. It would take a set of volumes the size of the Americana 'cyclopedia to give the faintest idea of the use to which billions of foreign capital has been put in this particular resource, and the billions of profits recorded.

One mining company, the Compania Minera Las Dos Estrellas, is most remarkable because of its success, and is cited because, for the most part, its management has always been in the hands of Mexicans and Frenchmen. There are many successful American-managed companies, and Americans seem, as a nationality, successful at the task in development of the riches of the earth. The Dos Estrellas is so remarkable that it ought to be mentioned.

Jose Luis Requena organized the company in 1900, the number of shares was only 3,000, the par value $100 each; in May, 1906, they were worth from $8,000 to $9,000 each. I am told that, to-day, this stock is worth $30,000 a share.

Mr. Requena is a man who has the keenest sense of justice and fair play of any man I have met in Mexico. He is free of speech and cool of judgment. He is connected with most of the big financial institutions of the country, being an associate of that splendid specimen of the modern Mexican, Mr. Pimentel y Fagoaya of the Banco Central. It is said abroad that there is but one voice in Mexico, and that the master's. This is not so. When in conversation with the big men of the Republic, or with the humblest peon, I have not discovered any desire to hedge or a fear of the consequences of adverse criticism of Governmental measures. Mr. Requena is one of the most level-headed men I have ever met, and, while he is a warm admirer of President Diaz, he is not a fawning sycophant as to his expression of admiration. And so I have found others. Take, for instance, the Governors of various States, and especially the mining States. They are as free-spoken as any American, and are quick in adopting remedial measures, when such application is in their power, as any American would be.

The Governors of the States of Sonora and of Hidalgo, respectively Senor Don Albert Cubillas and Senor Don T. W. Rodriguez, are men who have in every way kept right up in the march of progress. A great deal of their activity is due to the fact that the initiative is given at the capital, and then again the American invasion in these mining districts is also responsible for the progress manifested by the leading officials. The school system has not been neglected in any of these sections. All over the States mentioned may be found new schools, and the interest in education is increasing, thanks to the Government.

In the State of Hidalgo is located another one of the great mines of the world, that of San Rafael and Annexes. From beginning to end, this mine exemplifies the history of mining and mining methods, finally culminating in the almost perfection of to-day. Its history is the history of advance in mining methods.

A YELLOW DOG

BY WILL SCARLET

DELMEGE CHUCKLED softly as he sauntered up the steps and crossed the mission porch to the bungalow door. To chuckle and to saunter under the circumstances were characteristic of Delmege. Only a few moments since he had fired the pistol that even now made an unseemly bulge in the hip pocket of his smart gray trowsers. He had hit his man, too—"winged" him, as Doctor Riggs put it—even though it was the first time he had ever pulled the trigger of a real firearm. That was what made Delmege chuckle. And he was now entering his bungalow with the certainty that he would find a burglar there. That was what made Delmege saunter.

With his hand on the knob Delmege paused, turned half about and glanced down the steep path he had just climbed. The moon was full, and threw into relief the stately sempervirens on the slope, and cast a metallic sheen on the Russian river that lay like an impassive inland lake at the foot of the heights. Tiny bars of light flickered through the foliage on both banks, for it was only ten o'clock and the campers were still astir. Suddenly came a rattle and a roar, and the "coffee-grinder," with its train of two cars, clattered around the curve of the hill on its last trip from Camp Vacation. Delmege waited till the groaning of the antiquated locomotive had died away far down the track.

"Now," he remarked softly to himself, "I imagine it's time to interview the other gentleman."

Delmage paced a few steps forward, and then he chuckled again.

Entering, he quietly closed the door behind him, then paused irresolutely, and clapped his hand to the bulge in his hip pocket. Delmege, past master in the gentle art of introspection, had a way of seeing himself, even when no bevel glass was handy, and he laughed low but heartily at his own pose.

"Precisely like a villain in melodrama! But I fancy I'd better not use this—thing. I've done almost enough mischief with it already."

Gingerly he drew the unfamiliar weapon and felt it over in the dark. Then he again flung open the door and the moonlight fell on the compact little revolver with its dull black handle and bluish, glinting barrel. Delmege held the pistol to his nose and sniffed inquiringly. With an effort he suppressed a cough.

"It smokes with bloody execution," he declaimed in a tragic whisper, and then chuckled once more.

Bungling dreadfully, Delmege removed the five cartridges one by one and deposited them carefully in the side pocket of his coat. Then, slipping the revolver into his hip pocket, he quickly and quietly closed the door and tiptoed briskly in the direction of his study. That was where the burglar should be.

The burglar was there. Delmege opened the study door—a relatively noiseless operation—and blinked for a few seconds before acting. Then he acted. The pistol bulged in his right hip pocket; in his left hip pocket there bulged something else. To that left hip pocket his left hand stole as Delmege alertly crossed the room in the direction of the burglar.

Had the burglar been an exceptionally clever burglar, he might have seen Delmege or heard him or scented him; but this burglar was not exceptionally clever. He remained with his head out of the window and his back toward Delmege, and his hands behind his back. Suddenly he started, struggled, swore and then swerved about.

Delmege stepped back, seated himself on the corner of his flat-topped desk, groped for his cigarette case and struck a

light. He took his first puff almost with a sigh, and slapped his left hip pocket—which no longer bulged.

"Shade of Euripides!" he said, aloud. "I had no idea handcuffs worked so easily."

He leisurely squirmed around and tried to look the burglar over. There was not much to see. The man, silhouetted in the moonlight, stood stolidly just where he had stood a minute before when he felt the cold steel on his wrists and realized that somebody had trapped him.

"Almost too dark to be sociable, isn't it?" Delmege queried pleasantly, and switched on the cluster of electric lights that hung from the low ceiling. He smiled amiably as he leaped lightly to the floor and bowed courteously to the man by the window.

"My name is Delmege—Pemberton Delmege. And you?"

Delmege smiled again. But the man by the window did not smile. He glowered and frowned and shifted his feet and seemed angry and ashamed.

"The devil!" he muttered between clenched teeth.

Delmege raised his eyebrows, bit his cigarette, and then smiled as amiably as ever.

"The devil? Charmed, I'm sure! Won't your Satanic Majesty deign to be seated? No? Well, you're probably just as handsome standing, although to be perfectly candid"—and he took in the shaggy head and lined, evil face of his prisoner—"I should scarcely regard you as being conspicuously handsome in any case."

Delmege sank into his swivel chair, tilted back and smiled benignantly.

"I trust your diabolic highness is enjoying excellent health?"

The man by the window took two shuffling steps forward.

"Look here!" he snarled. "I ain't no devil."

Delmege's smooth-shaven, youthful face expressed polite surprise.

"Pardon me; my mistake. Then if it's not impertinent, may I ask who you are?"

The burglar growled deep in his throat. He was a new specimen, and amused Delmege vastly.

"Terry Nichols—that's who I am. They calls me Terry the Kid. And, see here!"

"Not so close, please," Delmege quietly ordered as the man leaned across the desk. "You've been drinking bad whisky. Excuse me, Terry, but I'll have to puff on my old brier a bit just to forget that horrible odor."

He stepped across to the bookcase and pulled out his pipe and tobacco jar from the second shelf. Mr. Nichols seemed slightly surprised.

"Say," he began.

"Well?" Delmege, his back turned, was filling his pipe.

"You think you're smart, don't you, 'cause you got the bracelets on me when I wasn't lookin'?"

Pipe in mouth, Delmege crossed to the desk for matches.

"Well, frankly, I do rather pride myself on my cleverness. Of course, you had your hands at just the right distance apart—which was very obliging of you, I'll admit."

Mr. Nichols tossed his head contemptuously, and pointed at the open window with his right shoulder. The gesture would have been more successful had he made it with his right leg, but that expedient probably did not occur to him.

"You couldn't make a sneak on me if I didn't have me peepers out the window, and I wouldn't be rubberin', only for that shot down the hill. Hear it, didn't you?"

"Well, rather." Delmege, puffing blissfully, sank back in his swivel chair. "You see, I happened to fire it myself."

"You fired it? I thought it was Skunk!"

Delmege leaned forward. "Skunk!"

"Sure. Skunk—me pal."

"An unusually loquacious burglar," Delmege thought. He said aloud: "Is Skunk, your pal, the gentleman with the black derby and the drab overcoat? Indeed! Skunk, eh? His sobriquet strikes me as singularly apropos."

Mr. Nichols grew strangely confidential. "I was to bag the swag, and he was to give me lay."

"Precisely. And he didn't give you lay because I gave him lead. Lay—lead. Not altogether a bad pun—is it, Terry?"

Manifestly, Terry didn't know, and didn't care.

"Gave him lead?" he repeated slowly, his eyes half-closed. "Puncture him?"

"Huh-huh."

"Do for him, straight? Is Skunk down and out—for keeps?"

"Possibly." The response came in a cloud of smoke. "But I think not."

Delmege, pipe in hand, beamed on his prisoner.

"You appear to be interested and tolerably at ease—you really don't care to sit down?—so perhaps you'd enjoy hearing the whole story. I was in Guerneville all day, and had intended to take a run down to San Francisco on the evening train. But I changed my mind—I sometimes do."

"Gee! We heard you had went."

"Really? Well, I heard you had came—if I may be permitted to employ your attractive solecism—you and your friend Skunk. That Guerneville constable is no fool, Terry. He and four or five of his friends were anxious to come along with me to give you and the malodorous Mr. Skunk a fitting reception. But I told them not to bother; I didn't want them."

Terry grunted incredulously.

"You see, Terry, they all had big feet and muddy boots, and I'd have to spend a week or so cleaning up after them. Besides, they might have taken a fancy to shoot up the place and smash my windows. So I came on alone."

During the silence that followed, Delmege sucked musingly at his briarwood. A student of human nature, he was interested in freaks. He was a freak himself, if certain of his friends might be believed, but surely this burglar was in the same class—or rather, in another class; freaks are not gregarious.

"To be exact," Delmege resumed, "I came alone, but not empty-handed. The constable—I don't like him, Terry, but he's a thoughtful soul—insisted on my taking his pistol and his handcuffs. I rather appreciate his foresight, for I've utilized both—the pistol on Skunk and the handcuffs on you. My manipulation of the handcuffs was, as you may have observed, a relatively noiseless operation."

Delmege drawled the last sentence and his eye twinkled when the burglar winced.

"Luck was against you, I daresay. It was against Skunk, too, if that fact will afford you any consolation. But my little performance with the pistol was not a noiseless operation. It made considerable stir—even attracted your attention, I understand—but it brought out Doctor Riggs—he lives just below here—who now has your friend Skunk under his professional care. About all Skunk needs is an application of idoform and a bath."

A long pause followed. Mr. Nichols figetted miserably and shifted from one foot to the other, while Delmege calmly smoked and watched out of the corner of his eye. At length, Terry cleared his throat—and his mind.

"Say, what you goin' to do with me?"

Delmege, knocking the ashes out of his pipe, assumed a ridiculously perplexed air.

"What am I going to do with you? That is a poser, Terry, and no mistake. Really, now that you mention it, you are something of an inconvenience here."

He languidly arose and replaced his pipe in the bookcase.

"I think I'll telephone to that Guerneville constable, return him his gun and his handcuffs, and throw you in for good measure. The 'phone is in the kitchen—one of the numerous peculiarities of this bungalow of mine."

He turned, smiling, in the doorway. "You'll excuse me, won't you?"

Telephoning to the Guerneville constable turned out to be a lengthy procedure. Central was slow, stupid and sleepy, and the constable's wife was sleepy, stupid and slow.

"Oh, don't hurry at all, constable," protested Delmege in answer to the official's assurance that he would "be out to the heights right off." "I rather enjoy his exclusive society. A singularly entertaining person is Terry the Kid."

The moment Delmege re-entered the study he knew something was wrong. The atmosphere had changed. A sixth sense warned him of impending danger.

His last words to the constable drawled themselves through his brain: "A singularly entertaining person is Terry the Kid."

"It is just remotely possible," Delmege said to himself, "that my burglar friend's entertaining facilities may surpass my most sanguine expectations."

For Terry was no longer the same man. True, the burglar stood as before in the middle of the room with his heavy brows

contracted and his arms behind him; but his former sullen demeanor had given place to an air of defiance only half concealed.

"Pemby, my friend," Delmege unto Delmege confided, "unless I much mistake, the plot begins to thicken."

He sauntered to the bookcase, drew out his pipe and blew through it cheerily.

"Well, Mr. Terry the Kid, the constable says he'll run in after an hour or so. Meanwhile, be as comfy as you can. Really, now, won't you sit down?"

Terry took three steps, three quick, confident steps, in the direction of the bookcase. Delmege's fingers closed over the tobacco jar with unnecessary vigor.

"No," growled Terry hoarsely, "I'll not sit down. But you will, and darned quick, too!"

A metallic clatter whipped Delmege sharply about. Terry, both hands free, was pointing to the floor.

"There, smarty cuss! There's the constable's handcuffs!"

Very deliberately, Delmege put his hand to his hip pocket and drew the revolver. The action was not picturesque—Delmege saw that at once—but it was sufficiently effective to impress Mr. Nichols. The burglar shriveled up, then backed away until he collided with a chair into which he discreetly and ungracefully sank. Delmege smiled engagingly.

"That was very thoughtless of you, Terry. Very, very thoughtless. Do you know, I believe you're something of an amateur—just as I must have been with the handcuffs. Or are you Houdini the Second?"

Nonchalantly he flung the revolver on the desk, took up a sheaf of matches, returned to the bookcase and proceeded to light his pipe. Flash-like, Terry leaped forward, snatched up the pistol and fairly cackled in his triumph.

"Throw up your hands!"

The match Delmege had just struck blew out in a sputter of laughter.

"Mr. Terry the Kid," he chuckled, "you are really too good to be true. You're just like the burglars we literary persons put into story books."

Mr. Nichols lost his head and ripped off a vulgar curse.

"Up with them hands!" he cried.

Delmege relit his pipe and turned full on the excited man.

"The story-book burglar again—bad grammar and all! Shame on you, Terry!" he proceeded, his eyes blazing with mock indignation. "You are both ungrammatical and immoral. Also, you are ridiculous. That gun isn't loaded."

Mr. Nichols had handled firearms before, and a rapid inspection of the weapon in his hand convinced him that the novelist spoke the truth. He growled—"like a denizen of 'The Jungle Book,'" as Delmege afterward said—swore savagely and dashed the revolver blindly on the desk. It slid along the polished oak surface and tumbled into the waste basket. Delmege, his arms folded, shook his head reprovingly.

"Terry, a professional gentleman like you should not be so passionate. Now, that gun——"

"Oh, you shut up!" burst in Terry, his eyes flashing and his hands clenched. "You've been kiddin' me all along, working your darned pesty tricks on me, but the tables is turned."

"Is they?"

"We're alone here, now, and unarmed—man to man—and I'm goin' to cut for it while there's time. But first, you're goin' to get the darndest lickin' you ever got in your life. I'll knock your block off!"

"Really?"

"Yes, really." Terry was indubitably angry, and unconsciously mimicked the novelist's peculiar pronunciation of the adverb. "You butted in on our little game here to-night, and you pinked me pal—maybe cooked him—and you made an ass out of me."

Delmege raised both hands in expostulation.

"Oh, really, now," he remarked dryly, "I couldn't do that, you know."

It was the last straw. Terry compressed his thick lips over an inarticulate snarl and rushed at Delmege.

"Better say your prayers, sport," he grimly advised. "You ain't got the constable's gun this time."

Delmege deftly thrust his hand behind the second row of books.

"No, Terry. This time I have a gun of my own."

Mr. Nichols dropped his hands, wavered

and backed off to his chair. He was looking into a small gleaming muzzle poised threateningly before the quizzical eyes of his tormentor. For a full half minute the two men stood, a tableau set by whim and circumstance. Then Delmege broke into that peculiar chuckle of his, tossed the pistol across the room and flung up his arms.

"Terry, you bore me to death. Fie, m'lord, fie! A burglar and afeared! And afeared of what? A toy pistol—the kind that explodes paper caps with a diminutive pop. My eight-year old nephew left it up here last Sunday. And it stalled you, Terry, stalled you most decidedly. Ah, Terry the Kid, of the house of Nichols, what a falling off was there!"

The burglar was a beaten man. He "crossed to right," as an actor might do, leaned his elbow on the fireplace and fixed his eyes on vacancy. Nothing really mattered now.

Delmege leaned forward in his swivel chair, his elbows on his knees and his fingers interlocked. He spoke slowly, almost reverently, albeit a whimsical half-light flickered in his gray eyes.

"Terry, my friend, do you know what ails you? You have a bad conscience—there. You ought to—well, go to confession. You're afraid now, and you know it. A few moments since, you declared, with a modesty which I am forced to concede is characteristic, that you intended to perform a presumably painful operation which you described as knocking my block off. I infer that it is one of your primitive methods of decapitation—they do things much better in France. Now, honestly, Terry, why don't you knock—my—block—off? You're bigger and stronger, and, I daresay, have had more experience. Why don't you? Here's the block."

Delmege arose and laid his hand on the burglar's shoulder.

"Do you really know why you don't try to carry out those preposterous threats you made some time ago? Because you are afraid—your conscience is troubling you. You know you're in the wrong. You have a sense of guilt. You are a criminal, and——"

The sentence was never finished. Delmege recoiled before the blazing eyes that burned him through. Terry the Kid was a new man. In the subdued glare of the electric light he loomed large, a hero. His clenched fists and squared shoulders and drawn lips conveyed no hint of menace; but he fairly radiated contemptuous indignation. The indignation Delmege didn't mind; it was the contempt that made him wince.

"Criminal, huh!" repeated Terry, thickly. "Well, I like that! You treat me just as you'd treat a dog—a lonesome, hungry, yaller dog what tried to bite you. Crim'nal! Maybe I am; but blast me bugle, *I'll* never sink so damned low as to kick a feller when he's down. Crim'nal! Who ain't a crim'nal? Smarty Lit'ry Guy, just you tell me that. There's a God above us, ain't there? You believe in Him, I guess, and so do I, though sometimes it's hard enough to. Well, that God, He made you and He made me—we're feller creatures. He gave you brains and a chance; He gave me an old man in San Quentin and an old woman what drunk herself to death. You had teachers what taught you to wear swell togs and talk like a book and earn a snap livin'; my teachers taught me to cuss and lie and steal—and worse. And I'm a crim'nal. Why? 'Cause I never got a dead man's chance to be anything 'cept a crim'nal—that's why. You never think of that, and the man what's comin' to pinch me never thinks of it, and the judge what's goin' to send me up for ten years never thinks of it; but the God that made me and you and the constable and the judge—He knows!"

Terry's harangue had scarcely started when Delmege was smiling his wonted cynical smile. Perched on the edge of the desk, he was urbane—and bored. Terry's eloquence did not impress him, and Terry's point of view lacked the spice of novelty. With difficulty he stifled a yawn.

"Excellent, Terry, excellent!" he murmured, nodding his approbation. Just what the story-book burglars say every time. They talk like that, and their captors are impressed and relent, and off goes the knight of the jimmy. Now, Mr. Nichols, strange as it may appear, I am not in the least impressed—no, not a bit; that brotherhood-of-man nonsense and the rest

of your crude and argumentative exposition is merely—rot. But, in the interests of literature, whereof I am an ill-deserving pillar—just to prove that short stories as I read them and write them are based on life—I am compelled to relent. The constable is coming. Beat it."

Terry's upper lip lifted in a contemptuous snarl. "Beat nuthin'."

Delmege sprang to his feet. Literature and life were drifting apart.

"What do you mean?" he demanded, in astonishment no longer feigned.

"Hell!" Terry shouted, taking a quick step toward the desk. "What do *you* mean? You twit me and kid me and preach at me till I'm sick and you're tired—you treat me worse than you'd treat a yaller dog—and then you work off the hero stunt and tell me to beat it."

"Well?"

"Well, I won't beat it. Doggie has his faults, but he ain't so darned yaller as to snap at a bone from the likes of you."

Delmege paced the room twice before he spoke.

"Do you know what you're doing?"

"I know a darned sight more about it than you do; I've been sent up before. But I'd rather be pinched, and pinched fifty times over, than beat it, thanks to you. I'd rather wear a red shirt in the Folsom chain gang than be a yaller dog."

Delmege strode up to the burglar, his mind clear, his face unfurrowed. Terry had won a trick, merely, not the game.

"Mr. Nichols, shake!"

Reluctantly, Terry gripped the long white hand extended.

"Terry, my friend, I've done you a grave injustice; you're not like the story-book burglars, after all. This last stand of yours—the yellow dog attitude and all that—is delightfully unconventional. It's quite obvious that I can't force you to flee from justice when you manifest an absurd determination not to flee. But there's one thing you overlook. Whose house is this?"

Delmege had no mean histrionic talents and he was now acting his best. Unconsciously, the audience was with him.

"Whose house is this?" Delmege repeated, flinging out his arms after the fashion of Brutus addressing the mob. "I pause for a reply."

Terry was dumbfounded. It was quite impossible to understand this novelist fellow who did such things and said such things.

"Yourn."

"Decidedly and emphatically mine."

Delmege leaped into the swivel chair and assumed a Pizarro attitude, his left foot resting on the desk and his left hand raised above his head.

"This bungalow is my castle, and I'm a feudal baron with a mean disposition. What I say here is law, and here is what I say: Beat it!"

Mr. Nichols stood like a graven thing. He was too confused to act or speak or think. Delmege jumped to the floor.

"What! You dare hesitate?"

Stooping over the waste basket, he snatched up the revolver, then fished two of the discarded cartridges from his side pocket and clumsily stuffed them into their chambers.

"Leave my house, sir!" cried Delmege, pointing the gun at Terry's head. "At the point of my pistol—or rather, the constable's pistol—I order you out."

Terry swayed slightly, audibly gulped and opened his mouth as if to speak. Then slowly, awkwardly, he shambled across to the study door. Calm and alert, with frowning face and laughing eyes, Delmege followed.

"Good night, Mr. Terry the Kid," he sang out as Mr. Nichols stumbled across the mission porch. "And, for goodness sake, don't break your neck going down the hill."

* * * *

Delmege smoked a cigarette between chuckles, and then delivered himself thus over the 'phone:

"Oh, you're not the constable? I might have inferred as much from your voice. His wife? Yes, I'm Mr. Delmege. Just hitching up, eh? Well, he needn't bother. His man got away. Your husband can call for his gun and handcuffs in the morning. Tell him I said to go to bed."

THE FOURTH IN OUR COLONIES

BY MONROE WOOLLEY

THERE ARE PEOPLE (principally residing in the anti-imperialist camp about Boston), who kick on Independence Day celebrations in our colonies. They say that to celebrate the occasion of our national freedom from the yoke of British rule is something akin to flaunting a red flag in the face of our colonial subjects in the Philippines and Porto Rico. No objection to Fourth of July oratory seems to exist concerning Hawaii, perhaps because we are there with the flag purely on invitation of the people themselves.

A Fourth of July speaker in one of our insular possessions once took occasion to cover this particular phase of colonial celebrations. He said:

"The question has been asked how the American people can conscientiously celebrate the anniversary of the Declaration of Independence, while denying to the people of these islands the immediate independence that they are asking for? That question, in my opinion, might be pertinent if the people were being deprived of any of the rights which gave cause for the declaration which we celebrate. The American Government brought to these people the first freedom they had ever known, liberating them from the military sovereignty of Spain. It gave to them in almost every particular the 'Bill of Rights' that England denied the American colonists. It gave to them freedom of speech, freedom of worship, and freedom of the press; it gave to them the right to assemble peaceably, and the right to petition the Government for redress of grievances. It gave to them the right of representation and the right of suffrage. From a subject people, having practically no voice in their government, they now elect by their own votes a legislative assembly; and no law can be enacted without its consent, and a judiciary in which the chief justice of the supreme court and two others out of a total of seven are of their own race. The courts are almost evenly divided between Americans and natives. The secretary of finance and justice, and the attorney-general, are both of their own people. They elect the governor and one other provincial officer out of three in every province. In appointive offices in the civil service the proportion is two natives to one American. In fact, the American Government has given to the Filipino people the very privileges that the signers of the Declaration of Independence and their fellow countrymen gave their lives and fortunes to gain—and all this without an effort on the part of the people themselves. Had these same privileges, in the same measure, been given to the American colonists one hundred and fifty years ago, there would have been no Declaration of Independence, no eight years of war and suffering, and no celebrations in our colonies to-day. More than this, the Government is going farther. It is providing a training and education for these people in practical Government; it is putting public schools in every city, town and *barrio,* building lines of communication, installing a common language, and fitting them for the enjoyment to the fullest extent, when the time comes, and they are ready for its cares and its burdens, as well as its emoluments and its honors, of the fullest civil and political liberty. When this time does arrive, our colonial subjects will have the distinction of having something that no other country on earth has ever attained without a struggle."

The native press of the Philippines, in commenting upon Fourth of July celebrations, have made it the occasion for many bitter attacks upon the Government, in behalf of independence. Fortunately, these calamity howlers do not represent the true

spirit of the people, who may not enter as enthusiastically as they might into the festivities of the anniversary, but nevertheless, to use a quaint pastoral expression, know upon which side their bread is buttered.

Following a recent celebration of the Fourth, *Vida Filipina,* a native organ, said editorially:

"These American national holidays, observed with pomp and splendor in our country, are an eloquent lesson to us in the attainment of our just and holy ideals, because the American people for over one hundred years were politically in the same condition of subjection in which we are to-day."

Now, when this much misinformed writer thus declared that the position of the American colonists and that of the Filipino people are closely comparable, the local American dailies and the resident Americans felt bound, if only in the interest of truth, to challenge the ungrateful statement. The editor of *Vida Filipina* certainly must mave misread his history. Had the American colonies been given the same bill of rights that the American Government voluntarily gave to the Filipino people there certainly would have been no Declaration of Independence, no Revolutionary War. The American colonists had none of these great cardinal rights guaranteed to every Filipino; and in no important respect will the two positions run politically parallel when properly examined side by side. Nor is the native compelled to rely upon American historians to get at the truth. All the facts may be had from entirely disinterested sources. Indeed, the American case may be rested wholly on what British writers and statesmen have said. But, happily, as stated elsewhere, the Filipinos and the Porto Ricans, the common *gente* uninfluenced by political agitators, do not care for what few political aspects our celebrations may present. They are content simply to be permitted to enter into the wholesome fun and frivolous frolic of the *fiesta de cuatro de Julio.*

Our Fourth of July celebrations in the Philippines. including Manila, as well as all the provincial capitals throughout the archipelago, not only afford amusement for the people, breeding a spirit of patriotism hitherto having no existence in native breasts, but also attract visitors annually from the British, French and German colonies along the China coast. Graceful, indeed, are the words of the South China Morning Post in referring to our colonial Fourths of July. In them is a feeling that Americans in the Orient and here at home will appreciate and reciprocate. After referring to the time-honored custom of international participation in national holidays in the foreign settlements on the China coast, and to the fact that Britishers, in their eastern colonies and in the Philippines, have always joined with the Americans on the Fourth, the Post says:

"In later years the development of American interests in the Philippines and in China has added to the interest that the passing birthdays of the American nation have for Hongkong. They are near neighbors of ours now, and, as time goes on, the two colonies are bound to have more and more in common."

To say that the Filipinos are not being imbued with the true spirit of Independence Day would not be doing justice to their keenness for *fiestas* and their gleeful regard for relaxation. A Philippine official, in opening his large bulk of correspondence on one occasion lit upon a choice bit of literature which was finally sent on to Washington to be filed with other classics in the archives at the national capital. The letter, dated July 4th, was from an old Government employee. It read:

"This is an extra day, i say extra, because this is a day on which the U. States of America declared their glowing independence. Because as much as this day is commemorated and emblazoned in the great states, here in the Filipinas is also commemorated and unforgotten, and as so I commemorated it myself. In view of the fact that I have working in the Government of the U. S. A. in the Fils. long time ago, and as I have nothing to recomense the great favor which I owe. I therefore may only say that the United States may live with whole tranquility for many years and more; and to cry out Hurra! the office in which I am now employed, Hurra! for all its Americano clerks, Hurra! for all its Filipino boys. and Hurra! Hurra! for all the people of

the grand United States, Hurra!"

This patriotic youth had it bad. We cannot have it in us to say that his enthusiasm was prompted by monetary reasons, in the form of a promotion or an extra month's leave of absence.

The celebrations of Independence Day in Hawaii are for many reasons not as elaborate as those of the Philippines and of Porto Rico, yet they are no less ardent. In the first place, the Hawaiians have many holidays of native origin to which they still cling. Again, the American colony in Hawaii is small, being mostly congregated in and about Honolulu. We have few Americans in the interior; and all the troops garrisoning the group (not a great many), are stationed in the capital city. Perhaps the most popular *fiesta* day of the Hawaiians, the Fourth notwithstanding, is the celebration on June 11th of the birthday of a former king, Kamehameha I, who was born nearly two centuries ago. Kamehameha is still the idol of the natives, despite their change of Government. The celebration of this *fiesta* day is carried out along lines similarly followed by us in celebrating our great national play-day. As a compliment to the Hawaiian people, the war department has named one of the new military posts now under construction in the islands in honor of the great king, Kamehameha. The anniversary of the king's birthday is given over to popular native sports, in which aquatic feats figure extensively, and to feasting.

The celebrations in Porto Rico are very similar to those in the Philippines. The programme usually consists of sports, speeches, military maneuvres, exercises by native school children, street parades, and the inevitable fireworks display. Old Glory waves everywhere.

The coming generation in the Philippines looks upon our national holiday with as much or perhaps more interest than we do ourselves. They commence to talk about it as soon as Christmas is passed. It ranks well at the top with the numerous church holidays they have been taught for centuries past by the Spanish to celebrate. The Fourth is popular in particular with the children, rich and poor alike. And a child, because of early maturity, may still be considered as such, in years, when full grown. The parks, plazas, and boulevards are turned over to them, fixed up like fairyland for their entertainment. Everything is free for the kiddies—native, foreigner, and Yankee. Candies, nuts, fire-crackers, meals and peanuts and red lemonade, may be had for the asking at the decorated booths throughout the botanical gardens and the parks. Countless bands scattered throughout the city play merry tunes all day long. The wealthier class turn over their festooned carriages and automobiles to the little ones, and no fares are charged by the trolleys. Merry-go-'rounds, swings and other amusement contrivances are operated, all free of charge. The land parade is the leading feature of the day, and native orators vie with Yankee speakers in paying tribute to the flag and to freedom. At night the spectacle of modern fireworks illumines the heavens as a fitting finale of the day's festivities.

On the Fourth, the toiling army of Americans on the Panama Canal stops its labors and withdraws from the sweltering sun to give vent to the patriotic shout and roar announcing the advent of another Independence Day. It is an occasion looked forward to with delight by this faithful organization which stops work for nothing less important. The day's revelry is punctuated by a big dinner, temptingly prepared at the expense of Uncle Sam or the hotel keepers, where after-dinner speeches are a part of the inviting menu.

In Alaska, the Arctic winter breaks long enough to permit the celebration of the Fourth under sunny skies—as a rule. The hardy pioneer and prospector come together in a united effort to make the eagle scream in righteous glee. The celebrations of former years "'way back home," are again reproduced here in the Far North as the adventurous settlers remember them. The Indians are requisitioned upon for sports, mostly aquatic. They do not complain about it, either, as do some more fortunate of our colonists. They are paid for what they do, and paid well. Loggers perform hair-raising feats as they hop nimbly about shod in heavy, spiked boots over slick, rolling logs boomed together in the water. The dog, the friend of man more than all else in the labors of Alaskan life, plays his little part, too, in the celebrations. Thousands of dollars are

wagered on the dog races and endurance tests. The clam-bake in which the populace takes part, satisfies the inner man.

Thus, while in former decades the celebration of our one great national holiday was confined solely to the boundaries of the home country, the theatre of action for these celebrations now extends over an area nearly as great in size as one of the hemispheres. The nerve-racking snap of the hand cracker, the road of the cannon cracker and mortar, the gorgeous spectacle of various pyrotechnic forms, the whizz and whirr of the pin-wheel, and the flare of the soaring rocket, are being introduced to the awe stricken Aleuts in the arctic regions, to the not altogether grateful natives of the Philippines, the Mohammedans of far-off Moroland, to the mixed races of Central America, and the citizens of Porto Rico. Next year, thanks to the efforts of Peary, some one may record a celebration or two at a point closer to the Pole than Cook is thought to have reached.

THE BALLADE OF A HUNDRED LOVES

BY ELIOT KAYS STONE

Priscilla, prim, and Gladys, gay,
Like Dorothy and Margaret,
Have each in some sweet, mystic way
Ensnared my heart in Cupid's net;
And though I've struggled, I am yet
A willing captive in their thrall,
And would be lost should I forget
That I love Rosa best of all.

Virginia is a winsome fay
A charmer is chic Antoinette;
Demure is Doris, gowned in grey;
Sweet as her name is Mignonette;
A hundred others I have met,
And wooed and won in field and hall,
But I admit, without regret,
That I love Rosa best of all.

With Blanche I've dined at the cafe;
With Polly tripped the minuet;
To Maude I oft have dashed a lay
To make her wondrous lashes wet—
I loved them all—I love them yet,
And ever will though empires fall!
Still Rosa will not jealous get,
For I love Rosa best of all.

L'Envoi.

Come, Memory, thou should'st serve me yet—
It is no crime their names to call—
My dear wife knows my heart is set,
And I love Rosa best of all.

THE MANDARIN'S BIRTHDAY GIFT

BY JOHN ARTHUR MURRAY

THE NEWS of the kidnapping was flashed over the wires of every press association in the country that night. Because of the almost unbelievable part of the story, and the prominence of the family involved it was cabled to the capitals of Europe.

Scare heads, red ink, and pictures galore were the features of the version in San Francisco, where it all happened.

The tale, branded as a "pipe" by many of the more conservative telegraph editors in the East, was talked of everywhere. It was especially discussed at great length by police reporters and officers, in the press rooms of papers the country over. Each day there came from San Francisco new theories, clues, and surmises, as to what the next move of the police would be. Reward after reward had been offered, arrest followed arrest, but brought no apparent developments. So, after a month, the case was looked on by the public as one of the many unsolved mysteries.

The crime was committed a few months prior to the earthquake and fire that destroyed San Francisco.

Mercedes Lorraine, whose father is rated as one of the richest men in the mid-west, was spending the winter holidays at the home of a school chum, Ethel Jenkins, in San Francisco. Miss Lorraine, with the curiosity of the pilgrim to the California city, had the irrepressible desire to see Chinatown—not only chop suey restaurants, but from top to bottom. She spoke openly and insistently of the matter to her hostess. Mr. Jenkins, Ethel's father, expostulated against such an excursion.

One day the girls with two of their friends, Bess Cosgrove and Mayme Lincoln, got into the Jenkins auto and gave the chauffeur orders to drive to the offices of a private detective agency. There Miss Lorraine, by dint of persuasion, in which her pocket book played the greatest part, secured the services of a detective to act as guide on the proposed trip.

The first stop was made in front of a building occupied by a Chinaman, Lee Sid, and used ostensibly as a laundry. Here Miss Lorraine had an opportunity to see the clean side of the American Chinese life. Nor did any of the four young women pay particular attention to the remark dropped by their guide to Lee Sid, that they intended to see all that the Chinese quarters afforded. Had they noticed the peculiar gleam that the information imparted to Lee Sid's eyes, they might have commanded the chauffeur to drive them home, and been thankful that they went no further.

Yes, they would all like to hear the laundryman talk Chinese. He jabbered a continuous stream of it for a full minute, seemingly paying the most careful attention only to the clothes he was ironing. Yet, as he talked, there appeared to glint for an instant between the dark curtains that flanked the room, a pair of eyes which disappeared mysteriously and almost immediately.

When he had finished the jargon, Miss Lorraine opened her purse and presented Lee Sid with a dollar for his "trouble."

During the next stages of the journey the guide gave directions to the chauffeur. They rode slowly down a narrow street on either side of which rose gaunt wooden buildings; from the upper windows hung poles bedecked with clothes out to dry. There were strange, gaudy signs, also, in front of the stores and tea houses.

They halted at a restaurant where they tasted of delicious tea and experimented with chop-sticks.

"Isn't it exciting, girls," said Mercedes, as they walked through the narrow entrance of a building a few doors from the

restaurant. "Just think: we are to see a real Chinese opium den."

At the end of a short hallway was a door on which the detective pounded vigorously, and when the Chinaman on the inside peered through the peep-hole, had to convince him that they were friends. From within came the rattle of a heavy bar being removed; when the door was cautiously opened, they entered a room impervious to sunlight, and oppressive from a reeking stench. The den proper was reached by climbing a long flight of stairs, then groping through a dark, musty passageway, then down many rickety steps, and into the drug-fiends' heaven, by way of another narrow hall.

They had now grown somewhat used to the dim light and dead air that permeated the building, and they could make out the forms of persons lying in the bunks that surrounded the room on three sides. Here was a sallow-skinned Cantonese, in shiny black garments, his long queue coiled about his sleek scalp, puffing away at a newly-filled pipe. In abhorrent fascination, they saw his eyes close and his head rest heavier on his arm; they shuddered at his short, incoherent mumblings as he passed into a drugged sleep.

While they were intently watching, they did not notice a pair of sharp eyes lurking behind the screen near the door; they did not see the quick, noiseless exit of the owner of those eyes, through a sliding panel; nor could they hear his hurried instructions to another Celestial in the small room on the other side of that paneled wall.

When the first had finished his orders the second Chinaman took himself to a post somewhere, through some more panels. Almost simultaneously with his exit, Mercedes exclaimed to her companions: "I can't stand this place. Let's not stay any longer, girls!" And taking it for granted that the others would follow, she started out of the room.

"I've seen quite enough, too," Mayme Lincoln said, following Mercedes, who, by this time, had disappeared in the black hallway.

"I'd better take the lead," called the detective, suddenly stepping in front of Miss Lincoln, stopping her progress for an instant.

At that moment a stifled scream came from out the hall. Frightened, the three girls hurried out of the doorway, pushing the detective ahead of them, and calling hysterically after their companion. Their voices elicited no response except the intermittent moans of the opium smokers in the room they had just quitted.

Their guide tried to alleviate the fears of the young women, but all in vain. They realized, only too well, that their companion had fallen into a trap set by some inmate of the den. They appealed to the detective to rescue their friend, but he seemed slow to act; said he would need more help from police headquarters.

As hurriedly as possible the terrorized group gained the street; the man placing a whistle to his lips, blew shrilly on it. No results came from this, but his telephone message to the police brought three officers.

They searched the building from top to bottom, but found the place deserted, except for one "doped" Mongol who was too far gone to escape with the others when the alarm came. All the evidences of the place being inhabited had disappeared as if by magic.

* * * *

The trouble between the American fishers and the Japanese and Chinese poachers in the Pacific waters was the occasion of great activity on the part of the United States officers, not only off the Alaskan territory, but in the bays of the California coast.

In a small, well-protected harbor not many miles from San Francisco lay a revenue cutter, prepared for a journey. It was already manned, and shortly the puffing engine signaled the start. Swiftly she rounded the point of the promontory, and chugging away in a northerly direction, was soon lost to view.

Quite a different scene from the orderly preparation in the starting out of Uncle Sam's watch dog had taken place some miles up the coast. A black hulled vessel, with large, ribbed sails, flapping in the breeze, its bow adorned with a great eye, its stern sticking high out of the water, was about to weigh anchor. There was no attempt at discipline; every one hustled and scurried about, loading the ship as hurriedly as possible.

The small boat had been rowed out to the vessel's side, and back to shore, many times that morning. It had borne huge casks, bales and packages; all of which had been jostled and tumbled on board without any ceremony. Now it neared the ship again; this time it bore an oblong box, which was hauled up with much care and lowered into the hold.

Up went the sails, and the clumsy vessel began to move slowly out to sea, headed in a direction that indicated no coast cruise. The yellow sailors were busy at the ropes, pulling and tugging with brown, claw-like hands; getting the rigging in shape, when the look-out sounded an alarm, crying out in Chinese and pointing wildly in a southwesterly direction. Many quit their posts, running toward the watch, to learn what had caused him to give such a warning. When they beheld the little speck on the horizon, swiftly coming toward them, they set to jabbering in such a way that it caused the captain to appear, whip in hand, which he used so promiscuously that the terrified sailors returned to their work with redoubled energy.

Orders rang from the captain's throat. More sails were hoisted; and the old ship leaped out of her lethargy like some hunted animal spurred on by the hope of freedom. But all to no avail, the revenue cutter steadily gained on them.

When Captain Charles Robertson, of the United States Revenue Service, climbed up the side of the Chinese junk, he was greeted with such cheers, salaams, and welcomes, by these sons of the Flowery Kingdom, that for an instant he halted in his determination to let his lieutenants search the ship with the usual rigor. On second thought, however, he knew that this ceremonious welcome was all pretense, a blind meant to strike the chord of personal bigness. The Chinese were good politicians, but their movements lately had been too suspicious. It was reported that already many arms and much ammunition had been smuggled out of the country. With his usual sharpness he gave his commands:

"Lieutenant Franklin!"

A young man stood at attention and saluted his captain. His symmetrical body showed much training. His skin was tanned to a light brown.

"Take your men," continued Captain Robertson. "Search this vessel—every inch of it. Seize any arms, ammunition or other cargo that you may find to be contraband."

Although the Chinese captain feigned ignorance of the commands, Captain Robertson made it plain to him that any suspicious move would mean death. This brought out the fact that the Chinaman could speak English, for he immediately attempted to assure the revenue officer that his vessel was driven into American waters by unruly winds. That they had not touched shore, and the vessel was laden only with merchandise for the Hawaiian trade.

The young lieutenant, who, with six men, had gone into the hold, now appeared, the sailors carrying a heavy, gilded coffin on their shoulders.

At the sight, the Chinese commander dropped to his knees and bowed his head as in an attitude of adoration. Many of his sailors did likewise. Then as the coffin was placed on the deck, he arose, grasped the hilt of his sword, and exclaimed in a frightened voice: "You won't take that."

"Not unless we find it contraband," rejoined Captain Robertson.

"No. It is for Chee Fou, our mandarin —a birthday gift. We love Chee Fou. Don't touch it. It is holy, and my men fight." The Chinaman's voice grew louder with each word, but whether from religious feeling or guilty fear, was a question in the American's mind.

Captain Robertson knew that, when aroused, on matters which they considered their sacred rights, these worshippers of Confucius became the most fearless warriors. He ordered his men to cover the crew with their guns, and commanded the midshipmen to open the coffin.

The Celestial chieftain uttered a loud cry and threw himself bodily on top of the gilded box, the sides of which he clutched in a grasp of desperation. It took the midshipmen some time to pull him off, for he was a large, strongly-built man.

He stood by panting and confused while Robertson again coolly told his men to proceed.

Lieutenant Franklin stooped over it,

while two midshipmen lifted off the heavy gilded lid.

Suddenly the Chinese commander's right arm, sword in hand, was raised. Lieutenant Franklin's face turned pale as he looked into the coffin; in a horrified voice he cried: "My God! A gift to a mandarin."

The commander's arm descended; simultaneously, Captain Robertson drew his pistol. The shot which broke the force of the sword blow was fatal. As Lieutenant Franklin fell unconscious, the blood streaming from his head, the form of the ferocious Chinaman stiffened out on the deck.

Instantly, many of the ship's crew leaped over the vessel's side and were drowned. The rest were easily cowed by the midshipmen's guns.

Captain Robertson quickly cut her bonds and lifted Mercedes Lorraine from out her prison. She was weak and pale, but strangely calm. Her greatest worry seemed to be about the wounded officer. She even wanted to aid the surgeon in binding up the wound, and would only let herself be considered in need of stimulants after she was assured that the lieutenant was not dangerously hurt.

The earthquake which killed the Chinese crew, while they were awaiting trial in San Francisco, did not prevent the marriage of Lieutenant Franklin and Mercedes Lorraine.

It took place in Denver.

SOME NEW FOODS, FRUITS AND PLANTS

BY ARTHUR INKERSLEY

FRANK N. MEYER, of the United States Department of Agriculture, returned recently to this country, after three years spent in exploring the forests of China, Korea and Japan, bringing with him some interesting and valuable new foods, fruits and plants. A full account will appear later in a Bulletin of the Department of Agriculture, but an idea of Mr. Meyer's collection may be obtained from what follows. Mr. Meyer left Pekin in 1905, provided with documents showing him to be an "agricultural explorer to the Department of Agriculture," insuring him against interference from Chinese officials and permitting him to wander wherever he wished. He visited many Chinese cities and traveled through the Yangste Valley. In the snow to the north of Pekin he found some remarkably hardy monkeys, who seemed able to withstand any degree of cold. He captured a couple of these, and they have been placed in the Zoological Garden at Washington, D. C. He learned that the men, plants and animals of Northern China, being compelled to live under rigorous conditions, are unusually hardy. Among other things he discovered a Chinese pear that will keep sound for more than a year, and he hopes, by grafting this fruit on American trees, to improve the keeping quality of the American pear. He also brought back specimens of magnificent bamboos that grow to a height of a hundred feet, and have a diameter of six to seven inches. These bamboos grow very rapidly, and are useful for fences, stakes, baskets and many other things. The sprouts of the

bamboo, when fried or boiled, are highly palatable, and have a flavor resembling that of asparagus. Another of his discoveries was a cabbage that reaches the tremendous weight of 40 pounds, and, more wonderful still, though it possesses the full flavor of the ordinary cabbage, produces no strong odor while it is being prepared for the table. He also found some new beans possessing high nutritive value, and a large species of persimmon that has no seeds.

But of all the plants, fruits and trees that he became familiar with, Mr. Meyer most admired the white-barked pine, of which he brought home with him about twenty plants. The white-barked pine grows slowly and attains a great age, Mr. Meyer having seen several that are from twelve to sixteen centuries old. It is a rare tree and as beautiful as it is rare. It is an evergreen, and in the interior of China is regarded with great reverence. Its wood possesses little commercial value.

The plants brought to this country by Mr. Meyer, after being examined by the quarantine officer of the California Board of Horticulture (to guard against the introduction of any new pests), were taken to the United States Experiment Station at Chico, Butte County, Cal. It is hoped that they will thrive and will add some new and valuable foods to the nation's store.

The famous botanist, Luther Burbank, of Santa Rosa, Cal., has developed a thornless cactus, which is believed to possess all the nutritive qualities necessary for human food. As a test, Dr. Leon Landone, a physician of Los Angeles, with three others, lived for two weeks on nothing but the fruit and leaves of the thornless cactus, with the addition of a little celery. lettuce and a few nuts. They would have eaten nothing but the thornless cactus, were it not that at present it is very limited in quantity, and very expensive. one plant being worth more than $500. The leaves are boiled and eaten as greens, or are fried in the same manner as egg-plant. The fruit is eaten either raw or cooked. During the first eight of the fourteen days Dr. Landone lost weight, but then he began to gain, and at the end of the two weeks he weighed half a pound more than at the beginning of his test. On the fourteenth night he gave a dinner to a dozen physicians, the principal article of food on the menu being thornless cactus. Dr. Landone considers that the cactus is a safe substitute for many common vegetables, such as tomatoes and potatoes. It supplies both food and drink, and will sustain life for a long time. Its value as a food depends on the fact that it contains a larger proportion of organic salts than any vegetable, and these salts, by neutralizing the acids in the body, greatly reduce decay. In a desert country, where cacti abound and vegetables are scarce, the cactus is a valuable food. It is expected that the discovery of the highly nutritive qualities of the thornless cactus will lead to its development on a large scale.

THE FUNERAL LEVITY OF SUSANNE

BY JOANNA GLEED STRANGE

"SUSANNE, Susanne! come 'ere!" Susanne spoiled her "letting the old cat die," jumped out of the swing while it was going, and raced over to the fence.

"Hello, Mary," she said to the little blue-clad girl in the next yard. "Come on over and play in the sand pile, can't you? What you been a-cryin' 'bout?"

Susanne put her toes between the pickets and pulled herself up, holding to the top of the fence by her little chubby hands. She looked over at Mary on the other side, and repeated anxiously, "What you been a-cryin' 'bout, Mary?"

Mary glanced at the sympathetic little face, framed in the auburn curls, which peered at her over the tops of the pickets. She dug a pointed stick into the ground, and looked absently at the hole it made. Then smoothing the front of her blue blouse, she looked back at Susanne. Her thin face was very sober, her blue eyes were swollen and tearful and her lips were set primly in a straight line. Mary never looked this way unless something was the matter. Mary was ten. She was old enough to wear blouse waists and have her hair braided in two little tight loops, tied with bows, one on each side of her head; while Susanne, who was only eight, wore mother-hubbard gowns and curls down her back.

"What's 'a matter?" queried Susanne again.

"Something awful," answered Mary, making another hole with her stick.

"What?" insisted Susanne.

"Hobson's dead!" announced Mary, solemnly.

"What!" breathed Susanne, loosing her hold on the pickets and jumping backward to gain her balance. "Not the rabbit! You don't mean the rabbit, do you, Mary?" She peered anxiously through the pickets.

"Uh-huh, the rabbit. He died last night." Mary dug two more holes with her stick, slowly, carefully, and swallowed hard.

Then Susanne said, very soberly, "What do you 'spose made him die, Mary?"

"Guess he got some of the poison Betty put out for the rats." Mary rubbed the back of her hand over her eyes.

Susanne sighed. "Oh Mary!" she said. "I'm awful sorry. Jes' awful. Are you sure he's dead? Don't you s'pose if you threw water in his face he might come to? That's what they did to mamma when she fainted. Maybe he's only fainted, Mary," she added, hopefully.

Mary shook her head. "I guess I know when a rabbit's dead an' when he ain't," she said severely. "And anyhow, papa said he was dead—*stone* dead!"

Susanne changed the subject. "Come on over an' play in the sand pile, and maybe you'll forget about it," she said, sweetly. "You can play with my Jap doll all you want to an'——"

"Well, I guess I won't do any such a thing, Susanne Burke." Mary drew herself up very straight. She turned her back to the picket fence and her voice was scathing. "Your old doll ain't half as nice as my rabbit, and I don't want to forget about Hobson. I suppose if *you* died, you'd like me to forget about you right away."

Susanne opened her mouth and shut it again. Mary walked a few steps away. She stopped to dig another hole with her stick.

"We're going to have a really-truly fun'ral this afternoon—a military fun'ral, and Ted and Ronald's mother gave us the beautifulest candy box to put Hobson in, with violets over it. And Margaret's fixing the flag to wrap him in now, and Ted and Ron. are going to dig the grave under the big maple in the south pasture,

and Clara and Edna are coming, and I *was* going to ask you——"

Susanne was on the fence in an instant. "Oh, Mary, do. Please, Mary, and I'll bring the red poppies off my last summer's hat for the grave, and—Oh, Mary, do invite me!"

Mary hesitated. She struck at a colored maple leaf just above her head, and brought a shower of red and gold fluttering to the ground about her. Then she turned half way around, and Susanne continued: "Jane baked to-day, and maybe I could get some cookies, and we could have a tea-party afterwards——"

"A fun'ral feast," corrected Mary, turning back and smiling for the first time. "And I can get some apples, and Margaret and I can save our cake from dinner, and Edna and Clara can bring something from their house, and Ted and Ronald can get something, and we'll set the table in the arbor, before the fun'ral."

"Or else in our barn," interrupted Susanne. "It's nice in the loft."

"No, in our arbor, where Hobson used to play," said Mary emphatically. "And have it when we get back from the grave."

"That'll be jes' fine." Susanne danced on one foot.

"We're all going to wear veils to the cer'mony, and bring all the flowers you can find. The cloth kind will keep his grave green longer. I must go and help Margaret now. You come over soon's you can this afternoon. Good-bye."

"Good-bye," said Susanne. "I'll be over, alright."

"And don't forget the cookies," called Mary.

About three o'clock that afternoon a procession was formed outside of the arbor in Mary's and Margaret's yard. The leaves of the woodbine over the arbor were turning red, and the yellow leaves from the big cottonwood near by were fluttering one by one to the ground. The sun was warm and stirred the folds of the American flag which Ronald held at half-mast.

Ronald and Ted, as undertakers, headed the procession, carrying between them the candy box, in which lay the dead rabbit, half-covered by the small flag. Ted carried the cover to the box. "'Cause it's more expressive not to have him covered up till just at last," Mary had persisted. The boys were bare-headed, and from their left shoulders streamed strips of Margaret's old black petticoat, pinned on with safety-pins.

After them followed Mary, as chief mourner. To her braids was pinned a black dust cloth, which floated out behind. A black veil covered her face, and she wore black gloves, the fingers of which flapped up and down limply as in an agony of grief she wrung her hands. Margaret came next in rank, as befitted an aunt of the deceased. Her mourning consisted of what was left of her old black petticoat, fastened over her head and under her chin, making her look more like a little red-faced Gretchen than ever. She carried one of her father's biggest handkerchiefs, and the violets from an old hat of her mother's. Edna and Clara, after Margaret, because they brought a whole little pie to the funeral feast. And each in lieu of better mourning, wore a long black stocking fastened to her top-knot. A wreath of roses, old and faded, was their floral offering; and they walked together and carried it between them. Last of all came Susanne. Her auburn curls bobbed on either side of her mother's black silk apron. She clutched two red silk poppies, and a string, to which was attached Penny, the little yellow and white dog, belonging to the neighborhood in general.

When they were in line, Mary stepped to one side, slowly and with dignity. She pushed aside her veil, and addressed the procession, looking at each in turn.

"I guess we're ready, now," she said. "Ted and Ron., you be awful careful not to tip that box, and Susanne, if Penny yelps, you slap him. He's got to go, or else he'll eat up all the stuff. Now, if any one laughs, they've got to go home. It will be dreadful to laugh, 'cause this is a truly burial." She looked at Susanne, who nodded her head soberly. "And the first one that don't act decent can just go home and not have any of the fun'ral party afterward. So there, now!" She waved her hand toward the arbor, where they could see through the leaves the tea-party, spread out on a bench. "Let's march over singing 'Onward, Christian Soldiers.' Come on." She stepped back into line, starting the tune as she did so. As soon as the others had taken it up, her

grief overcame her, and she broke into loud sobs, and wrung her gloved hands frantically, now and then singing at the top of her voice, in places where the others, one or two at a time, were overcome by their grief, and gave vent to their feelings in the most lamentable wails. All wailed but Susanne. She sang on and on.

The little procession walked slowly down the long driveway, their mourning flapping limply in the light breeze that stirred the big maples on either side of the road. Penny at the end of the line pulled at his string and whined dismally.

Susanne knew "Onward, Christian Soldiers" all through, and so she did not stop to weep, but sang in a shrill little voice, her eyes straight ahead of her. She wondered vaguely if rabbits went to heaven, and if she would find Hobson if she was a good girl and went there herself.

When they had finished "Onward, Christian Soldiers," Mary in a firm voice started "John Brown's Body," in which the rest joined. Susanne wasn't sure of all of the words of this, so she wept at intervals, her apron to her face, unconsciously keeping time to the music with her sobs, and wailing, now high, now low, according to the song.

As they neared the tree in the south pasture, Susanne looked anxiously from behind her apron to see the pile of yellow earth which marked Hobson's last resting place, and which had cost Ted and Ronald a whole morning's work with the fire shovel.

In solemn state the grave was reached, and a hush fell over the procession as they formed around it. Susanne still had her apron up to her face, but she could see the sad exhibition of sorrow through her fingers. Mary was quite overcome, and leaned on Margaret's shoulder, the way Susanne had seen old Mrs. Lucas do, when Pat Lucas was buried, and she moaned softly, "Oh, my Hobson!"

Margaret sobbed, and Edna and Clara wailed "Ah, me," and "Woe is me," as Aunt Elizabeth and Aunt Hezekiah did at Grandpa's funeral. The boys had placed the empty candy box on the ground and stood looking soberly at Mary, but at a furtive but emphatic gesture of her flapping gloved hands, they, too, placed their hands over their eyes and wept. Penny sat back from the grave and beat his short tail on the ground, whining softly. The red leaves of the maple rustled overhead. The mournful call of a dove sounded plaintively, and a dismal cow-bell tinkled in the distance.

Suddenly when the grief was at its height, there was a distinct giggle. Immediately each and every mourner stood erect, with flashing eyes. All but Susanne. She, her head in her apron, was wailing most affectingly and sobbing, "Oh, my dear, beautiful Hobson! Ah, me! Ah, me!"

Mary pushed her veil aside and strode to the opposite side of the grave. She tore the apron from Susanne's eyes with an injured dignity before which even the innocent quailed. "You laughed, Susanne Burke. You laughed," she announced, stamping her foot and shaking a flopping black finger at the red-faced victim.

"I didn't neither," protested Susanne, jerking herself away. "I was only crying, so I was. I guess I kin cry if I want to."

"Oh-h! *Didn't* she laugh?" demanded Mary, turning excitedly to the other mourners.

"Yes she did!" "Bet your life." "I should say so," came from the excited group.

"I didn't neither," persisted Susanne; "I only giggled the leastest little tiny bit, and I cried lots harder 'n any of you to make up of it, an'——"

"You go right straight home. Anybody that would laugh at a burial and then story about it afterwards, is a naughty, bad girl, and I don't care to play with 'em, so there now."

Susanne, crimson to the roots of her hair, faced her accuser. "I never storied," she said in a low, steady voice. "I *never*."

"Susanne," said Margaret, with dignity, "you go home. I guess this is our rabbit, and——"

"And Mary has the say of its fun'ral," interposed Ted, tossing a clod of dirt at the scarlet flowers in the freckled hand.

"And you can't have any party, neither," added Edna, backing away from her.

"'Course you'd have to spoil it," said Ronald, scornfully. "Girls ain't got sense

enough to tell a fun'ral from a circus, anyhow."

As Susanne stepped away, Clara snatched the red flowers from her hand. Susanne turned and faced them, her head held high in the air.

"That's all right for you. I'll tell my big brother on you," and she walked erect across the pasture, the black silk apron hanging over one side of her head, Penny following behind, his tail between his legs.

A chorus of "Tattle tale, tattle tale," punctuated by flying lumps of yellow clay, came after her, but she did not run. She walked sedately away, blinking her eyes and biting her lips. When she reached the pasture gate, she wondered if they had lowered the body into the grave yet. She would not look around, but in a moment she heard the first lines of "The Star Spangled Banner," and she knew. She picked up a stick and held it to a picket fence that ran along the side of the road, but above the noise of the stick on the pickets, she could hear the shrill strains of the song. She looked down at Penny, who was now trotting along by her side. "Nasty old things. I just hate 'em. Don't you, Penny?" She picked the dog up in her arms, and two big tears rolled down her flushed freckled face.

"They're pigs, aren't they, Penny! I guess I helped get up that fun'ral, and I guess it's as much my fun'ral as anybody's. I don't care if Hobson was Mary's rabbit. I'm most glad he did die." She swallowed hard. Her mouth drew down and she snuffled threateningly. Penny licked her face. As she walked on up the lane into her own yard, she kicked the dust with her feet, the black apron flapping about her face. She still carried Penny, and as she neared the sand-pile, she said, "I shall never like them again, *never*."

She pulled her mourning around to her face and wiped her eyes. Then she spied the arbor on the other side of the fence. She put Penny down and stood still for a moment, her finger in her mouth, and then ran quickly around to the gate and over into Mary's and Margaret's yard. Already she could hear the faint strains of "America," which marked the return of the procession. She hurried to the arbor. With one quick movement of her arm, she swept the entire feast into her apron and tore back to her own yard, and then into the barn, calling Penny after her. She bolted the door and ran upstairs into the big sunny loft, where she dropped on the hay, completely out of breath, but with shining eyes. Penny lay near, panting loudly, the string still around his neck.

Susanne crawled to the side of the barn and put her eye to a big knot hole. She could see the funeral procession coming up the lane. They'd be sorry. She guessed they would! She pulled the hay around her, makin~ a nest of it. They had no business being so horrid. She wanted to see the burial and help decorate the grave, and have a last look at Hobson as he lay under the little flag in the candy box. And they were horrid mean things, and they'd be sorry. She reached into her apron for one of the seven large shiny blue plums, which Ted and Ronald had brought, because their mother was Mary's aunt, and she was sorry about Hobson. She sucked it so viciously that the other end broke, and the juice ran on her apron. She didn't care, either. *They* wouldn't get any plums.

She peeked again. There they came, singing, "Our's Father's God to Thee," slowly and with mathematical precision. She could see Mary supported on either side by Ted and Ronald. Mary, who had sent her home! She ate one piece of the chocolate cake rapidly—the chocolate cake which Mary and Margaret had saved from their dinner— and she fed crumbs of it to Penny. Mary had said she storied, and so had Margaret, and Susanne ate the other piece of cake and bit into one of the fourteen pieces of apple. The apples, two of them, had also come from Mary's and Margaret's house, and had each been cut into seven pieces so there would be two pieces for each mourner. Then she looked again. She remembered that Ronald and Ted had thrown dirt at her, and she ate another plum.

She could see them all now, in the next yard, almost at the arbor. Mean old things! She'd rather play with herself and Penny any day. She threw the plum stone into the hay with a fierce little gesture, and peeked some more. There was Clara wiping her eyes with her black-bor-

dered handkerchief. Clara had grabbed Susanne's red poppies. Clara thought *she* was smart and so did Edna. She hated them both. She reached in her apron for the beautiful little pie, with strips of crust making a lattice work over the top, showing the blue berries between. It was Clara's and Edna's offering. It was upside down in her lap, and the juice had oozed out on her apron, but it didn't matter. She ate part of it, and was feeding a bit to Penny, when she heard a terrible uproar from the arbor. She peeked. Yes, they had missed the party and were looking for her. She was glad she had locked the barn door. She watched them through the hole, as they ran here and there, looking in the chicken coop, under the porch, among the currant bushes and in the wood-shed. She heard them call, "Susanne, Susanne!" Then she heard Ted say, "She ain't in the barn 'cause the door's locked," and she hugged herself and laughed, and ate some more apple and some more pie.

She pulled more hay back of her and lay down, her eye to a lower knot hole. They had given up hunting for her now, and sat together in a group near the arbor. She put her hand into her lap for more apple, and felt the cookies. There were seven of them. She had taken them to the funeral feast. She looked again at the group on the grass. She supposed she might have left the cookies. She fed one to Penny, breaking it into little pieces for him. Then she looked again.

They had all gone, all of them. It looked lonesome down there, and it was hot in the loft. She pulled Penny to her by the bit of string dangling from his neck. She might have left some of the party. She almost wished—— It was hot up here, and the wind seemed to howl some, too. Penny licked her face and whined mournfully. Penny was sorry. He cried softly. She hadn't been so very nice maybe—because she shouldn't have laughed, perhaps—and Hobson was Mary's rabbit—and—he was dead.

Her freckled chin began to quiver, and her eyes filled with tears. Penny curled himself up closer to her. She was sorry and Penny was sorry, too. He licked her face, and she sobbed. They had been naughty, and nobody liked them any more, and maybe they'd die and p'raps they'd not go to heaven, and never see Hobson, and no one would care one bit, and—and——

When John came up to get some feed for the horses at six o'clock, he found Susanne curled up in the hay. She was fast asleep. Her face was stained with tears and blue-berry pie. Her apron contained the remains of the feast, and Penny was nestled in her arms, his head and forepaws resting on her mother's black silk apron, which was still fastened to the auburn curls.

A TRAMP'S AWAKENING

BY WILLIAM H. HAMMER

IT WAS ONE of the most accursed days of summer on the south Rocky Mountains plateau, which is really a burnt and broken plain, that George Harper entered Santa Fe with his blankets on his back. He had tramped from Denver to Pueblo, had "counted ties" along the railroad from Pueblo to Garland and from Garland again had hoofed it to Santa Fe.

The town was half asleep in a great and sultry heat, and the mean, brown buildings looked little more than adobe, while callous, unintelligent and obtuse Indians walked hither and thither or loafed under a veranda. Some dogs lay in the dust, a solitary team of half-starved horses pulled in a far-brought load of mesquite wood. But the town itself and the white men who ran it were somnolent.

Harper was marked for a tramp, and a low-down tramp, by very possession of blankets. For the respectable American who is out of work prefers to suffer and walk, if he has to "hit the road," with nothing more than a gripsack and a light overcoat. And more than the blankets marked the man as a tramp. He looked rather for his fellows than for any successful man who might give him help and not a kick on the downward road. And in the plaza he found many.

He slung his blankets off his shoulder and dumped them by the most friendly-looking of the outcasts, a man with grizzled hair, marked by one heavy silver lock over the forehead and a ragged beard.

"Howdy, partner?" said George.

The sitting tramp nodded easily.

"Which way are you hoofing it?" he asked.

"South," said George.

"El Paso?"

"I reckon so."

"It's a hell of a hole," said the tramp. "I'm for Denver. Have you done any chewin' to-day?"

"Haven't had a bit to eat since yesterday," answered George, gloomily.

"Then you've struck a mighty poor show for a hand-out here, that's what you have," said the old man, with an air of bitter conviction. "They would sooner sling it to the hogs than give it to a man."

He laid a heavy emphasis on the man. And so he might, for even he was a man once, till disaster brought drink, and drink the devil, and the devil mere animality.

"I tell you what," he said, presently, as he sucked at a pipe empty of tobacco, "if you're very keen on chewin', I'll take you just outside o' the town. I marked an old bum stow away some bread and bacon in a prairie dog hole as I come by. And I ain't nothing to do, and I fair ache with squattin' on my honkers. Are you on?"

George nodded. They walked together toward the southern end of the town.

"What's takin' you south, pard?" asked the tramp.

"About what's takin' you north, I guess," said George Harper, eyeing his man.

"That's so," said the other; "we want suthin' we ain't likely to git. And on we go. I've bin south, and I've bin north this ten years, and now I'm old and haven't no friends, but them I meets hittin' the road. We go because we must." He sucked at his pipe philosophically. "You didn't happen to have a fill on you?" he asked, presently. George shook his head. And they came to the outskirts of the town.

"It was nigh here, it was," said the philosopher, "for I seed him do it. Ah, here it is, if he ain't come back and sneaked it."

Lying down he extracted a dirty parcel from the depths of an ancient hole long ago deserted by the animal who excavated it.

And George Harper promptly ate his lunch.

"No," said the old man when he offered him some; "no, I'm full up to my back teeth, or I wouldn't have give it away. When I was around the back of the depot I found a pile of grub this morning, slung away by some of them as works there. I struck it rich. Why, man, there was pie in it, there was pie."

And he worked his lean jaws in beautiful remembrance.

"So you're going south, pard? Well, I wouldn't go south myself, for there ain't anything to be done. They don't want you. But north is a chance. Did you hear of any railroad work startin' up as you came by?"

"No," said George, as he finished his squalid meal.

"But there is some," insisted the old man, "up toward the Cascades. And now, young fellow, I'm going to the city."

"Thank you for showing me the grub hole," said George, "for I think I will count ties to the southward."

The two shook hands.

"So long, pardner," they said, and then George was ploughing over a sand-dune for the telegraph posts which marked the railroad to Rincon and El Paso.

He walked on the ties between the rails all day long with a stolid and heavy persistence. Each few minutes he passed a telegraph post all askew, warped by the weight of wires and the heat of the southern sun. And as he went, the dreary horizon receded, the rails still ran together and melted in a hazy line which pointed south with its long iron finger.

He went on through the day, and was twenty miles to the south of Santa Fe when he camped under a rotting stack of ties. The next morning the woman at a section house gave him a little breakfast.

"There's smallpox down the road at the next place," she said, rather kindly. "I'd not go through if I were you."

"Thank you, ma'am," he answered, "I'll go round."

He went near enough to see the stricken Mexican houses draped with yellow and black, and he fancied he saw a funeral. He went to windward of the town, and as he turned aside he wondered why he did it. What did it matter? For a moment he was half inclined to go back and ask if he could do anything with the dead and for the living. But he sneered at himself and went on.

By now George Harper was almost past asking for work. For many, many months he had asked and been refused. Some said he was not strong enough, and to those who asked if he could do this or that he had been compelled to answer "No." He had none of the insistence which gets work —it was not given him by fate to answer "I can learn." He wanted success first, and an assured way and good direction before he could be useful.

But still he asked sometimes, and the next week he earned a dollar or two at a section while a man was ill. The work and the sense of doing something cheered him. Even when he was discharged the ring of pleasant silver made him feel a man.

Yet, by the time he had drifted on through Rincon, he was again without a cent, and his boots were far gone; he was very desolate, but more stolid than ever. It did not matter. Who cared? What did anything matter?

That day he tramped till it was late. He might have walked on till it was dark, save that at a bridge over a very deep gully past Rincon he stayed to rest. And he noticed that there was a fire burning under the bridge. For a moment he thought it was the work of tramps. Then he saw it flicker and blaze on some of the woodwork, and he knew that the fire was the deed of a hot coal dropped from the firebox of the last locomotive which had passed that way.

The bridge was fully five miles from the last section house. How far the next one was, he could not tell, and yet he began to feel a little excited. Suppose a train came around the next curve, for here the line bent sharply to the west. If it did, though it might get over now, in a very few minutes it might be too late. He wondered what he ought to do.

Then a cold fit came on him, and for a little while he did not care. For again, and yet once more, who cared for him?

But that did not last, and it was well for George Harper that it did not, both on earth and for the sake of heaven. His imagination, dulled for many months by

starvation, by want of money, by isolation, by denial of brotherhood, rose and flamed like the flames that ate up the lower bents of the complex bridge-work. He saw a train come into the fire, he heard the crack of burning wood, he saw the bridge give, he beheld the cars topple into the abyss. And after one awful crash, repeated as each separate car dropped on those below, he heard cries of men, women and children screaming in the inexorable flame.

No, it could not be!

But how was he to stay it?

He dropped his blankets and stood for one stupefied moment, and then leaped down into the gulch. He tore his ragged coat from his back, he bled from the venomous scratches of sharp thorns, he struck his shins against a jagged rock, he lamed himself with prickly pear. But he got down to the fire, and taking a handful of hot embers and one piece of flaming wood he put them in his hat and scrambled up the bank again.

He had but little difficulty in lighting a fire. Laying his hat down, he tore off some brushwood; he took up old chips that had lain there since the ties were first put down, and placing them carefully on the hot coals, they sprang into flame. From a dead pinon tree, he brought limbs which were white and dry, and when the flame shot up he shrieked with a curious and interested delight. For he saw a pile of ties and some old bridge timbers which had been replaced by new ones. And now that he had a fire and the possibility of more, he saw that this one might not be enough. To be safe against any accident, he should build another near the southern curve. For any express coming around there at forty miles an hour might not be able to pull up. He carried an armful of wood and a flaming torch four hundred yards to the south.

Now he felt active and alive, his mind awoke, his muscles tingled; he almost shouted for joy.

"Thank God!" he said. And what he thanked God for was his awakening. He laughed—yes, he laughed like a boy. There was a good flame down at the bridge, and the little flame he had carried so far was alive and grew like a tended flower.

"But it must be bigger," George cried. And he ran to and fro carrying logs that his flesh would have fainted at, but that his spirit was a brave one when the real need came.

He was black to look at, and on his face the grime was streaked with sweat. His soft hands bled, and splinters were deep in his palms and fingers. But in his eyes a strange light gleamed. Oh, but was it not good to do something that was useful! Suppose it didn't matter? He wondered suddenly if it was useful. Perhaps there would be no more trains that night. In the morning the section men would come, and his work would have been wasted. He stood paralyzed at the thought just for a moment, and then the blood left his face. It returned the next moment, and he lifted his hand.

He had heard the scream of a locomotive.

"Yes!" he cried. And then he cried "No!" And going down on his knees, he listened for the vibration of the rails. But he heard none.

But was that the sound of the locomotive shrieking? Yes, surely; and from the south. He snatched a big pine torch from his last fire and ran headlong down the line, as though he could stop the train with his hand. He felt so strong.

As he came on the long stretch to the south, he saw the glow of the locomotive's headlight. He wondered how a man could see anything through it. And then he saw how swiftly it came, and he wondered if the engineer was looking. Great God! If he didn't look! So he ran and ran and waved his torch. And presently the engineer spied a little spark on ahead of him, a feeble, waving spark, and he thought it might be a tramp's fire. And he cursed tramps, as railroad men do, for they often burn up new ties and play old Harry with sheds and other truck, to say nothing of their infernal gall in beating their way on a man's very engine, squatting on the pilot or hiding in the tool box.

But presently that engineer saw that this wavering flame was a waving flame. And beyond it was a bigger light. And then he saw a man who screamed in a high key and leapt aside as the train went past, and he pulled over the throttle and clapped on the brakes, wondering all the time if that man had got out of the way

in time. Then he reversed her like lightning.

But he had been running on a big errand at a big speed, and behind him was no more than the president's car and the caboose. So the locomotive shot ahead, and the sparks flew from the rails, and she ran skidding right over the last fire that George Harper had built in the middle of the track. And with the heavy dew on the rails, and the speed they had on her, the engineer only pulled her up on the hither side of the burning bridge, which was now well-alight.

As he pulled her up, the Big Man going north was out on the platform with a white face, wondering what the devil was wrong, and whether his general managerial bigness would be taken into consideration by Fate if anything serious were going to happen.

"Fire!" said he, and he jumped to the ground, and with the conductor and the engineer ran to the bridge.

"Can we do it?" he asked anxiously.

"I don't know, sir," said the engineer.

"We must," said the manager, with a set face. "But where are the section men who built the fire?"

"I saw one, and only one," said the engineer, "and I ain't so dern sure that I didn't run him over, or at least boost him into the bush with the pilot."

He turned to his fireman, a hard apprentice to a hard trade.

"Run back, Sam, past the first fire, and look for him. What do you say, sir?"

"Why, certainly," said the manager. "But find him or not, we must get over, Jackson. We must—I must—if we go over alone. It's Denver or a wreck. You know it!"

"If you say so, sir," replied the engineer. "But it's a big risk. If I'd come on to her as we were going we would have landed in kingdom come. It's just a question if she will bear a steady train instead."

"Try," said the manager. For if the locomotive went through, the biggest combination in Western rails went through, too, and his trip to Chihuahua was for nothing.

Just then Sam, the fireman, brought up George Harper, packing him on his back, for George had escaped by the skin of his teeth. But he was still almost stunned and stupid with the fall he got when he jumped to clear the locomotive.

The manager, big man and boss though he was, took hold of the tramp and outcast.

"That's right; I'll look after him. Get her over quick and while there is time."

After saying one word or so to his fireman, the engineer ran across the bridge as a deer a man has shot at runs across a forest opening.

"I think she will do it," he said, as he felt the bridge under him.

Then Sam jumped up and opened her out a little till the driving wheels revolved slowly, and she entered on the perilous passage of fire. Sam jumped down and left the train to itself.

The flames were now far beyond mere smouldering, and some of the timbers of the lower bents quite destroyed. The fire had hold of the very body of the bridge; it was touch and go. Was there or was there not enough left to hold up the sixty-five tons of the locomotive? It depended on an infinity of conditions, and only an expert bridgeman, standing down below, could have given any opinion as to the result. As the train moved, the bridge cracked, and cracked again, and here a bent bulged and there it crushed.

"We should have uncoupled the cars and let her come by herself," groaned the engineer. "For if the boss isn't in Denver in the morning we shall get the grand Bormee."

But by now the train was moving faster among the thick reek of smoke, penetrated and interpenetrated by jets and spurts of clear flame that scorched the paint of the locomotive and the cars.

"Oh, my beauty, my beauty!" said the engineer.

But even as he groaned over her blisters and the destruction of her loveliness, the locomotive came up and was going past. He swung himself on to her, and looking back, saw what a dreadful and strange infinity of time it took to pull the two cars off the burning and destroyed bridge.

Yet the next second he shut off steam and shouted in triumph as the angry flames hid him from those on the south of the bridge.

The others, helping George Harper,

scrambled down into the thorny gulch and climbed out with difficulty, for he was heavy and broken, and half mad with strange excitement, which left him overwrought as it passed away.

As they got him on board the train, the life of the bridge was counted and done, and it fell in with a crash.

"Let her go!" said the manager. "Make up for lost time."

And in ten minutes the steam had its way and took hold, and they ran sixty miles an hour up north. They stayed at Rincon one spared minute to shout to the men there that the last big bridge was down, and then they rolled out for Santa Fe with a clear track.

So George Harper was going north again at the rate of two days' hard tramp in one easy and dangerous hour.

"Boy," said the manager to the negro who attended him, "fill up the bath with hot water and lay out a shirt and some of my clothes. Quick!"

The boy was quick, for the manager's word was bigger than any law, and there was much to be picked up in his immediate service.

In the meantime, Harper was sitting limply in a big reclining chair which worked on a pivot. He followed the motions of the manager and the boy with a disjointed attention and the solid amazement characteristic of a nightmare. It was true, but it was too ridiculous to be true. And if it were not true, then what did all this gold and brass and glitter mean? He looked up and saw his burnt, blackened face in many mirrors. Then he felt his bleeding, scorched hands and touched a blister on his cheek. Where was he going now?

"I was bound south," he muttered, rather stupidly, and the manager turned his big, jovial face to him.

"If you want to go south, old chap, you shall go when and how you like. You saved our lives that time. What are you?"

"A tramp, I suppose," said George, a little sullen at the peremptory tone in which the other spoke. His very sullenness was a sign of awakening.

"And you want to be one?" asked the manager, quickly.

"No," said George.

"You need not be," said the manager. Going to a buffet, he opened a bottle of champagne and filled a big tumbler.

"Drink!" he said, and George drank. In half a minute he distinctly remembered that he had been a man.

The manager looked at him keenly. But in his rags and the grime of the fire and smoke it was difficult to understand this derelict.

"Have you a clean record?" asked the manager. "You never took what wasn't your own, eh? You're not a cashier?"

"No," said George, "I am only a fool."

"And perhaps not that," mused the manager. "Was it a woman?"

George nodded.

"They're not worth it; not worth it, my boy!" cried the manager. "Never go to the devil for anything but power, old chap. Only power is worth fighting for."

And then the bath was ready. George stumbled into the room and dropped his rags on the floor. Opening the window, he threw them out into the night and stood naked. On his white flesh were long red lines where the thorns had scratched him. He was as thin as a rail, but as hard as wire. He lay in the bath and rolled over and wallowed like a porpoise, and when he came out his wounds were bleeding afresh. He dressed himself in the clothes laid out for him, though he winced as the shirt touched him. Yet when he saw his thin, brown face looking over a white collar, he could have shouted with joy. And yet he was most bitterly ashamed. He felt he could face the other man better in his old clothes. But then, if it had not been for him his host might have been frying by now, and have been very well done, too. The thought gave him assurance. He went back bravely, and the manager slapped him on the back.

"I thought you were rather smarter than you looked just now," said he. "Come—dinner is ready, and I'm hungry. You did great business, my boy, when you built that fire. You bet you did!"

And they sat down to everything that an American thinks good. George thought the meal heavenly, but that was no wonder. Even the manager was so pleased with his luck and himself that he did not growl.

"I'm in a rich patch of luck," he said. "What with all I did down south, and

your being on the spot, and the bridge holding till we got over, I feel I could corral the universe."

He drank to George, to Fate and all the issues which hung on his being in Denver.

"Eat, eat!" he said. "You like this? Isn't it better than hitting the road? Why not have it always? You can, you can!"

George's eyes sparkled.

"Help me and I will," he said. "Will you kindly pass the wine?"

"Are you a tramp now?" cried his host.

"No, by the Lord!" cried George. "Help me. I helped you."

"You did," said the manager. "And yourself! They call me a hard case. You shan't find me so. I'll help you if you deserve it."

"Whether I deserve it or not?" said George, boldly.

And the manager lay back and laughed. He opened another bottle of sparkling champagne.

"You do, you do!" he said. "Oh, but what a lovely combination would have been smashed if that bridge had let us in. And while I ride high, so shall you. Ah, this is Santa Fe."

And they rolled through the depot.

"Did you ever eat bread and bacon out of a prairie-dog hole?" asked George, laughing, and lighting a big cigar.

And as they quickened her up again and flashed through to Denver, the Private Secretary who was to be, told the story of a dead tramp.

SUNSET ON SAN DIEGO BAY

BY JESSIE PORTER WHITAKER

Beside the long border of silver sands,
  Reflecting the sunset glory,
The harbor reposes. The city stands
On terraces high, looking far toward lands
  Of ancient Aztec story;

Where, blue-veiled, its mountains, majestic, calm,
  Look on the unresting ocean.
The billows are chanting a joyful psalm;
A quietness broods o'er the bay, like balm;
  At peace—no sound, no motion.

Point Loma's long rampart reverberates
  The boom of the sunset gun.
The roar of the surges reiterates
Farewell, and a world in repose, awaits
  The dawn of to-morrow's sun.

MAJOR-GENERAL JAMES FRANKLIN BELL

Late Chief of Staff United States Army

BY FRED A. HUNT

A LONG BACK in the '80's, a certain lieutenant of cavalry, whose regiment was stationed out West, found himself distressingly short of money. It is nothing novel for a lieutenant to be so confronted, but this lieutenant took a novel view of the situation; he did not want to go into debt. Further, he proposed not to do so, if there was any honorable way to avoid it.

He took thought with himself. Then he asked for and obtained leave of absence. Then he bought a carload of Irish potatoes and went from town to town selling his wares. By the time his leave of absence had expired the last of the potatoes were sold, and the lieutenant returned to his regiment with a sufficient sum of money—his profits—in his pocket to make it no longer necessary for him to give even a repugnant thought to the money-lender.

This lieutenant, that was, is now Chief of Staff, United States Army. His name is James Franklin Bell. He is commonly called Franklin Bell for short. And now that the country has at last found him out, he will bear watching. His career in the Philippines shows that. It was his work there that has undoubtedly gained him his latest appointment. It was exciting, adventurous, dramatic, innovating, era-making work. Yet, strange to tell, not one American in a thousand probably knows aught of what Bell did in the Philippines, while every mother's son of us knows all about the river-swimming feat that Fred Funston is alleged to have performed but that he never did.

Franklin Bell landed in the Philippines with the original military expedition, a lieutenant of regulars merely. Fifteen months thereafter he was a brigadier-general of volunteers, and thirty-six months after putting foot in Manila a brigadier-general in the regular army. During the greater part of the time that the new chief of staff was rapidly rising from rank to rank, he was reporting to Major-General Arthur MacArthur, commanding the 2d division. It was on the latter's recommendations that advancement came to Bell. Now, by a curious irony of fate, Bell has been chosen for the position that many army officers feel should be MacArthur's in the natural course of events.

On January 9, 1856, General Bell was born in Shelbyville, Kentucky, the land of blue grass, fine horses and lovely women, and was appointed to the military academy at West Point from that State on September 1, 1874, graduating therefrom on June 14, 1878, and being appointed additional second-lieutenant of the Ninth United States Cavalry on June 14, 1878. His subsequent rise in rank in the regular establishment was as follows: Second Lieutenant, Ninth Cavalry, June 28, 1878; transferred to Seventh Cavalry, August 9, 1878; first lieutenant Seventh Cavalry, December 29, 1890; captain in that regiment March 2, 1899; brigadier-general United States Army, February 19, 1901; major-general United States Army, January 3, 1907. He held several positions in the volunteer army wherein he demonstrated his capability, and received his medal of honor from Congress while serving as colonel of the Thirty-sixth Infantry Volunteers for most distinguished gallantry in action on September 9, 1899, near Porac, Luzon, Philippine Islands, while in advance of his regiment, charging seven insurgents with his pistol and compelling the surrender of the captain and two privates under a hot fire from the re-

maining insurgents concealed in a bamboo thicket.

Franklin Bell's first work in the Philippines was as chief of the intelligence department. The assignment was made by Major-General Elwell S. Otis. The chief intelligence officer's headquarters were in Manila. His work was sufficiently appreciated to gain him the appointment of chief of scouts as soon as the outbreak against the Americans occurred. He had been wounded the first day of the outbreak, but he was in the saddle before the wound healed, and for the next twelve or fourteen months he led as dare-devil an existence as ever imaginative romancer fervidly painted between book covers.

As chief of scouts, Major-General Bell was attached to the second division. He had about twenty men under him; a mere handful for spying out the positions of the Filipinos. But Bell did not trust so much to the men under him as to his own powers of observation. It was the usual thing for him to creep right up to the Filipino trenches, and, under dense tropical growth, to study the positions. Or, if he could not get the desired information that way, he exposed himself to the Filipino fire with a pleasant look on his face and his broad chest thrown lustily forward. A rain of bullets apparently held as little terror for him as tropical downpours or broiling suns or swamps or jungles, which he braved daily with a spirit that quickly made him the most-talked-of man in the division.

For him to tire himself seemed a physical impossibility. As soon as he had located the enemy and the Americans had advanced to the attack, Major Bell bobbed up on the firing line, himself pointing out with remarkable correctness the weak spots in Aguinaldo's defense. Then, when the Filipinos had been dislodged, almost always with heavy loss, Bell was at their heels, pursuing them to their fresh position.

There was no let-up on Bell's part. The Filipinos speedily came to look upon him as their sleepless Nemesis. They watched anxiously for him with their best sharpshooters, but withal, they had a vast admiration for the man, as developed later. It is a distinctive Filipino trait to conceive a strong attachment for any one they believe to be masterful and at the same time just.

Army officers who were in a position to follow Major Bell's work as chief of scouts are practically agreed that few men could have stood up under the strain—that Bell's ceaselessness was primarily responsible for the splendid manner in which Aguinaldo's army was kept constantly on the move.

How Bell Reported to MacArthur.

Bell's unconventional way of doing things developed with his reputation as chief of scouts. One day when the sun was making the whole visible world sizzle, Major Bell found himself at Santa Tomas, with General Hale's brigade. Hale's men were on the road. A broad swamp lay at its base. On the other side of the morass, at the railway embankment, was General MacArthur. The chief of scouts wished to report to the general commanding, and he was in a hurry. He stripped off his clothes, left them on the road, and clad only in a belt incongruously buckled around his waist, and his campaign hat, he rode his horse into the muck.

After wallowing through the swamp, Major Bell was making his way to General MacArthur, when he espied an earthen vessel of domestic utility in a deserted Filipino house. He confiscated this, that he might be better able to cleanse himself and his horse when opportunity offered. When he and the horse scrambled into General MacArthur's presence, in the hand that Bell did not have at salute, gracefully depended the piece of pottery.

As the two men stood before each other, the one visibly astonished, and the other gravely saluting, there could not have been a more startling contrast. MacArthur was immaculately uniformed, even to collar and cuffs; Bell's covering was filth, plainly and undeniably.

"What are you doing here, Major?" exclaimed MacArthur, as he gradually took in the situation.

"I have the honor to report, sir——" began Bell, and with the proverbial coolness of a cucumber he went on to the very end.

Organizes "The Suicide Club."

When the Second Division, in the sum-

mer of 1899, went into quarters at San Fernando for the rainy season, Major Bell was made colonel of volunteers, with authority to form a new regiment from among the discharged volunteer soldiers or regiments then being returned to the United States. He had previously been offered a lieutenant-colonelcy in the 32d United States Infantry (volunteers), but declined, preferring to wait for advancement until such time as he could have a command of his own.

Now among the discharged volunteers were quite a number of men who would rather fight than eat. Home had no attractions for them as long as there was exciting work in prospect, and especially under such a dare-devil leader as Bell was recognized to be by both sides. So the latter easily got together at Manila five hundred of about the best fighters that ever went to the islands. Commander and men were peculiarly attracted and suited to one another.

One of Colonel Bell's lieutenants was a man of the name of Ferguson. He had been a private under Funston. At Calumpit, where Funston was erroneously given credit for having swam the Rio Grande, Ferguson crossed the wrecked bridge on its stringers, though the Filipinos were stationed behind trenches directly opposite. Of such material was the 36th United States Infantry (volunteers) made up. It was Bell's own idea to form such a seasoned body of fighting men. After being recruited, the regiment moved to San Fernando, where it became known as "The Suicide Club."

"Good God!" exclaimed a regular officer, who had proved his nerve on several battlefields, to a war correspondent, "you are crazy if you go out with Bell. Why, man, you might just as well stay at home and commit suicide and so save yourself all the additional trouble of the hike."

Under Bell's leadership the regiment justified its nickname, and was proud of it. One day, while the regiment was awaiting orders at San Fernando, Colonel Bell decided to do a little scouting, and took his entire staff along. They dashed well out into the enemy's country, drew a heavy fire, and all San Fernando, which had wondered at the colonel's temerity as he marched away, turned out to make a rescue. The preparations were unnecessary. Pretty soon into the town dashed Bell and his staff, all covered with mud and healthfully exhilarated as from a constitutional over some park winding bridle path.

The Night Attack on Bacolor.

The regiment's campaign was, indeed, a whirlwind one. It began with a night attack on Bacolor, in August of 1890; Bell had been a colonel since July 9th. He led his men through mud and water and across drainage ditches holding water breast high. When part of the command became lost, Bell searched it out. Throughout the night he toiled, with words of encouragement wherever needed. When the sudden daylight came, the town was seen dead ahead, and the fight began immediately out in the open rice fields.

So rapidly did Bell press on that the orderlies who followed at daylight with the saddle horses were cut off by the insurgents in the rear. They escaped across the fields, but lost the colonel's horse and maps, so that in the day's fight Bell had to be guided by his bump of locality, which should not be despised by the shrewdest woodsman.

In this same fight, also owing to the swiftness with which it moved, the regimental ambulance, returning with its load of dead and wounded, was intercepted by the enemy, who had returned and closed back on the town in the rear. But the Filipinos were again speedily driven back by a detachment sent back to hold the position.

It is doubtful whether Bell himself could tell how many fights he brought about during the next six months. Hardly a day passed without its adventure. Bell struck here, there, everywhere, and always unexpectedly. He appeared like a whirlwind, he vanished like one. His methods were comparable to nothing so much as the Wild West way of shooting up a town and getting off before the scared inhabitants could pluck up enough nerve to stick their noses out of doors. A wholesome respect and a mighty terror of Bell struck deep into the Filipino heart.

One evening he swooped down upon Angles, a Filipino stronghold, with a small

company of officers and men. The Filipinos fled to the stone breastworks surrounding the church. Bell shot up the town, cowboy style, and before the Filipinos could collect their senses and give effective opposition, the invaders were off the way they had come. They were not in strong enough force to storm the intrenchments. Their purpose had been merely to scare the enemy out of their wits, and this they did to the queen's taste—Bell's taste, rather. Bell frequently gave his own men as great surprises as he did the little brown folk.

Bell's Physical Stamina.

A battalion with skirmishers, an ambulance, a hospital corps and other accessories, started on a carefully conducted reconnoisance some miles into the enemy's country. Suddenly the officers and men were astonished to hear firing ahead; a little later they discovered that Bell was at it again—this time not with his boys, but only a few mounted officers. There was nothing left for the battalion to do but to follow Bell back in the dark—he had located the force it had started after. Bell was the only chipper member of his party. His companions were worn with hunger and fatigue; he was as fresh, apparently, as when he started out in the morning, and his talk was as animated as that of an excited boy. The new chief of staff has a body built for endurance. He is broad across the shoulders, deep-chested, long in body, comparatively short in the legs, which bear not an ounce of superfluous flesh, and narrow-hipped. In height he is not more than five feet seven or eight inches, and every inch of him is trained to the minute. It was after he had shot up the little town of Porac that Bell discovered a new use for the saddle stirrup. In the midst of the running fight, he found himself out of revolver ammunition, and with a Filipino officer before his nose that he was decidedly anxious to capture. Necessity has ever driven men to do ingenious things; Bell reached down, unbuckled one of his stirrups, and, swinging this over his head as a weapon, went after the little brown officer and soon, of course, captured him.

The Dagupan Surprise.

In December, 1899, Bell and his men were on an expedition which ultimately took them as far as Dagupan. One day, after a hard march over hills, the regiment halted for the night in a town which, as usual, had been deserted by the inhabitants on the approach of the Americans. Colonel Bell and a few officers were in headquarters. On the plaza, soldiers were lounging about and watching the killing of a native beef. Everything breathed of deep peace, when suddenly a volley sounded, and bullets whizzed through the door of headquarters and into the room where Bell and his officers were seated. This was speedily followed by a second volley, Bell ordered the lights out, and as the officers scrambled down the ladder to the protection of the stone foundation, a third volley came. Instead of remaining in shelter, Bell with two officers accompanying him, bolted into the night, bent on finding the enemy. He was too late, but once again the men learned something of the stuff of which their leader was made. This happened a few days after Bell had been advanced to Brigadier-General and some time before he was aware of his good fortune.

It is needless to state that acts of this character, showing his bravery under varying circumstances, won him the unstinted loyalty of his men.

Playing Fair with the Natives.

Another of his characteristic traits won him the respect of the Filipinos generally. While he was in the field he insisted on making payment for commandeered supplies to all natives proving ownership. On one occasion, he sent a native to locate a widow whose fodder had been taken, and to bring her into the deserted town that she might receive payment. The woman, however, had too great fear of the Americans to venture out of her jungle hiding place, and so she was minus both her fodder and remuneration.

After he had concentrated the natives around Batangas in order to break up guerilla warfare, the general made especial efforts to keep the camps sanitary and supply the people with the best food obtainable. These things were recognized by the Filipino, and was much in Bell's favor among them.

While he was colonel, Bell's servant was a native whose wife had gone to the United States with a Filipino circus. The colonel consenting, the woman left her two boys with the father. The older boy became Bell's body servant in the field, and wherever the regimental headquarters were established, there the father and the younger boy were installed. Bell gave the three solicitous care, and his men were accustomed to wonder at their commander's regard for the man and the boys; for was he not a very devil after Filipinos when in the saddle? They could not understand it, but it was an assertion of the man's softer side, which, when he was chief intelligence officer, frequently made it impossible for him to refuse the tearful pleadings of the women relatives of the prisoners over whom he had jurisdiction. More than one brown fellow owed his freedom at that time to Major Bell's sympathetic nature. Such incidents became noised about among the Filipinos, were recounted to Bell's credit, and helped him as general in his pacificatory career.

Bell's Tactics His Own.

Bell's experiences as chief of scouts led him to the belief that the only way to fight the Filipinos was in a whirlwind style, hence when General MacArthur, after Bell had formed the 36th U. S. Infantry, gave the latter great freedom in conducting operations, Bell sprang his own brand of tactics on the army. Conservative officers were prone to criticise him as being reckless, and for leaving his rear unguarded at times, as at Bacolor, but the results that Bell obtained proved so beneficial to the American cause that his style of fighting gradually came to be copied, in part, at least, by many of his old critics.

After he had formed his regiment, and while he was waiting for orders to go to the front, Colonel Bell daily gathered his officers around him in school and proceeded to teach them the tactics he had evolved. To this preparation was partly due the success that attended the regiment's fighting career.

Colonel Bell's method of maintaining discipline is characteristic of the man. Reprimands were administered in the form of reasonable talks between man and man. As a usual thing this sufficed. But woe to him who failed to heed the advice kindly given. The next time he was up there was straight talk that could not be forgotten, or there was punishment of a severe nature. The queer thing about it was that the man experiencing the colonel's wrath swore by him still—indeed, frequently swore by him all the harder.

"You see, it's this way," a guilty one explained. "Course I don't like this hauling up, but we all know the old man's on the square, and so it's all right, damn me if 'tain't."

How Bell Got Some Good News.

It was while he was on the expedition that took him to Dagupan that Colonel Bell learned for a certainty that the rank of brigadier-general had been conferred on him. One morning there appeared on the crest of a hill the detachment from the regiment which had been campaigning on the other side of the mountain. The men let out a cheer, and then came down into the valley with the latest news, which was that they had lost their colonel, but had gained a general. And the way they gave the news was by calling Bell colonel, and then with mingled pride and regret correcting themselves and making it general.

It is already clear that not a few officers were deeply disgruntled over Franklin Bell's promotion to chief of staff. It is safe to say that this is far from being the frame of mind of a single man who strenuously campaigned with Colonel Bell in the 36th United States Infantry.

Bell was in his 43d year when he got his great opportunity in the Philippines. He was fifty-four on the 9th of last January, but he has taken such excellent care of himself that he looks about ten years younger than the records make him to be. True, he has seams in his face, but they are the seams of soldiering, not of age.

While Bell was serving with the 7th U. S. Cavalry, he had the advantage of association with Colonel James W. Forsyth of that regiment, who is now Major-General U. S. Army (retired.) James W. and his brother Geo. A. were cavalry officers noted for their aplomb and dash, and both were on the staff of General Philip Henry Sheridan during and after the

Civil War period. At the time of the great fire in Chicago of October, 1871, these officers were on Sheridan's staff, and were indispensably useful in that trying and distressful time. In 1894 Colonel J. W. Forsyth became a brigadier-general, and from then until the Spanish-American war, Lieutenant Bell was an aid to his old colonel in California, Arizona and Washington. It was not until December, 1890, that Bell became a first lieutenant.

Such, in brief, was Bell's career before he was ordered to the Philippines. The mere fact that he went there only a first lieutenant speaks volumes. But once opportunity came in a larger field where innate ability and genius to adapt one's-self to new surroundings, could shine, Franklin Bell made up for lost time in quick order, and so successfully that he is now the really big man of the army. He brings to his new field the freshness and verve that he displayed in the Philippines during the fifteen months following his advent there, wherefore it is no hazardous prediction that, whatever problems may confront Franklin Bell, they will be satisfactorily and definitely and quickly solved with credit to himself and with honor to the country he has so gallantly served.

SANTA CATALINA

BY NEILL C. WILSON

I dream of an isle in a sunset sea,
Under skies that are barred with gold,
And this isle of my dreams seems to call to me
In a voice so sweet and in words so old,
That the call of Atlantis, though aeons gone,
Is the same mystic summons of Avalon.

Like a sapphire afloat on an empty sea,
In a setting of solitude,
Lies this outpost of twilight, so far, so free,
That its gaunt, muscled mountains stand azure-hued—
In the morn when the mists, vain protected, rise,
Or in soft, sweeter evening when daylight dies.

Major-General J. Franklin Bell, U. S Army.

VI--Israel's New Covenant

BY C. T. RUSSELL

Pastor Brooklyn Tabernacle

THE CHOSEN PEOPLE look back to the great Covenant which God made with Abraham, their progenitor—the Covenant confirmed by Almighty God with an oath that his people might have full assurance in respect to its ultimate fulfillment. But Israel recognized that, incidental to the blessing of the world, the Divine Law must be established and mankind must be blessed legally. Hence they point back to Moses and the Covenant which God made with their nation through him. True, there were disappointments connected with that Law Covenant. As a people they had expected much more from it than they ever obtained. They had expected that by obedience to its requirements they themselves would become possessors of everlasting life. They expected additionally that Jehovah God would then use their nation for the blessing of other nations by bringing all the world of mankind under the dominion of the Law of God, that the whole world might receive blessing, restitution and everlasting life through that Law Covenant.

Notwithstanding their great disappointment in that they did not gain eternal life themselves—nor national exaltation—they still maintained a hold upon that Covenant and trusted for its blessings yet to come.

When in their perplexity they cried to the Lord for relief and for explanation why the blessings hoped for did not come, they received answer from him through the prophets that before those promised favors could be fulfilled, the great Messiah must come. He would be a great Teacher and Ruler like unto Moses, but much more powerful. He would embody in himself all the qualities of Judge, Priest, Mediator, Law-giver and King. Under his superintendence Israel would yet be blessed and become the channel of Divine blessing to every nation. Moses foretold this greater Prophet, saying, "A prophet shall the Lord your God raise up unto you of your brethren, like unto me; him shall ye hear in all things whatsoever he shall say unto you. And it shall come to pass that every soul which will not hear that prophet shall be destroyed from among the people." (Acts 3:22, 23; Deut. 18:15, 19.) Hence the hearts of Israel waited for the Messianic Priest and Kingly Mediator who would do for them abundantly more than Moses had been able to accomplish, though they had profited much through the ministry of their great Law-giver. This antitypical Moses, Messiah, is referred to by the Lord through the prophet, saying: "Behold, I will send my messenger and he shall prepare the way before me, and the Lord whom ye seek, shall suddenly come to his temple, even the Messenger of the Covenant, whom ye delight in."—Malachi 3:1.

A New Mediator.

This sending of the New Mediator implied a New Covenant, or at least a *renewal* of the Law Covenant under the more efficient Mediator—Messiah. This renewal of the Sinaitic Covenant at the hands of Messiah, the superior Mediator and Helper of the chosen people, is specially referred to in Jeremiah 31. This Prophet was the one through whom the Lord prophetically speaks as though in our day, at the close of Israel's long period of exile from Divine favor. The time is indicated by the words of verses 28-29, which read: "It shall come to pass that like as I have watched over them, to pluck up, and to break down, and to throw down, and to destroy, and to afflict; so will I watch over them, to build, and to plant, saith the Lord. In those days they shall say no more, "The fathers have eaten a sour grape and the children's teeth are set on edge, but every one shall die for his own iniquity; every man that eateth the sour grape, his teeth shall be set on edge."

This preface was sufficiently explicit! It indicated, not any period in the past of Israel's history, but the period that is immediately at hand, about to be inaugurated. The "sour grapes" refer to the evil influences of heredity—to the fact that the sins of the parents have influenced and affected the children of all humanity, so that all are sinners in fact, regardless of their intention; for we were all "shapen in iniquity; in sin did our mothers conceive us." (Psalm 51:5.) But the great time of dispensational change is at hand. This condition of heredity shall no longer prevail against the race. Instead of falling further, the rising up, the restitution, shall begin, and only those who willingly and wilfully and knowingly transgress the Divine Law shall be held responsible, and receive the penalty of sin, "Dying, thou shalt die."

These prefatory words sufficiently introduce the main feature of this message respecting the New Covenant. We read, "Behold, the days come, saith the Lord, that I will make a New Covenant with the house of Israel and the house of Judah; not according to the Covenant that I made with their fathers in the day that I took them by the hand to bring them out of the land of Egypt, which my Covenant they brake, although I was a husband unto them, saith the Lord. But this shall be the Covenant that I will make with the house of Israel: After those days, saith the Lord, I will put my Law in their inward parts and write it in their hearts; and I will be their God and they shall be my people. And they shall teach no more every man his neighbor and every man his brother, saying, Know the Lord, for they shall all know me from the least of them unto the greatest of them, saith the Lord; for I will forgive their iniquity and will remember their sin no more."—Jer. 31-31-34.

The superiority of this New Covenant to the old one is clearly indicated. The old one was written merely on tables of stone. The new one the Lord will cause to be gradually written in the hearts of all who come under the beneficent influences of his Kingdom. The old Law needed to be impressed upon them continually, every Sabbath day and oftener; but the New Law would not need to be referred to; for all would know it, since it would be written in the heart and conscience of all, from the least to the greatest. The Old Law Covenant under Moses as Mediator needed to be revived by a repetition of its sacrifices of bulls and goats every year, in order to cleanse away the sins of the people and to bring them Divine forgiveness for another year. But the New Law Covenant would be exceedingly better in that, by better sacrifices, it would forever do away with the necessity of the yearly repetition of Atonement Day. The sins and iniquities of the people would then be so thoroughly eradicated as to need no further sacrificing.

Waiting for the Great Mediator.

For more than three thousand years Israel has waited for its better Mediator—waited and hoped and prayed. Thank God! we can now proclaim that his advent is nigh at hand; that his power and glory and honor and dignity will be all that they have ever expected—and much more. But he will be a spiritual Mediator, invisible to men. His power and glory will be seen on earth only through their

operation as he shall cast down the unfit and lift up the worthy, the down-trodden. This great Mediator will take to himself his great power and reign, as soon as the time appointed by Jehovah shall have arrived. And we have reason to believe that the time of his establishment of his Empire on earth will be at the close of Israel's Seven Times of disfavor, during or shortly after A. D. 1915, in or just after the great time of world-wide trouble which will then be upon the earth.

This great Priest referred to in the Scriptures "the King of Glory," will be as invisible to men as is the Prince of Darkness, Satan, whom the Scriptures recognize as being now the "Prince of this World." In connection with the time of trouble, the Prince of Glory will bind the Prince of Darkness, restraining him from every power to further deceive mankind throughout the glorious Millennial period which will then be inaugurated. And of course this great spiritual King must have earthly representatives and agents amongst men, even as the Prince of Darkness has used sons of Belial as his servants—many of them unwittingly, ignorantly, serving him. But the Prince of Life will use only the pure, the holy, the reverent, the godly. And none of his servants will be under restraints of ignorance or bonds of superstition. On the contrary, the righteous will then flourish and the evil-doers shall be cut off.—Proverbs 11:28; Psalms 37:9.

God has already made selection of those wonderful personages who shall represent Messiah to Israel and to the world. They were selected long ago according to their trials of faith and obedience and patient endurance for righteousness' sake. They are a noble band. They are all Hebrews—select members of the chosen people, Abraham, Isaac, Jacob, Moses, David, and all the prophets, besides others too numerous to mention, who through trying ordeals of faith and patience and loyalty demonstrated their love for righteousness, for Truth and for God. These are worthy. These are God's "elect" for this great purpose. Nor will it serve the Divine purpose that these should be awakened from the tomb in the condition in which they went down into death. Nay, by their faithfulness under trying conditions they proved to the Divine satisfaction their loyalty to the core. And their reward shall be that they will come forth from the tomb under more favorable conditions than do their fellows. They will come forth perfect in mind and in body, glorious specimens of perfect manhood, such as God approves. They will be examples to Israel and to all the nations of what each member of Adam's race may attain if he will be obedient to the terms of the Covenant.

The Advantages of the New Covenant.

We have already indicated some of the advantages of the New Covenant. For a thousand years the great Mediator will stand between Divine Justice and Israel to give to all the willing and obedient the blessings of Divine favor—blessings of which they would not be worthy themselves, because imperfect through the fall—blessings intended in God's Providence to afford them the opportunity of gradually rising up, up, up, to the full perfection of manhood in the likeness of the Ancient Worthies, their instructors and guides, the representatives of Messiah amongst men. Ah, that will be a glorious day for the chosen people! All that they ever dreamed of, and far more, will be their glorious portion. Nor will these wonderful privileges be theirs alone, for, although the Covenant will be made with Israel, the privilege of coming into that Covenant relationship with God will be extended to all nations, permitting all to become Israelites, through faith, through obedience to that Law of the New Covenant.

The difficulty with the Mosaic Covenant was that Moses, in important respects, was incompetent as a Mediator. But Messiah will be far more competent to carry out the requirements of the office of Mediator, and will succeed in the great work which Moses undertook but in which he failed. Moses' work at very most, however, was typical of the perfect work of the Messiah-Mediator. The basis of God's arrangement with Israel to be his Covenant people was the sacrifices of the Day of Atonement—the blood of bulls and goats. But these at most made satisfaction for only a year. Messiah, as the more competent Mediator, in a greater Day of Atonement,

has offered more acceptable sacrifices to the Father which can and do effect a cancellation of sin for all time and for all people who will come under his New Covenant arrangement.

Is it asked how the New Covenant will go into effect with those who are under the Sinaitic Covenant? We answer that the Law feature in both cases is the same; but that the difference between the old Law Covenant and the New (Law) Covenant will be merely the substitution of the new Mediator and his more efficient work for Moses and his typical, insufficient work. The chosen people have had some sad experiences while waiting for the great Messiah-Mediator of their New Covenant. But the glorious results will more than compensate for all disappointments in respect to the delay. Instead of merely living as a nation under Divine favor for a few years and then lapsing into death, as under the Law Covenant, they will, under the arrangements of the New Covenant, obtain life eternal and full human perfection, in which it will be possible for them absolutely and continuously to have approval of the Divine Law.

More than this, their mission as the agents of God under the New Covenant, for the blessing of all the Gentiles, will mean the bringing of the Gentiles up to the same glorious standards of human perfection and eternal life under the blessed arrangement of the Messiah-Mediator. Surely, then, all who love the Divine promises to the chosen people and the New Covenant through which those promises will be fulfilled, may well pray, O Lord, thy Kingdom come! Messiah, come quickly! End the reign of sin and death! Exalt thy chosen people and bless all the families of the earth!

SUNSET ON MONTEREY BAY

BY MARTHA JANE GARVIN

Unfurl thine ev'ning banner high!
Adieu, Grand Potentate of Day!
Flaunt'st flashing colors cross th' sky
To challenge thus, fair moon's pale ray?

Wave! Banner of an hundred hues,
Far flung by dipping orb of day,
Blend of yellows, reds and blues,
Draped high behind each glitt'ring ray!

Ah, gleaming, glowing, crimson West,
With gold and saffron quiv'ring way;
Like molten metal's sheer unrest,
This flaming track 'cross Monterey!

Midst crescent set are fields of blue,
Enclosed with sand and cliffs of dun;
Great, curling windrows—greenish hue—
Toss rainbow spray 'gainst set of sun,

Pacific's fields grow indigo,
Tho' top each surging billow gleams—
Reflecting sunlight's afterglow—
Opal and amethystine beams.

Comes, twilight, o'er th' throbbing deep;
Comes band of mauve 'cross eastern sky;
When moon and stars begin to peep,
Sol's banner furls 'mid ocean's sigh!

L'Envoi.

Loud breaker's sad tautophony,
With pl-ee of gull, and night wind's blow;
Creates old Ocean's threnody,
Far out o'er bonnie Vue de L'Eau!

Mr. C. J. Jones, manager of the street railway system at Orizaba, Mexico. One of a type of Americans who has more than made good. The city of Orizaba.

STORY OF ORIZABA, MEXICO

The little city of Orizaba presents to the visitor a magnificent view of mountains and vales. It is really a repetition of all the most glorious mountains the world has to show. The town itself is not particularly attractive because of the fact that the streets are illy-paved with cobbles, and the houses are of olden construction. Orizaba, at first glance, is very disappointing, as the grated windows of one-storied, or at most two storied, houses, the large spaces of blank walls and the iron studded doors leave a bad impression on the mind of the beholder. But Orizaba has another side, and, after you have been there two or three days, you find that it has many unique claims to distinction. It appeals to the tourist because of the beauty of its surroundings. Off to the southeast is a mountain, from the top of which one may see away off to the Gulf, over the *tierra calientes* to where white sails dot the sea or smoke of steamers mark the path of commerce. To the tourist, who is energetic, or to the individual who knows his Mexican history, the surroundings of Orizaba are absolutely entrancing, with its great peak, covered with perpetual snow, dominating all! That which appealed to me was the other side of Orizaba —its manufacturing and industrial side. We have described the big Santa Gertrudis jute mill in another column, but the city possesses other mills and other factories.

SANTA GERTRUDIS JUTE FACTORY, ORIZABA.

The first factory of its kind in Mexico for the manufacture of jute products. Active operations started in 1893. All raw jute for manufacture imported is from Calcutta and the company is financed entirely by English capital, capital being $3,500,000 Mex.

The mill machinery is all of the latest type, and supplied by the best makers in England and Scotland. No jute mill is better equipped with the latest machinery, the policy being to discard the older machines when time comes for new. The machinery is moved by electricity generated by means of turbines, and is one of the finest systems in the whole of the Re-

public, and works like clockwork. The electric system is three-phase, the power being transmitted by wires from the Barrio Nuevo Falls about a mile distant. One of the most valuable assets of the company is the quantity of horse-power available—being 5,000. Although 2,000 h. p. is only actually developed and in use at the mills, all the hydraulic works are completed whereby the balance of power can be utilized on very short notice.

The mill contains 270 looms and fully 7,000 spindles. Workpeople employed—1,100. All the various departments of the mill are superintended by Scotch overseers, all brought up in the jute industry. The manufactures of the mill are sacks of all kinds, for coffee, grain, sugar, minerals, jute carpets, twines and cordage, and packing cloths, a specialty recently having gone in for in the manufacture of flour sacks, which market in Mexico was formerly supplied by the United States.

The production of the Santa Gertrudis mill has been honored with medals wherever exhibited.

Great attention paid *to the comfort of the workpeople,* specially constructed houses fitted with electric light and sanitary arrangements being provided, as well *as schools for the education of the children.*

The production totals anything between 5,000 and 6,000 tons per annum. During 1909 the production sold amounted to over 4,500,000 bags, and 7,000 rolls of cloth, while it is anticipated that during this year between five and six million bags will be turned out, and 8,000 rolls of cloth, not including specialties such as fine yarns and carpets. The company has extensive warehouses for the manufactured article, which during certain months of the year has to be stocked, owing to the off season, as well as for raw material capable of holding 6,000 tons, or almost a year's consumption.

The mills have also their own foundry and fully equipped machine shop, all repairs being done on the premises, castings being turned out that are as heavy as two tons.

The success of the enterprise is due greatly to the efforts of Sir Weetman D. Pearson, Bart., of London, who has done so much for Mexico, and who, with his family, is largely interested in the concern.

The head office of the company is in London, the president being the Hon. Lord Ritchie, of Dundee; vice-president, Sr. Don Gmo. de Landa y Escandon, of Mexico City. The other directors are Sir Weetman D. Pearson, Bart., Dr. S. Mac-

Santa Gertrudis Jute Mill, Orizaba, Mexico.

Plaza of the Constitution (or Zocalo.) From here radiates the model street car system of the Mexican metropolis, operated by the Mexican Tramways Company, Mexico City.

kew, Mrs. Kinnell (whose husband was a former manager), and Mr. F. J. Marriott, all of London. The general manager in Mexico is Mr. C. M. Hunter, and works manager, Mr. David Bruce, both sons of the Juteopolis, and who, previous to coming to Mexico, had considerable experience in the management of jute mills in India.

* * *

Away to the north of the town the "Compagnia Industrial de Orizaba" manufactures cotton prints and calicoes, duck cloths, cheese cloth and other cotton fabrics. They operate three factories, and employ, I am told, upwards of six thousand eight hundred men. I went through the Rio Blanca works, and I was astounded at what I saw. I have been in New England, and I have seen our factories; the Mexican installation is more perfect, and the men are given more liberties, and are not crowded and herded together to the extent they are in our own New England towns. The pictures in this issue tell the story. The main office of this company is in Mexico City, and the business has an active capital employed of fifteen millions of dollars. There is a reserve fund of eight million dollars. There are twenty-one turbines, the horse-power is eight thousand, there are sixty-five electric motors in use, there are one hundred thousand spindles humming away daily, four thousand looms add their noise to the industrial song, and ten printing machines turn out the finished product.

It is with pleasure that I type these lines, because this is so effective an argument as regards the barbarism charges hurled against Mexico. Here, as in the Santa Gertrudis works, there is great care exercised as to the treatment of the operatives, and men and women seem well fed, happy and care-free as any in the country. The factories owned by this company are at Rio Blanco, San Lorenzo, Cerritos, and at Cocolapam. The source of power for all of these factories is at the great Hydro-Electric plant at Cocolapam, and belongs to the company. The company "La Aurora" is only a short distance away, and in this perfectly appointed mill nearly three thousand men and women find employment.

All of these mills and the city of Orizaba are connected by either railway ser-

Compania Yndustrial de Orizaba, S. A.

vice or by four mule street cars. This street car line must have a service extending over forty or fifty miles of line in and out of the city of Orizaba, and it is a great success. The four mules make good time, and the open cars are a delight to ride in. The itinerary is picturesque to a degree, and one of the favorite destinations of the world-wearied tourist is the falls which furnish the power for the Santa Gertrudis mill. Mr. C. M. Hunter, the manager of the Santa Gertrudis, is a perfect gentleman, and will always be glad to pass any one to the falls over the short spur railway.

* * *

Mr. Robert J. Jones is the very efficient manager of the street railway company of Orizaba. I translate the Spanish title of this company as "The United Tramways Company of Orizaba." The freight service of the company is large, and the traffic is constantly on the increase, both as to passengers and freight. Mr. Jones is an American, and was formerly an official in street car service in New York.

Orizaba is well governed, and has for its cantonal chief Mr. Miguel V. Gomez, who is the jefe politico. If the plans of this gentleman are carried out, Orizaba will, in a very few years, have the finest streets of any city in the Republic. It is the intention of Mr. Gomez and others, at the head of the Government, to give Orizaba a fine sewage disposal system, at the present time lacking, and to improve the municipality in every way. With its pure mountain air, its balmy climate, its unrivaled hotel, its good street car service, and its unique attractions, Orizaba should have more visitors than any other city in Mexico. These advantages should be capitalized. Mr. Miguel Gomez seems to understand this, and his able assistant and secretary, Mr. Manuel A. Arcos, is a capable coadjutor.

Orizaba possesses without doubt the best hotel in all Mexico, the Hotel de France. Orizaba has two cigar factories, and much American capital is invested there. The French are probably the very heaviest investors, and the English come next, but there are a number of large plantations adjacent owned by Americans. The French have a Consular office here in charge of a very capable gentleman, Mr. Mateo Lartigue. He represents several wine concerns, in concert with his brother, notably the products of the French Viticultural Society.

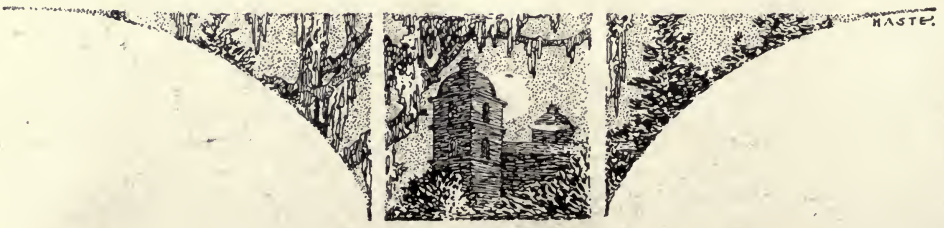
COTTON IN MEXICO

Way back in 1833 the first cotton mill was established. There are to-day 142 cotton mills in operation. There are employed nearly forty thousand hands. The yearly output runs over 554,000,000 yards of cotton cloth.

The State of Puebla leads all others in the number of cotton mills within her borders. Vera Cruz is next, and the Federal District follows. The industry has been built by an excessively high duty. It will not be long, however, when these "infant industries" will be able to stand alone. Exportation is in contemplation, and this is true of the woolen mills, too.

WOOL IN MEXICO.

The highlands of Mexico are the finest sheep pastures in the world, for the grass is rich in food properties and there are no diseases of cattle. Mexico has many woolen mills. That of San Ildefonso is spoken of elsewhere in these pages. It is noteworthy that in all these mills and among these thousands of hands child labor figures but little. The percentage of children employed is so small as to put to shame the American who, mindful of the conditions at home in this respect, cries "barbarism."



Types of the men who do things in Mexico. Reading from left to right they are:
Manuel A. Arcos, Orizaba, Secretary of the Jefe Politico of the canton of Orizaba. A capable Mexican of the older generation.
Adrian Spitalier, Oaxaca. This gentleman represents vast French capital in Oaxaca. He controls the two largest drygoods establishments. He is of the type of progressive Frenchman who has done so much for modern Mexico.
C. J. Mercenario, Secretary of the Jefe Politico of the District of Puebla; educated in the United States, and a progressive citizen.
Senor Don Zeferino Dominguez, the Burbank of Mexico, a man of science and a public benefactor.

IN THE LIME LIGHT IN MEXICO

BY THE PUBLISHER

THE EDITOR of the Overland Monthly, Mr. P. N. Beringer and his associate and business manager, Mr. Clarence E. Ferguson, have asked the publisher to allow them to express their thanks to the many men who have extended their aid and sympathy in arriving at some sort of conclusion regarding Mexico, under the Government of the present day. It is the desire of the gentlemen commissioned to do this work for the Overland Monthly magazine to say to the American people that it is high time that the business world of the United States make a study of the needs and natures of our neighbors to the south. Our trade might be increased tenfold did we but take account of their necessities and their customs.

* * *

Mr. Ramon Corral, the vice-president of the Republic, whose portrait is given to the readers of the Overland Monthly in this issue, is a man who is "making good" every day. His position before the Mexican people is a most embarrassing one, as he is always an object of comparison with President Diaz. Nevertheless, those who have come to know him, by nature of the manifold affairs that have been entrusted to his care, have learned to respect him and to appreciate his abilities. His capacity for work is unlimited, and, indeed, that is characteristic of all men in office in Mexico. There are but a very few of the Governors and *jefe politicos* who are not constantly at their respective tasks. Taken from a far State, he was called into the City of Mexico, and a force of circumstances catapulted him into the vice-presidential chair. It is needless to say that his nomination was had with the approval of General Porfirio Diaz, but it is necessary to state that a full knowledge of his character prompted business men to an immediate approval of the President's choice of a successor. Still there were doubting Thomases, and it may be said that there are a number now who cannot see any claim to such distinction by the

nation. Those who take the trouble to investigate, however, always arrive at the same conclusion. He has "made good."

* * *

One of the big figures in modern Mexico is Mr. Oscar Braniff. He is one of the real patriots of Mexico. A man of mature intellect, who devotes his spare time to his country, and to a study of her needs, he still finds time to give to his business. He is manager of an immense machinery and electrical goods establishment and is the owner of vast acreage, and is interested in all sorts of activities. Mr. Braniff has expressed himself on Mexico, and his ideas are such that they will bear repetition:

"We have a type of so-called Americans that all real Americans would be ashamed to acknowledge as compatriots. These persons, of whom a great many are there (speaking of Mexico), and all the way down to South America, hide their faces and who carry assumed names, and even assumed faces cause constant trouble and worry. When caught, they instantly start a big howl, and begin to talk Americanship, etc., and many a time our Governors and other authorities have had both their hands up to their head on hearing that 'an American' has been 'run in,' because they know what that means.

"Mexico only asks that she be dealt with fairly, and be frankly recognized as an enlightened and rapidly progressing nation. If she has yet a tremendous task before her, a great deal still to correct and accomplish, and if she will sometimes possibly blunder here or there, as also blunder the most enlightened of countries, let not this be a basis on which her detractors and evil wishers will successfully cast discredit upon her.

"And we hope—in fact, we know—that all fair-minded Americans, who are, fortunately, as I know them, in the extreme majority, will give the lie to all these evil wishers by extending to their southern neighbor a warm, solid handshake, thus generalizing and emphasizing the goodwill of which the late handshake across the Rio Grande border was the emblem."

A memorable event and a remarkable photograph. Taken on the roof of "La Mutua," the Mutual Life Insurance Company's building in Mexico City. In front from left to right are the agent of the Mutual Life, President Diaz, Governor Landa y Escandon, Jose Yves Limantour, Minister of Finance. On the occasion of throwing the building open for business.

Sr. Don Donato de Chapeaurouge, General Manager Banco Hipotecario de Credito Territorial Mexicano, S. A. Director Banco Central Mexicano, Banco Estado de Mexico, Cia Te Seguros "La Mexicano, Banco Hipotecario de Credito, Territorial Mexicano.

It is very difficult to say that one figure looms larger than another in the lime light in Mexico. We, of America, have so accustomed ourselves to the fact that President Diaz is all there is of capable men in Mexico that it would be a task well nigh impossible to disabuse the public mind of the cherished idea. The fact of the matter is, there are thousands of able men in the Southern Republic.

Probably the most notable of all of Mexico's distinguished sons is Senor Don Jose Yves Limantour. Mr. Limantour is the Minister of Finance, and he is a man among men. His ability is not less than that of any premier of any Government on earth, of this or olden times. He, too, is an indefatigable worker, a man who spends hours when he should be asleep, working away at questions of statecraft. He is the right-hand man of President Diaz, and it is on him more than any one else that Diaz leans. Mr. Limantour, as well as his master, has earned a rest from cares of State, but it is the Master's idea that the time is not yet, and so these two wonderful old men labor, early and late, giving the finishing touches to a nation in the making, so that they may hand it over to those who will come after them in as perfect a shape as possible.

It is to Jose Yves Limantour, more than to any one other man except Diaz, that the Mexican people owe their lasting peace, the "long peace" of the Diaz administration, for Limantour's administration, along the lines laid down by Diaz, has ensured security for investments, and investments have meant the unfolding of the various avenues of trade, the opening up of new ventures in mining, the development of latent agricultural possibilities. This financial solidity has brought for investment in Mexico during three decades more than a *billion dollars* of American capital, in addition to that poured into mining and railroad develop-

Mr. Jaques J. Lemmeus, sub-manager Banco Hipotecario de Credito Territorial Mexicano; Director in Banco Estados de Morelos, Almacens General de Mexico, Y Vera Cruz, S. A., Cia de Seguro "La Mexicana." Mr. Lemmeus is one of the most progressive of Mexico's financiers. Consul for his Majesty, the King of the Belgians.

ment by Europeans and other nationalities. In thirty years, a strong and *growing middle class has been developed.* The recognition of the honesty and solidity of Mexican finances is universal, thanks to Minister Limantour. Three or four years ago, the bonds of the nation were held by sixteen nationalities. To-day, twenty-six nations present coupons for payment.

The Mexican of to-day *of the middle class* is a power. He has been a development of the financial policy of Mexico, and he is an ambitious individual who knows the value of progress and peace, and that, without the latter, the former is impossible. The existence of this middle class is what has made the future so bright with promise. The chaos that threatened, as late as twelve years ago, no longer impends.

* * *

Pablo Macedo is another one of the great men of Mexico. He is a man who devotes all of his life to the betterment of his people. Yet we hear naught of this quiet, unassuming man, who is in every way worthy of the praise of the people. He is, by profession, a lawyer; he is a financier of so great ability that he figures in nearly every large deal that is made in Mexico. His name is a tower of strength, in any transaction, and he is a patriot, an ardent supporter of General Diaz.

* * *

I could go on indefinitely reciting a gallery of notables, and I shall do so while I am under the spur of gratitude to the men who made it possible for us to study the Mexican of to-day under any and all conditions. To no other man are we so indebted as to Governor Landa y Escandon, for it was from him that we obtained most of our knowledge as to conditions, especially among the labor element of the Federal District, where we accompanied this modern Haroun al Raschid on his "uplift tours." Mr. Landa is a Mexican, who is thoroughly English in his looks, thoroughly French in his deportment and a thoroughbred gentleman throughout. I believe that it is this which accounts for his wonderful success with the middle and lower classes. He is a father to his people. He goes among them at all times, appearing at unexpected moments, and woe to the employer who is disregarding sanitary conditions or who does not deal justly by his women or his men. "The unit of labor has a right to demand the proper care to give to that unit its greatest possible wage return, and in turn to give to the patron of that unit the greatest possible return for that wage." This seems to be the principle on which the Governor works. I have so often burdened the readers of the Overland Monthly and other American journals with the noble qualities and the capacities of Mr. Landa y Escandon that I am ashamed to say more, but some day I am going to get it all out of my system by writing the story of the Mexican Haroun al Raschid.

Colonel Cuelliar, Chief of Staff General Porfirio Diaz. A capable, loyal and painstaking official.

Flower Festival on Viga Canal, Mexico City.

Governor Landa is president of the advisory counsel of the Federal District, as well as president of the Board of Health. He is also Director General of Public Works. He has been Envoy Extraordinary to the Court of St. James. He is connected with hundreds of enterprises, all of them for the development of the natural resources of Mexico. He was one of the original promoters of the Tehuantepec Railroad. He is now vice-president of that institution. He is a director of the National Railroad; he is a director of the Bank of Commerce and Industry; he is vice-president of the jute factory, "Santa Gertrudis" at Orizaba. He is a member of the directorate of the "Dos Estrellas" mine; he is a director of the Bancaria de Fomento de Bienes Raices. He is on the administrative counsel of the "Warehouse Company of Mexico and Vera Cruz." In order to give the reader an idea of the strenuous life this man leads, I will say that not one of these positions is a sinecure, and that, in addition, he finds time to slum among the poor, with practical solutions for their distress, and that he lives a charming home life, is an expert musician and plays the pipe organ divinely.

Miguel V. Gomes, Jefe Politico, canton of Orizaba.

* * *

That Mexico is most fortunate in its Minister of Education, Mr. Justo Sierra, is another evidence of the wise choice that has been exhibited in the selection of public servants. He and his assistant are men who would grace similar positions, in any country. The growth of the educational movement in Mexico has been fostered by these men, and with a fanatical devotion to an ideal they have performed wonders. All over the land, schools are continually being established, and it is around these schools that the whole theme of the celebration of Independence will center. It is really a celebration of the achievements of the National Board of Education and that of the several States forming the Mexican Federation.

* * *

One of the men in Mexico who is renowned as the great advisor of President Diaz, and who has control of the political canvas for the Government party, is Mr. Rosendo Pineda. Mr. Pineda is an attorney of great ability, and is an Indian, I am told, of pure blood; unfortunately, while in Mexico any rapprochement with this big figure in affairs became impossible, as it was during a period of illness for Mr. Pineda alternating with strenuous times politically, as the re-electionista campaign was on. I managed to see his law associate, Mr. Prida, however, and after an interview with him I was more than ever sorry that I had not met with the big political manager of affairs. Mr. Pineda has a son in Columbia University. Among the men who are the makers of the nation may easily be reckoned alongside with Limatour, Landa and the others, the names of Joaquin Cassasus and of Pimentel Fagoyaga, both bankers and men of affairs. The impress of the Cassasus family is found in all public affairs, and from Campeche to Sonora their activities extend. Pimentel Fagoyaga is the Mayor of the City of Mexico, and withal a financier of no mean ability.

* * *

Two men are identified in Mexico City with its advancement, and with the development of the country who are deserving of the thanks of the Overland Monthly

Among the Brewers.
The Governor of the Federal District has just delivered an "uplift" speech to the silk workers.

Touching elbows with the men in the railroad yards. The Governor is making a speech on the dignity of labor. Governor Escandon and a group of machinists.

commissioners. They are Salvator and Patricio Batres. These gentlemen take a keen interest in showing to their accredited visitors all that may be of interest to see about Mexico City. They are indefatigable in their labors, and no two men are more patriotic or courteous in their attentions to strangers in any country on earth. The editor is indebted to them for much valuable information.

* * *

Senor Don Francisco Ituarte is a representative of that courteous gentlemanly element in Mexican society that is so charming to the stranger coming from so strenuous a land as the United States of America. Senor Ituarte is a member of Congress, and it was quite by accident that the commissioners of the Overland Monthly met him. He was found a man who would go far out of his way to oblige a friend. He is the intimate counselor of that model Governor, Senor Teodoro Dehesa of Vera Cruz, who has his capitol in Jalapa. Mr. Ituarte is one of the foremost of Mexico's educators, and his ideas and those of Governor Dehesa have given to the State of Vera Cruz the best educational system in vogue in Mexico.

ORGANIZATION OF THE POLICE DEPARTMENT IN THE FEDERAL DISTRICT

The police of all Mexico is in an excellent condition, but that of Mexico City and the Federal District is especially good. I do not believe that I lay myself open to the charge of exaggeration when I say that I firmly believe that it is the most efficient corps in the world, Paris not excepted. Violent crimes are practically unknown; a woman may walk from one end of Mexico City to the other unattended at one o'clock in the morning without danger of insult or molestation; the law is rigidly enforced, and class distinctions are not recognized. The automobile fiend obtains all his rights under the law, and so does the humble cargadore or the owner of the two wheeled push cart. Besides, the policeman is taught that he must be polite at all times, and that he must know the entire city, so that at any time, if addressed in a language he understands, he is enabled to give the most distinct and correct information as to any individual, of note or otherwise, living on his beat. That he may at all times tell you the name of a building, the office hours of an official, how to find any street, and how to get anywhere by tram car. The detective service is said never to have gone after a man but it got him. This perfection in city police is patterned after all over the land. Suburban districts are as well-policed as in the city, and I have seen residences far from the beaten path guarded at night by the mounted police, and in day time by the foot gendarmerie. The habit of crime is gone because the gendarmes and the rurales have discouraged most effectually the studying of the science. Petty pilfering does exist, but hold-up men, gas-piping, slugging, train robberies, kidnapping, etc., cannot find root in Mexico, thanks to General Felix Diaz and his system.—EDITOR OVERLAND MONTHLY.

THE POLICE Department of the Federal District is under the direction of an Inspector General, a post occupied at present by Brigadier-General Felix Diaz.

He has under his orders the Foot and Mounted Police, the Fire Department and the Police Force of the various municipalities which comprise the Federal District.

The headquarters of the Police Department are established in the Municipal Palace, its organization being as follows: An Inspector-General, a secretary, a Chief Clerk, a Police Attorney, four aids, one interpreter and twenty other em-

Private of the Mounted Police. Full dress.

Commander of the Foot, Gendarmerie, Police. Full dress.

Officer of the Mounted Police, full dress.

ployees. The City of Mexico is divided into eight wards, each one being under a Police Inspector, with one assistant and thirteen employees. Each Ward Inspector serves during twenty-four continuous hours, relieved by his assistant during the next twenty-four hours.

The same rule applies to the chief and assistants of the Fire Department.

The office of the Secret Service is also established in the Municipal Palace under the immediate orders of a chief, an assistant Chief, a head clerk and six employees, besides the necessary number of detectives required for the particular work of that branch of the Police Department.

Every police station has a medical section with the proper medical staff, being under the orders of the Ward Inspector. Each station as well has an ambulance, and it is intended to replace same by modern automobile ambulance.

The Police Stations have quarters for the ward inspector and for the policemen

Foot gendarme private in full dress. First Corps.

Fireman with extinguisher. Mexico City.

Private of Police, Gendarmerie, in full dress. Second Corps.

General Felix Diaz. General Diaz is Chief of Police and Chief of the Fire Department of Mexico City. General Diaz is a man who is capable and fearless, and who will go far.

assigned to each ward. In addition to all their other duties, the ward inspectors take cognizance of all the police cases coming before them, which, according to their character, are turned over either to the criminal courts or to the Governor of the Federal District.

The police score is the following: One commander, one head clerk, one aid, sixteen clerks, eight captains, seventy-two officers, eighty sergeants, and seventeen hundred and seventy policemen.

This force is divided into eight companies, one company being assigned to each police ward, the number of each company being regulated by the extent of territory of each ward and number of inhabitants. Each company is divided into three sections under the necessary number of officers and policemen, who are in active service during eight hours, the hours being counted as from 6 a. m.

Each policeman upon entering the service is furnished with a gala uniform, another for the daily service and a third for the night service, their armament consisting of a stick and a revolver which are, of course, the property of the Government. The department requires for the admission of a policeman a certificate of good conduct, the necessary height, medical inspection, and *full knowledge of the city*. In order to improve the physical condition of the police force, there exists a class of gymnastics and teaching in sword exercises.

The Police assigned to the various municipalities of the Federal District is now under those of the Inspector General, and is composed as follows:

Four commanders, eight captains, eight officers, thirty sergeants, and three hundred and eighty men.

This force is divided into detachments with headquarters in the twelve municipalities which, outside of the City of Mexico, comprise the Federal District; namely, Tacubaya, Guadalupe Hidalgo, Tlalpam, Xochimilco, Tacuba, Atzcapotzalco, Coyoacan, San Angel, Mixcoac, Ixtapalapa, Milpa Alta and Coajimalpa.

This force is equipped in the same manner as that of the city.

The mounted police is composed as follows: One commander, one head clerk, four captains, twenty-four officers, six clerks, forty platoon sergeants, three hundred and sixty men, one blacksmith, one armorer and one saddle maker.

The number of horses assigned to the mounted police is four hundred and thirty-six. There are four companies with one captain, six officers, ten sergeants and ninety men. Their service is to patrol the various roads and highways of the district. Each mounted policeman is given three uniforms, in addition to which he receives underwear, shoes, one cape and a rain coat. The armament consists of a carbine and a light sword, all of which is furnished (as well as the horses) by the Government. The maneuvres taught this body are those of the cavalry of the regular army.

The Fire Department is divided into three fire stations, situated, the first, in the Avenida Juarez, the second in the calle de Victoria, and the third in calle de la Violeta, under one commander, one assistant and six officers. As this department is of recent organization, its equipment is being increased gradually, owning at present five steam engines and two

Company of firemen. Automobile fire engine. "King of Fire," Ramon Corrall.

ladder companies, with all the necessary hose and the usual tools pertaining to its service. The firemen are provided by the Government with their uniforms and other equipment.

The Police Department has a band which has acquired considerable reputation. It consists of one director and seventy-five performers.

Among the many and important services rendered by the Secret Service Department from the time that General Felix Diaz has been at its head, it may be proper to mention the following: the apprehension of Luis Cotting and Rodolfo Alvarez, who robbed the Wells-Fargo Express of sixty-three thousand dollars aboard a railway train. The money was recovered. The recovery of fifteen thousand dollars in bank bills, stolen in a church, from a lady, and the capture of the thieves and the return of the money; the apprehension also of the two men who robbed the Banco Central Mexicano of the sum of half a million of dollars. The efforts of the Secret Service have been particularly active in the pursuit of counterfeiters, so that their work has been virtually stopped. It has also been successful in arresting some of the notorious assassins who from various parts of the world sought a refuge in the City of Mexico. Many of them have been sentenced to death, while others have been safely lodged in the penitentiary.

Several extradition cases of considerable notoriety have been successfully brought about by the painstaking efforts of the secret police—whose clever work is well known in Cuba and in the United States.

While it may truly be said that the police system of Mexico City is almost perfect, the fire department leaves much to be desired. It needs instruction by some expert from the United States, and many of its antiquated and foolish methods should be eradicated, but it is not in these directions that it errs mostly. It is said that General Diaz has often asked that he be given a proper alarm system and the necessity of this has not been seen by those who provide the money to carry on the fire department work. He needs more apparatus and better instruction for his men, and this should all be sought for here in the United States, where we have the best fire fighters and the best fire fighting machinery in the world. The thing that has saved Mexico from a terrible conflagration is the iron and stone or adobe construction, but every little while a fire occurs that shows the necessity for prompt alarm and more apparatus, coupled with a better knowledge of the tools at hand to fight fire. Mexico badly needs a fire tower. I am told General Diaz has asked for these things, but it seems that the powers that be are of the same mind as the

people of San Francisco before the big conflagration. They knew the department was a good one; they knew the wooden buildings should not be permitted; they knew some sections of the city had little or no water; they knew the reserve cisterns had gone dry or had been filled up —and yet they waited for the fire everyone said was sure to come and take away the better part of the city. And so, General Diaz waits as the San Francisco officials did, but Diaz does not wait without sounding a warning, and he keeps at it all the time. He will win out.

RUBBER IN MEXICO

BY CLARENCE E. FERGUSON

RUBBER SEEMS to have been selected as one of the products, probably the only one of Mexico's wonderful products, about which some people must always speak deprecatingly. I have heard it said that "all rubber ventures in Mexico are losing propositions," and "rubber in Mexico is a fraud," and a variety of other expressions are used to convey to the enquirer the idea that it is impossible to grow rubber in Mexico, profitably.

I believe that I can suggest a good reason for this continual "knocking." In the first place I will state without fear of contradiction, by the traveled American, that the American abroad and at home is a "knocker." We are a nation of knockers. We knock from morning to night, in the most off-hand, careless manner, and we enjoy the other fellows' knocking, *when we are not being knocked.* That is the one and the main reason why rubber shares are not a popular source of investment with the American public.

There are collateral reasons for the opinion that has been spread broadcast regarding rubber investments. One of these is the fact that all along through the territory selected for development we have the evidence before us of the attempted exploitation of the territory and the undoubted exploitation *to the limit* of the shareholders in rubber plantation companies. In the exploitation of the territory you see failure in abandoned hacienda houses and in abandoned fields. The strenuous American may be able to make a statesman out of a railroad promoter, but he cannot make an expert planter of rubber out of a dry goods clerk or a successful broker. It is impossible that a man may be transplanted from the plains of South Dakota, from the mineral belt of Montana, or from the mercantile center of Chicago, and make of him in one, two or even ten years, a successful manager of a rubber plantation. This is an important reason why the promotions of rubber plantations in Mexico are usually promotions that spell ruin for the investor as far as his investment in rubber is concerned.

Luckily, for those who have developed lands in rubber in Mexico, and who have conscientiously stuck to their work until they have, through personal loss, achieved success, all the world does not look askance at rubber as an investment. London, just now, is *rubber crazy,* and London is right. There is more money in rubber than there is in gold. There is no doubt in the mind of manufacturers that the demand for rubber will go on increasing. High-grade plantation rubber will richly repay its cultivators. Certain careless people are bound to suffer, as they will purchase as they have always purchased mining shares, and that is most indiscriminately, without any real idea of where to buy, or of whom. You will find companies represented in all of the big centers, and they will tell you of properties as far away as Sierra Leone, the Malay States, the Philippines and Mexico, or

Bolivia. On the other hand, the pioneer British companies, all of them solid investments, make a splendid showing, with a capital of over one hundred millions of dollars. An authority states that, in 1919, the output of the Federated Malay States will have reached only one-fifth of the demand at that time. The output should be thirty-five thousand tons. Who will supply the other four-fifths? Where is it to come from? In the Malay States and in Ceylon there are under cultivation about 500.000 acres, with about 80,000,000 rubber trees. The greater part of these have been planted of late years.

It is less than a hundred years since rubber became a commercial necessity, and the use of it was given a great impetus forty years ago when vulcanizing was successfully applied. But the greatest demand for rubber was created when the electrician began to use it in its multitudinous form, and, later, when the automobile maker exhausted the reserves and called for more. We, of the United States, consume more rubber to-day in the automobile and bicycle industry alone than was consumed by all demands ten years ago.

There is nothing in the way of a brilliant future for the investor in rubber, if the investment is wisely made.

London knows, London always knows, the good thing in shares, and, when the rest of the world wakens as to why London is rubber mad, the rest of the world will find that there is but a limited area of the world's surface where one may successfully cultivate rubber. Then London will laugh. When I was in Mexico, London agents were over-running the land, purchasing, or trying to purchase, the *unsuccessful and the successful* companies' stocks or their lands. London is going at the thing right, and the man who will have charge of the exploiting and developing of the land for the various London syndicates will be a man, in every instance, *who knows something about rubber.*

One company, of three that are signally successful, in Mexico, stands ahead of all others. It is the largest rubber plantation, under one management, in the world. I believe the district is that of Soconusco, but the plantation is what is known as La Zacualpa. This company has made more than one flotation, viz., La Zacualpa No. 1, La Zacualpa No. 2, Quilapa belonging to the Hidalgo Plantation and Commercial company, and all of them are based on the splendid character of the men at the head of the enterprise, and the self-evident success of the methods adopted. La Zacualpa is, without a doubt, the most successful and foremost of its kind in Mexico, and I am told that these plantations form the largest area of planted rubber in the world, under one management. La Zacualpa station is about the center of the several large tracts owned by this company. It is situated between Huistla and Escuintla. It is only about nineteen to twenty miles from the Pacific, it is on the Pan-American railroad and the station, at the connecting point, is San Geronimo. Here the visitor rides for miles along avenues of planted rubber trees. It is simply an exemplification of what one may do with business method and a full knowledge of the problem at hand. I am told that the original manager was also the sole investor, in all the experimental stage, in studying out rubber culture in the Soconusco district. He took his gains, and his losses, stoically and philosophically, until he had gained all the knowledge necessary to conquer every difficulty, and then, but not until then, invited others to join him in larger development than his capital warranted. I am glad he was successful. Everywhere you go in Mexico and enquire about rubber, those who really know whereof they speak will tell you that La Zacualpa is something Mexicans are proud of, because it has proven beyond a doubt that rubber may be profitably cultivated here. I should judge that there are about ten thousand acres in trees on this plantation, and a further 8,500 acres on the allied properties, making one of the largest aggregations of planted rubber in the world. I was not there to study rubber as much as I was there to look into the condition of labor.

Speaking only of La Zacualpa, the force of about three hundred men assembles to labor at four a. m. A large bell calls the force from work at noon. Then work ceases, and the after part of the day is given to sleep, or quiet ruminating in the shade, for it is hot, real

hot. In the evening a good band furnishes the music. The laboring men and women seem to be about the happiest looking and contented lot seen in the tropics.

The management has never been too busy that it failed to look after the educational and hygienic advancement of the community, and it has been wise in that it has to a great extent eliminated the use of intoxicants. There is hope that in time these may be eliminated altogether. The food supply is one of the best and its purveyance is systematic. There are over a thousand cattle on the place, and there are in use some sixty horses and mules.

Many methods, never in use on other plantations, have been invented, and brought into successful practice at La Zacualpa; most of these are labor saving, and are appreciated by the natives as improvements on older methods. The result of these innovations is a more contented force and a greater longevity to the trees, coupled with cleaner and larger production, an item of gain to the cultivator. La Zacualpa is certainly the model plantation of the world.

EL PASO—THE GATEWAY TO MEXICO

IT WOULD NOT be writing the story of modern Mexico was the Gate City on the American side and the Entrance City on the other side, Ciudad Juarez, omitted.

El Paso is typically American, and more than that, it is typically Texan, which means that it stands for all that is persistency and hardihood. It is the gate city in more ways than one, for it is not only the one great entrance way into Mexico, but it is as well the big railroad metropolis of the Southwest. It has eight railroads; in addition to that, three or

Interior of El Paso's four hundred thousand dollar Union Depot, where twenty-eight daily trains arrive and depart. El Paso has eight railroads.

Rear El Paso Southwestern System headquarters building, El Paso, and the first engine used on the road.

four lines are contemplated, and it is the headquarters of the El Paso Southwestern System, described on another page of this magazine. It is destined to a development as a manufacturing and agricultural products disbursing center that will be so far in advance of any of the ideas of the average citizen of El Paso as to pale that imaginative individual's conception into insignificance. There is but one argument to, at the present time, advance against the farther progress of El Paso, and that is the lack of water in the country about it. This will come with time. There will be water and to spare as soon as the country becomes peopled sufficiently to bring the proper pressure to bear on the powers that be in Washington.

We, of the interior, the Far West and the East, are not aware of the great possibilities around El Paso. When the great Elephant Butte dam has been completed and millions of acres have been reclaimed, the desert will blossom as a rose, and, already, the settlers, the home-seekers and the investors are arriving in droves; all of them scudding ahead of the great wave of prosperity. Building operations in El Paso are booming. In four months' time, elapsing between the date of my coming to El Paso and my return after a prolonged stay in Mexico, such changes had taken place as to utterly dumbfound me. I was astonished at the transformation. Modern buildings are going up on all sides, and old buildings are being torn down. Miles and miles of streets had been paved and sidewalks had been built. Extensions and improvements had been made in the very excellent street car service, and greater extensions are in contemplation. The manufacturing establishments are, all of them, busy, the stores are hives of industry, and there is a continual coming and going; the Chamber of Commerce membership is composed of energetic business men, and the Merchants' League is such of which any city might well be proud, the average as to citizenship is high as to culture and self-respecting ability. Everywhere you hear the soft-spoken Southern tongue, for El Paso is to a great extent peopled from Alabama, Tennessee, Louisiana and Georgia. The people are polite and affable, strenuous and hard working.

It is not alone in the business section or in the manufacturing and commercial lines that El Paso had improved during my four months' absence, but it had gained immensely in the number of new and finer residences erected. New school houses were to be seen in every direction, and new parks are contemplated as the city grows. It is American in the fullest sense of the word. Pushing, energetic, compelling Americanism is winning the desert and the valley. Not a little of the big advance made by El Paso is due to the development along agricultural lines of the wonderful valley lands, where irrigation is possible. The valley lands in question lie along the Rio Grande river, and no land in the world is so productive.

Sheldon Hotel, El Paso, Texas.

R. B. Stevens building, corner Texas and Mesa streets, El Paso, Texas.

One man told me that he had cleared fifteen hundred dollars on one acre of onions; another that his acres were yielding from four hundred to eight hundred dollars clear in strawberries.

El Paso occupies a peculiar place among America's great cities, for you may travel a distance of 1500 miles from east to west, or a like distance from north to south, without reaching a city that approaches El Paso either in population or commercial importance. This does not mean a journey through an almost endless stretch of desert, but of well-stocked ranches, rich mining districts, and some of the greatest farming countries in the world. It means an enormous trade from the people living in this great area who come to El Paso for their supplies and machinery, while the miners ship their ores to El Paso's great smelters.

The invasion of this vicinity by experienced ranchmen and farmers and the growth of the small towns situated in lower New Mexico, Arizona and Western Texas during the past five years is considered remarkable.

From a population of only 15,000 in 1896, El Paso has grown to a substantial city of nearly fifty thousand, while her property valuation during the same period has climbed from $4,000,000 to $60,000,000. Her postoffice receipts from $8,000 per annum to $108,079.08.

Since the first of January, 1909, there has been expended over $1,000,000 on new buildings, and this sum does not include many costly residences erected in the outlying districts, some of which are outside the city limits. Fifty-six building permits were issued in the month of April, 1909, alone, and called for a total investment of $245,416.

Amongst the more notable buildings erected during the present year, or under course of erection at the present time are: The El Paso Chamber of Commerce, $50,000; the Globe Flour Mills, $135,000; the Globe Ice and Cold Storage Co., $115,000; Stevens Building, $20,000; Toltec Club (including furnishings), $125,000; a new addition to the El Paso Foundry and Machine Plant, $10,000; Caples Building, $90,000; Groesbeck Building, $12,500; Dr. Turner's residence, $25,000; W. W. Turney's residence, $45,000; the Rio Grande Valley Bank and Trust Building, $60,000; Marion Apartments, $32,000; Ainsa Apartments, $28,000; Hoffecker warehouse, $12,000; Kohlberg residence, $20,000; an addition to El Paso Electric Railway plant, $14,500; Herald

Building, $40,000; White Building, $20,000.

In addition to the several six and seven story buildings and a large number of smaller business blocks now under course of construction, plans are being prepared for the erection of several seven and eight story buildings and the remodeling and enlargement of many of the better older buildings occupying prominent sites in the business sections of the city. It is expected the building operations of the year 1910 will exceed all previous records and will aggregate more than $2,000,000.

First-class street paving was an unknown luxury ten years ago. Now the city has 20 miles of the best, also 36 miles of cement sidewalk.

The tax values of the city are based on 60 per cent of the cash value of the property.

Thirty-six churches of all creeds and denominations, representing a total cost of over $500,000, make El Paso the most prominent religious center in the entire Southern borderland.

El Paso is a typical city of homes, for while she has many costly and not a few palatial mansions, the usual brick cottage set in its own little frame of lawn and hedge makes it what it should be, a modern American city of home lovers and home owners.

Every fraternal order of standing has a branch and in most instances has erected a temple in the city of El Paso. The Masons occupy a substantial structure in the heart of the business district. The Elks' Club House is one of the finest in the South. Other fraternal organizations also occupy splendid quarters, so that over $500,000 has been invested in permanent Fraternal structures in this city.

There are numerous social clubs; the Country Club with its ideal location being situated just outside the boundaries of the United States Military Reservation, where excellent golf links and tennis

Caples building, at the head of Mesa avenue. Cost ninety thousand dollars. El Paso, Texas.

New Rio Grande Valley Bank and Trust Company's building, about completed at a cost of $75,000, El Paso, Texas.

courts may be enjoyed, represents a total investment of $75,000. The Toltec Club will shortly take possession of its new $125,000 home. The Progress Club occupies magnificent quarters in one of the down-town bank buildings facing the Pioneer Plaza. The Y. M. C. A. has been remarkably successful in its work in El Paso, and their entire home now represents an investment of $130,000. There is also the Y. W. C. A., which has been recently organized, who have commodious and comfortable quarters in the business center, consisting of lunch and rest rooms, where young women employed in business houses and offices of the city can find congenial companions and seclusion from the general public. The organization is meeting with eminent success, and plans for their boarding home have been accepted. The building will cost about $20,000. There are two large theatres and six small ones in El Paso, representing a total investment of $200,000. The city also owns

Cloudcroft. The new concrete hotel in course of construction.

a pleasure park of 30 acres, located in the eastern district of the city; here the El Paso Fair Association holds its annual exposition every fall, at which time the annual reception to Chief Os-Aple by the citizens of El Paso is held.

El Paso's public school system is worthy of admiration; the scholastic census shows 6,580 children between the ages of seven and seventeen, of whom 5,300 were enrolled in the public schools during the last session, not counting the number attending parochial schools of the city, where more than 1,000 attended. There are 156 teachers who, with the supervisors, draw a monthly payroll of $13,100, the total annual expenditures of the schools being $150,028.

The eleven school buildings contain 177 rooms and occupy 183 city lots, the value of the land alone being $169,000. The buildings and equipment of the school property owned by El Paso bring a grand total of $714,000.

Thirteen years of free tuition is offered to every child within the city limits. This includes one year in the kindergarten, eight years in the grammar school and four years in the high school. Particular attention has been given to the kindergarten department, El Paso having established the first free school of this nature in the State of Texas.

The course in the grammar school compares favorably with that of any of the Eastern cities; while the high school equipment is conceded to be the finest in the Southwest. The high school is affiliated with the University of Texas, University of Chicago, Leland Stanford, Vanderbilt, University of Virginia and many other leading institutions of the highest order in the United States. Graduates from the El Paso High School are accepted in these universities without examination. The high school course includes a scientific course, a complete commercial and business course and a literary course. Last year a complete course in manual training, domestic art and domestic science was introduced into all the grades. New equipment has been installed for this work at a cost of $25,000.

This equipment is perhaps the most complete in the Southwest, and the force of instructors in this department is highly

View of section of the retail district, showing the Rio Grande Valley Bank and Trust Co. building, and the new Caples building in the foreground.

View of residence section of El Paso, Texas.

Five-story concrete building in course of construction, costing $90,000, next to United States Customs House.

From left to right: The Clardy tract, cornfield; typical scene in El Paso Valley; a golden field; on the Clardy tract—no lack of irrigation.

efficient. The professional requirements for teachers in the El Paso schools are very high, and the salaries paid them are the best in the South. The schools are thoroughly up-to-date, progressive to an extreme and easily rank among the finest in the land.

The next step, in meeting the responsibilities and opportunities which belong to El Paso as the center of its great tributary territory is now being taken in the organization of a boarding and day school for girls.

The El Paso School for Girls is to be opened in September, 1910. The principals are women of college training and of experience in teaching, especially in work with girls of high school age; and there will be also an adequate force of efficient teachers, including a resident director of physical training. In El Paso's climate, out-door life is possible during so much of the winter that much emphasis will be put on this feature; in the school buildings, provision will be made for an outdoor gymnasium, and during some months of the year part of the class work will be conducted in the open air.

The school will offer work of high school grade, with two years of preparatory work corresponding in general to the last two years of the grammar school course. There will be a college preparatory course so planned that any girl who has done satisfactorily the work of the El Paso school will be fully fitted to enter any of the colleges that are open to women. For girls who are not going to college, the school will provide thorough training in those studies which are essential to any education.

El Paso has made rapid progress during the past five years as a manufacturing center, and her made-in-El Paso list of products includes almost every conceivable article of commerce.

The Toltec Club, about completed at a cost of $128,000, El Paso, Texas.

Situated as they are, thousands of miles from the nearest source of manufacturing activity, and close to the sources of raw material and in the center of the great Southwest markets, the saving to be reaped on freight is considerable. Here the cost of living is cheap and the living better; peaceful and contented labor conditions and the highest efficiency of labor; cheap fuel, cheap power and low taxes, make El Paso an ideal manufacturing point.

In the last five years, not less than five million dollars have been invested by El Paso's manufacturers.

The Southwestern Portland cement plant was built at a cost of over one million dollars, and this company has secured holdings consisting of 900 acres of cement rock and will produce 500,000 barrels of cement per year. As the territory covered by this enterprise will include New Mexico, Arizona, West Texas, and Northern Mexico only, the promoters of the company claim that their investment will mean an actual saving of a million dollars to the city of El Paso, not only through the pay roll medium, but because of the large amount of business which has formerly gone to Kansas and other cement producing centers.

Among other lines covered by the successful manufacturing concerns are mining machinery, furniture, clothing, building materials, cigars, house fixtures, publishing and commercial printing, carriage and wagon manufacturing, farm implements, candy, coffee roasting and packing concerns, dairy products, compound refining, fruit canneries, flour, cement, paint, electrical supplies, ice plants, breweries, harness, trunks and valises, mattresses, dressed meat, broom, brass, iron and sheet metal works of all kinds.

The local capitalists are ready and willing to assist in building up enterprises of this nature, and wonderful development along this line may be constantly noted. There are opportunities in every line of business in this new and rapidly developing country. Mercantile pursuits are not overcrowded, manufacturing is yet to be developed and mining is still in its infancy.

The City of El Paso finds its chief support in being the logical and real distributing point and commercial center for the largest deposits of mineral wealth in North America, a country which is newest in its operation, and already unsurpassed in its actual production.

A glance at the map will explain why El Paso has become a great trading center in mining machinery and supplies. Arizona, New Mexico, Western Texas and the States of Sonora and Chihuahua in Mexico form a complete circle of mining activity, so that El Paso is literally surrounded by copper, silver, gold, quicksilver, lead, iron and coal mines, some of these being of enormous output; and all being noted for their steady production.

El Paso acts as trade distributor to a territory larger than the whole of France or Germany. One hundred and thirty-five wholesale houses representing sixty staple lines, cover this enormous territory of over a thousand miles square, supplying

El Paso Country Club.

The plant of the Southwestern Portland Cement Co., El Paso, Texas.

a population of 300,000, and the trade in Mexico, as shown by the export records, is increasing by leaps and bounds, so that a number of the leading El Paso concerns have established branch houses in Mexico and the whole trade territory is thoroughly covered by their force of traveling salesmen.

The great expanse of the tributary trade territory in addition to its mines must be supplied with agricultural implements, wagons, harness, groceries, boots, shoes, hats, dry goods, lumber, drugs, canned goods, stoves and hundreds of other articles in wholesale quantities that are furnished principally from the complete stocks of the jobbers, the nearest competition being several hundred miles distant; and Los Angeles, Denver, Kansas City, Chicago and St. Louis are realizing this fact, together with the favorable freight rates they enjoy, and are establishing branch houses here to be nearer the buyers and to supply the rapidly increasing demand for every line of merchandise.

With the semi-tropic climate and the rich soil of the Rio Grande Valley, large profits can be made growing all kinds of garden truck. El Paso and the surrounding mining towns consume all that is produced at the present time. The Northern, Eastern and Southern cities furnish a market for early vegetables and for fruits and alfalfa.

The Southwest is a big country, where they do big things, and the Elephant Butte dam, located in the Rio Grande Valley, is no exception to this rule, being the most enormous undertaking of this nature within the memory of mankind. To say that the United States Government is actively engaged at the present time in the

Plant of the Southwestern Portland Cement Company, El Paso, Texas.

preliminary work on what will be the greatest dam on earth, creating the largest artificial lake in the world and the most extensive irrigation system of modern times, is to state the simple facts.

A complete explanation of what this will mean to the city of El Paso and the surrounding country would require a special volume. No part of North America produces such an abundance nor so great a variety of crops as are made possible when the arid lands of the Southwest are properly irrigated. This is partly due to the great percentage of nitrogen found in the soil, and the fact that this region enjoys an average of 330 days of sunshine each year. Couple these conditions with the rancher's ability to absolutely control the water supply and you make certain what would otherwise be in doubt. You are absolutely assured a successful harvest. A crop failure is as rare as a killing frost in the tropics.

The Elephant Butte dam is located twelve miles southwest of Engle, N. Mex., or about one hundred miles north of the city of El Paso. Advantage has been taken of the natural formation occurring in the valley at this point, which creates a natural wall from which the dam extends across the river bed. The cost of the completed work will be $8,200,000, and some idea of the magnitude of the work may be obtained from the following figures: The engineers will go sixty-five feet below the bed of the river in order to reach solid rock for their foundation. The dam will be 180 feet thick at bed rock and 450 feet long. If all the cement required to construct this huge dam were delivered in one shipment, it would require a freight train fifteen miles long with every car packed to its full capacity.

The crest or top of the dam will be twenty feet wide and 1400 feet long; its extreme height being 275 feet. Concrete, rock and huge iron bars will be used in its construction.

The plant of the Southwestern Portland Cement Co., El Paso. Rio Grande River in foreground.

It is because of the position of El Paso that Mexico is interested in her development, and El Paso has developed only as Mexico has advanced or as the mining country adjacent has developed. The Mexican town of Ciudad Juarez lies right across the border, and it is visited by many tourists who do not desire to go farther into Mexico. It is still one of the older style of towns in Mexico, but, just lately, that energetic and up-to-date man, Governor Enrique Creel, who is now holding the position of Minister of Foreign Affairs, sent a new man to Juarez to put life into it. A new system of street paving and sewage disposal is in contempla-

tion, and the probability is that soon Juarez will rival other cities of Mexico in modernity. At present it is known as the "race track town," and the capitalists, headed by Colonel Wynne, of Kentucky, and by Senor Terrazas, who has secured a ninety-nine year franchise from the Government, propose to spend a million dollars gold in improvements.

Trost & Trost, to whom the Overland Monthly is indebted for much of the information contained in these pages, are the architects for many of the very finest buildings in the Southwestern Metropolis. They have shown a remarkable ability in blending the beautiful and artistic with the useful and practical in all of their construction. El Paso owes a great deal to these gentlemen.

Elsewhere, I have mentioned the Southwestern Portland Cement Company of El Paso. This is practically a Colorado and California institution. The works cover 900 acres. Production, full capacity, of about 400,000 barrels; it employs three hundred men normally, and the trackage in its yards is over two miles. It has a plentiful supply of water from the Rio Grande river, which the works front.

The energetic supervision of Mr. McCurdy has managed to take its product clear into Mexico, and the high-grade article made by the Southwestern Portland Cement Company has won out there, despite the terrific duty.

Some day, Governments will learn the fallacy of duties and will come to the conclusion that any tariff barrier is a barrier to civilization, but, meanwhile, the man of energy and the man of commerce must run foul of these limitations to the growth of mankind. It is most remarkable that this product should have made any sort of entry in Mexico, but the fact remains that it has, and that the business over the border is growing. With the construction of the Elephant Butte dam going in full force, and the building of the Spreckels road to San Diego, will come the boom of this company. The management is a careful, conscientious one, and bespeaks success to the enterprise, in its every endeavor.

* * *

It would not be proper to mention El Paso as the Gateway City to Mexico without mentioning a factor that probably more than any other has made for the development and the growth of El Paso and the southwest. That is the El Paso and Southwestern system. The El Paso and Southwestern Railroad was built into El Paso from Bisbee in 1902, thereby connecting El Paso with the wonderfully rich mineral countries of Southern Arizona and Northern Sonora. The right of way was purchased outright through the center of the town of El Paso, and here is one of the finest railroad yards in all the world, while the shops are a model of cleanliness and the most comfortable of any the writer has ever seen as far as the regard for the comfort of the workingmen is concerned. Nothing could be better devised by man.

The machine shops and the round house are modern in every respect, and it does all of its own car repairing and engine overhauling. The system has built for its own use and rental a seven story building which is one of the most substantial in the city, and when it is remembered that El Paso is up to date and that its buildings would grace any of the larger cities of America, it is realized that this is an office building that would not be out of place in New York.

The acreage owned by the El Paso Southwestern system in El Paso amounts to quite a large tract. Two hundred and seventy-nine acres are used as railroad yard and building room. The system has $3,500,000 invested in El Paso. In the year 1905 the El Paso and Northeastern Railroad was added by purchase. This road runs from El Paso to Dawson, N. M.

The E. P. & S. W. Railroad Co. is owned by Phelps, Dodge & Co., who also own the Copper Queen Mining Co., at Bisbee, Arizona; Douglas Reduction Works, at Douglas, Arizona; Nacozari Railroad Co., running from Douglas to Nacozari; Moctezuma Copper Co., Nacozari, Sonora, Mexico; Morenci-Southern Railway, running from Guthrie, Arizona, to Morenci; Detroit Copper Co., located at Morenci, Ariz.; Old Dominion Copper Co., at Globe, Arizona; Stag Canon Fuel Co., at Dawson, N. M., all of which greatly benefit El Paso.

The total number of employees in the general offices in El Paso, 145 machine

Smelter near El Paso, Texas.

shops and round house, 471, altogether in all departments in El Paso, 831. The pay roll in El Paso is about $60,000 per month.

The company owns the Alamogordo & Sacramento R. R., which is the line where the beautiful summer resort of Cloudcroft is situated. This resort is commonly known as the "Roof Garden of the Southwest," and is a delightful spot in the summer-time. Has an elevation of 8650 feet; 112 miles from El Paso.

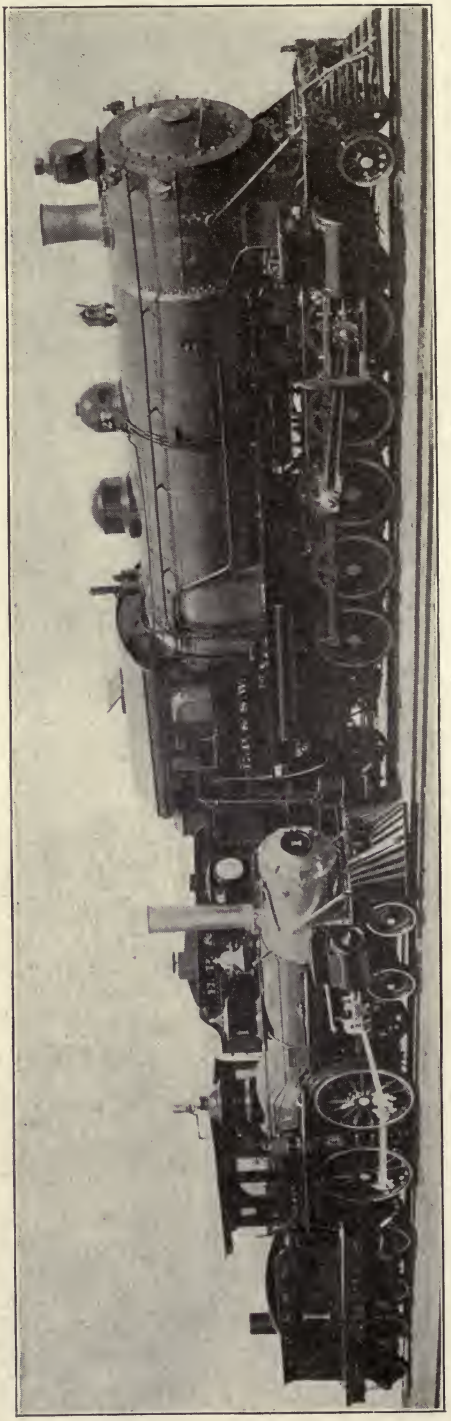
* * *

I have been amused by reading a booklet, "An Incomplete Story," relating to "Cloudcroft, the Roof Garden of the Southwest." The title is certainly alluring, and to any one who has been to Cloudcroft there is always the suggestion of a smile in the "incomplete story." No one gifted as might be, could ever write a complete story of Cloudcroft. It seems as if the Almighty had designed that some time man, marooned in the wastes of desert land of the Southwest, or engaged in the work of redeeming the vast mineral and agricultural areas of wealth from grudging nature, should have a rest spot that is in its way unique and absolutely unequaled in all the world, so beautiful as to be almost beyond description.

Cloudcroft is one of the achievements of the El Paso Southwestern system. It is the "roof garden" of the Southwest, but it means more to El Paso than it does to any other city in Texas, for it is the summer rest place of the wearied businessman and the Paradise for children. It seems to be especially adapted to the development of the little ones, and every year the number increases. Indeed, the fame of Cloudcroft is such that it has drawn people from all parts of the world. Such has been the increase in demand for accommodation at this resort that the company is now building a new hotel. This will be of cement stucco on metal laths, to cost when complete the sum of $100,000.

The hotel will have sixty rooms, and it will be completed this year. Cloudcroft will probably celebrate its biggest season to date in 1911, when its new hotel will be ready for occupancy.

At present the perfect accommodations of the Lodge and the life at Cloudcroft



The smaller engine is the first one used on the El Paso and Southwestern System, showing the advance made in railroading by the line that has been most responsible for the development of Southwestern Texas.

allures one. The climate is perfect; there are all kinds of games provided; the roads are good, the bridle paths are famed, the trees are beautifully green and the ferns and brakes abound. There are wild flowers everywhere. Truly, "Nature's Roof Garden" is well stocked for the pleasure of man. The El Paso Southwestern Railroad issues a booklet that is a revelation. I commend it to you. Write for it.

* * *

The El Paso & Southwestern System, the G. H. & S. A. and the A. T. & S. F. all have large shops located at this point, and the El Paso & Southwestern System have their general offices in this city. The Southern Pacific offers through travel from coast to coast. The Santa Fe, E. P. & S. W. and Rock Island cover all points East and West, and the Texas & Pacific and Galveston, Harrisburg & San Antonio compete for traffic throughout the Southwestern district, so that El Paso naturally enjoys favorable freight rates in all directions. The National Lines of Mexico and the Rio Grande, Sierra Madre & Pacific railroad system complete the perfect circuit of rails, and no city in the country can boast of better service or rates to all points of the compass.

Fifteen million tons of freight were handled by these eight railroads during the past year, consisting of shipments of ore, cattle, alfalfa, machinery, ranch and agricultural supplies, and tremendous stocks of general merchandise which are first brought to El Paso and then distributed throughout its thousand miles square of trade territory. This does not include the enormous amount of through freight from east and west, north and south that must be handled at El Paso.

One of the mines near El Paso, Texas.

GENERAL FELIX DIAZ

BY PIERRE N. BERINGER

Viewed at a long distance, and through force of habit inherited from others as superficial as ourselves, we have come to look upon Mexico in a false light. We have looked upon Mexico as a small country, without energy or prospects. We have taken the peon, who lounges along the railroad platform, as a characteristic type by which we might judge the whole nation. The ragged beggar is an ideal for every camera fiend. His rags and dirt appeal. The squalor at the way station is a tourist's fact blabbed to the four winds by those who wax hilarious in the obvious. Tradition and the goo-goo-eyed excursionists have placed Mexico in the category of having but one man capable of sequential and orderly thought. We are always looking at the great central figure and the others are all pygmied. The expatriate in Los Angeles or New York expatiates to every willing listener to the effect that all the old men are has-beens and grafters, and that all of the young men are degenerates. There is something of the truth in all the sayings of the goo-goo-eyed tourists, some value in the averments of the one who refuses to see anything but the superficial, a little in the statements of the patriot who serves his country best by staying as far away from it as he possibly can. The truth of the matter is that the young men of Mexico are no more incapable than the young man of anywhere else; that the men of affairs are just as worldly-wise and money-making; that the politicians are perhaps more patriotic than anywhere else; the statesmen, young and old, render more faithful service, and that the country will at a moment's notice produce as many men as any that I know of fully capable and willing to handle any question or fulfill any duty that may be demanded of them. Felix Diaz is one of the most capable men of Young Mexico.—THE EDITOR.

NO MAN IS MORE in the public eye in Mexico than General Felix Diaz. No man in Mexico attends more strictly to the duties of his office than this man of forty years of age. He is much younger than most men at thirty, and he is as indefatigable as his uncle, the President. He is a serious, painstaking man. He is devoted might and main to the task that is immediately before him. His eyes are like two twin jet gimlets, and they pierce you and see your thoughts before you have given them shape, and fashion your words before you have given them tongue. He is a man born to rule. The same modesty that is so characteristic of all of the Diaz men whom I have met, coupled with the same ambition and monumental ability, is manifest in General Felix Diaz.

It is a most interesting study to look into the rapid advancement of this man. He has not achieved his honors without having to work for them, for the sin of nepotism may never be laid at Porfirio Diaz' door. Whatever relative of his has received honors, has had to earn them through strenuous endeavor and not because of the relationship.

General Felix Diaz was born in Oaxaca, State of Oaxaca, on the eighth of February, 1868. He is the son of the General of the same name whose military career and patriotic conduct belong to Mexican history.

His school days up to the age of fourteen, were passed in his native town, entering thereafter the Military College of Chapultepec, where he graduated as a military engineer. Two years after his

entrance in that college, he stood at the head of his class, and subsequently became a petty officer. In December of 1888 he received his commission of Lieutenant of Engineers, and in the year 1892 he acquired that of Captain. The rank of Major in the cavalry was bestowed upon him on account of meritorious conduct, and on the 22d of July, 1902, he became Lieutenant-Colonel. In recognition of his further services, in the month of March, 1909, he was awarded the rank of Brigadier-General.

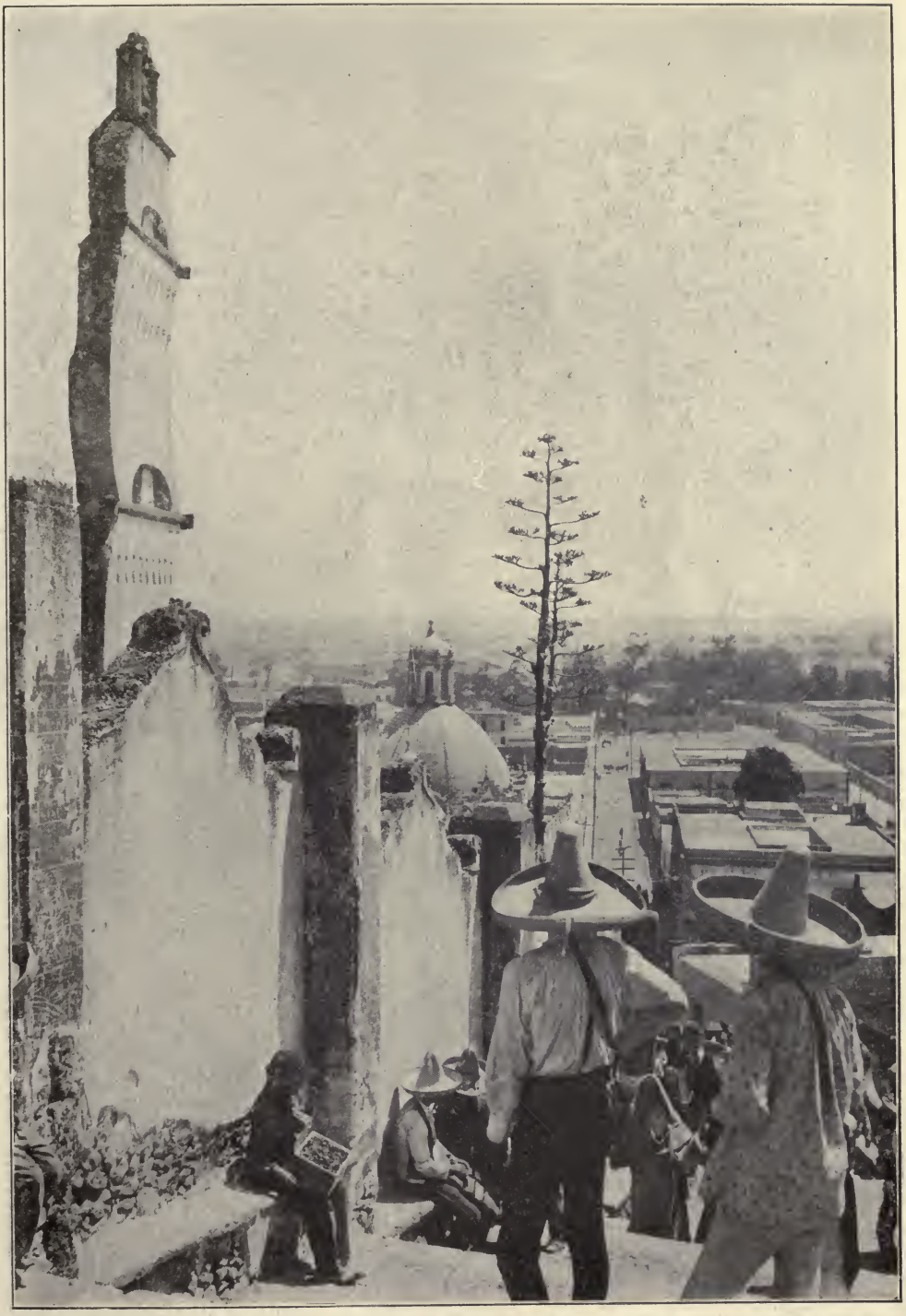
He has belonged to the commission appointed to establish the geographical map of the States of Veracruz, San Luis Potosi and Tamaulipas, which had charge also of the land grants in favor of the Papantla Indians in the State of Veracruz. He has also acted as technical inspector of the Mexico and Cuernavaca Railway, and is to-day inspector of the national lines of Mexico. From 1902 to 1904 he took charge of the Mexican Consulate General in the Republic of Chili. On the 21st day of May, 1904, he became Inspector-General of the Police Department of the Federal District, a post which he still holds. On various occasions he has been elected member of Congress, presiding over the same during a number of sessions.

He also belongs to the Staff of the President of the Republic. He has had the honor of belonging to several scientific societies, and at present he is President of the Military Association of Chapultepec.

Street and park scene near U. S. Customs House, El Paso. Southwestern Railway building across the park; Orndorff Hotel on corner.

NOTE.—A beautifully illustrated article by Gustave Frohman on "America's Oberammergau," was unavoidably crowded out of this issue. It will appear in the August number.

Gateway of a Southern home, Mexico.



Old stone sails, remarkable structure in old Mexico. In the foreground is a century plant in bloom. The dome of the chapel of the Holy Well, left center.
Photo by Sumner Matson.

Patio of San Angel Inn, near City of Mexico. *Photo by Sumner Matson.*

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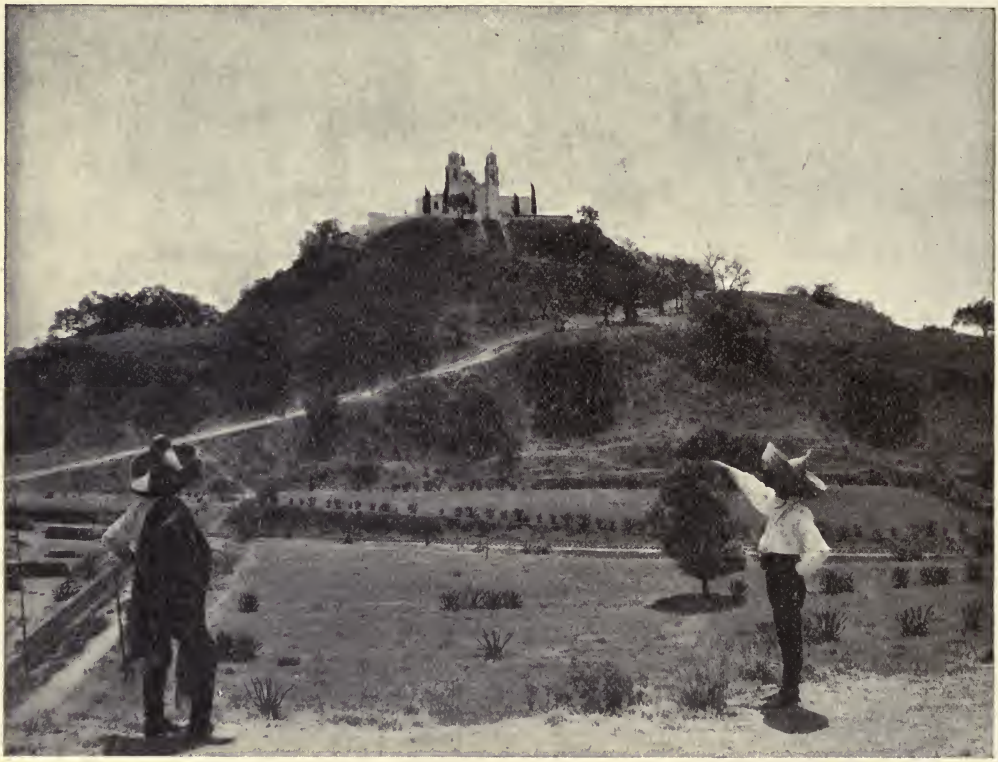

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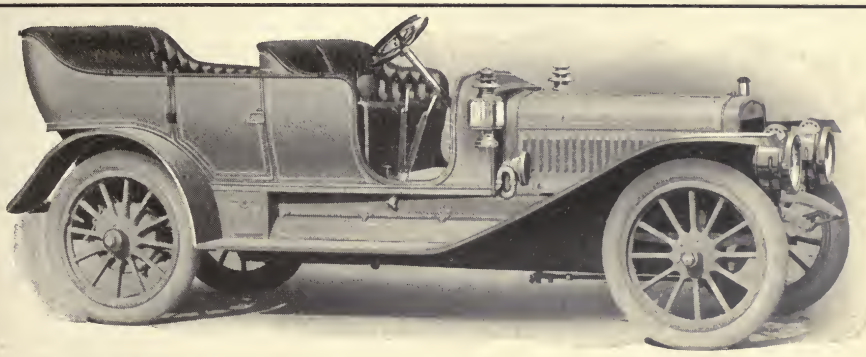

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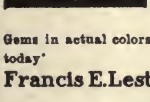

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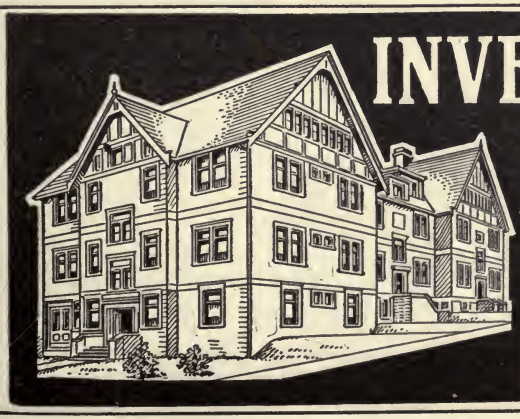

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Mountaineers' camp in Moraine Park.

Carbon Glacier.

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No. 2 OVERLAND MONTHLY Vol. LVI
Founded 1868 Bret Harte San Francisco

TO MT. RAINIER'S LOFTY SUMMIT

BY WILLIAM THORNTON PROSSER

Photographs by Asahel Curtis

MOUNTAIN CLIMBING may be classed as play, but the feat of leading to the summit of Mt. Rainier, tallest peak in the United States proper, a party of more than three score largely inexperienced but ambitious men and women, is more likely to be placed in the realm of labor. The story of how the Mountaineers' Society, of the State of Washington, numbering sixty-two in the party, ascended almost three miles in the air and returned from Rainier's summit without hitch or accident, in close to record time, is interesting in demonstrating modern mountain climbing methods, as well as the power of discipline and organization. This is the largest party ever attempting the summit of any of the Northwest's snow-capped peaks.

The Mountaineers' Association, at the head of which is Prof. Edmond S. Meany, occupying the chair of history in the University of Washington, and a writer of Northwest history, has been in existence only three years. Its plan of organization is similar to that of the Mazama (Mexican for mountain climbing) Club of Portland, Ore., which has ascended most of the tallest peaks in Washington and Oregon, and to the California Sierra Club. Two years ago the Mountaineers initiated their organization by ascending the highest peak in the Olympic Mountains, that wild, broken range that lies between Puget Sound and the Pacific Ocean. The Olympic heights shield some of the wildest regions on the American Continent, abounding in fish and game.

Last year the Mountaineers prepared for the Rainier climb of this season by ascending Mt. Baker, snow-encrusted for countless centuries, rough and jagged, but not within 4,000 feet the height of Mt. Rainier. Mt. Baker lies one hundred and thirty-five miles to the northward of the higher peak.

Mt. Rainier is the pride of the State of Washington. Rising in pristine whiteness and symmetric grandeur to a height of 14,528 feet, it is the tallest eminence from Mt. St. Elias and Mt. McKinley in Alaska to Popocatepetl and the Mexican volcanoes far down near the terminus of the North American Continent. Each summer season small parties brave the hardships and dangers of the Rainier climb to see spread at their feet the greater part of a State, Puget Sound, with its thousand miles of shore line and innumerable bays and islets, far in the west the dim blue haze that hangs over the Pacific Ocean, while to the northward in British Columbia the white saw-teeth of the Selkirks are plainly outlined, and to the south Mt. Adams, Mt. Hood, across the Oregon border, and a dozen lesser heights appear more like sugar-coated hummocks than towering mountains.

The Northwest offers a field for mountain climbing as a recreation that will some day attract as many Americans as do the mountains of Switzerland to-day. One might take an annual mountaineering trip for a score of years and have each time a widely different goal. Each precipitous height offers a different, and in its own way a more glorious view. Scale Mt. Constance in the Olympic Mountains, standing opposite Mt. Rainier, and midway between the Selkirks and Mt. Hood, and the curvature of the earth is as apparent as if it, rather than the sky, as Omar sings, were an inverted bowl.

On inner slope of the crater.

From this Olympic point of vantage, Rainier serves as a guide line in the perpendicular to the eye, while the mountains to the north and to the south lean noticeably away from this center. The eye is afforded the wonderful spectacle of close to one thousand miles of mountain ranges in Oregon, Washington and British Columbia, set gleaming and glistening upon a bended bow.

While the mere ascent of Rainier this year was no epoch-making event, the climb of the Mountaineers was notable through the size of the party that made the dash to the summit. The party was composed of almost as many women as men. Through the winter and spring months, the Mountaineers prepared for the annual outing by long walks and special Sunday trips from their Seattle headquarters. These trips in themselves had proved of great interest to the society's members, and had put them in splendid physical trim.

The start was made from Seattle, July 17th. Almost one hundred reached the permanent camp, at an elevation of 5,600 feet, in Moraine Park, a part of Rainier National Park. This camp was pitched close to the snow line, and near two or three of the great glaciers that are slowly sliding down the mountain's side.

Before setting out from Seattle, every Mountaineer was required to sign a pledge promising strict obedience to the rules and regulations of the organization, as well as placing himself or herself directly under the orders of the executive committee, composed of L. A. Nelson and Asahel Curtis, a brother of the noted Indian photographer, E. S. Curtis.

The ten days following the arrival in

In a crevasse, Carbon Glacier.

camp were strenuous days, even though no ascent of the mountain was attempted. With the break of each morning the mountaineers started out on a side trip intended to fit them for the climb to the summit. Over rocks and glaciers they climbed, up mountain and down, wading streams, and returning to the camp at night exhausted with physical weariness, but more than ready with the next day's dawn to start forth on another "hike."

"There was no such thing as disobedience, though sometimes it threatened," said Mr. Curtis. "Those who go with us simply must do as they are told; failure to comply with orders might mean death when crossing the glaciers or ascending steep mountain sides. Therefore obedience is drilled in with vigor when the party is preparing for the climb.

"We endeavored to put the Mountaineers through every possible experience they might later be called upon to face, and even taught the uninitiated to coast down a steep snow slope without danger of tumbling headlong to the bottom. Some of the young women objected to this coasting feature; they weren't going to do it—at first; but they did."

Dressed in bloomers, and with alpine-stocks, the women were as well prepared for the climb as their masculine companions when the time set for the ascent arrived. The ten days over, the party was hardened and eager to set foot upon the summit. The executive committee exercised its prerogative of dictatorship, and designated those who were known to be in the best physical shape for the climb. It was disappointing to the others who were left behind, but many felt themselves unequal to the task and voluntarily resigned themselves to await the return of the larger party.

The first day the sixty-two, carrying packs of provisions, sleeping bags and other light equipment, made temporary camp that night above the 9,000 foot level, within sight of the dome. Next morning at daybreak everything was ready for the final dash.

Across the glaciers, and up, up, up the heights the thin brown line made its way, Indian file. As the ascent grew more and more precipitous, it was necessary to have steps cut in the snow and ice. Six picked and experienced mountain climbers were chosen for the advance guard; each hewed out forty steps, then made way for a fresh man. In this manner the party reached

Mountaineers crossing Carbon Glacier.

Coasting in Spray Park.

the summit of Mt. Rainier by afternoon, requiring only forty minutes longer in the ascent than the record establishd by two men who, a couple of years before, had traveled with the lightest possible equipment.

This last dash to Crater Peak, as the mountain's greatest height is known, meant an ascent of almost six thousand feet which, according to Mr. Curtis, is as much as should be imposed upon the human mechanism in one day. More than this change in altitude within a space of a few hours is likely to be too much for the system, which should have a reasonable time in which to adjust itself to the diminished air pressure.

With shouts of joy, the fatigued mountain climbers fell upon the snow-capped summit of the mountain, when the last eminence was conquered. The sixty-two wandered about the extinct crater, and warmed their feet in the heated earth a short distance below the dome. While Rainier has never been known to become violent, there are manifestations of inward activity, one of which is the heating of this patch of earth, so that the snow is melted away, save during the storms of winter. Bleak and chill as the summit of Rainier is, those who ascend find comfort in warming their hands and feet beneath the upper crater.

A short distance below the dome is another crater, and a smaller party of mountain climbers discovered a third extinct vent in the mountain, while exploring the lower levels this season. To the northward of the main dome of the mountain is a great jagged rock, reaching a level of about 11,000 feet, known as Little Tahoma—Tahoma being the Indian name of the mountain, before Captain George Vancouver, sailing the British colors, visited Puget Sound more than a century ago, and named the mountain in honor of his friend, Admiral Rainier. Near the base of Little Tahoma was found this third crater, one of its sides carried away by the great Cowlitz glacier.

Marveling at the wonderful outlook from their great height, and contemplating a scene which many would never view again, the Mountaineers spent an hour upon the summit. Beneath the stars and stripes they buried in the snow a record of their climb; then started the descent. Making much better time than on the upward march, the party reached the temporary camp in good season, spent the night there, and joined their companions at the permanent camp the next day.

The route followed on the ascent was that mapped by the late Professor I. C. Russell, of the University of Michigan, one of the most renowned geologists on the American continent. Professor Russell in 1896 made detailed maps for the United States Government that have since served all those ambitious of Rainier's summit, and few changes have been found necessary in the geologist's work.

"Before we left Seattle, we knew exactly how many mouths we would have to feed, and for how long, so carefully had our itinerary been prepared,"—so Mr. Curtis explained the preliminary arrangements for the Mountaineers' trip. "We made out a complete bill of fare, placing upon it as great a variety of food as possible, considering the weights and nourishing powers. These provisions were packed into the main camp on the backs of horses, from the nearest point on the railway.

"Once at the camp, things moved like clockwork. Each person had his and her separate duties—each was taught what to do and how best to do it. While many had been in mountain climbing parties before, the greater number were virtually inexperienced in the tackling of a mountain like Rainier."

On this climb several members of the United States Signal Corps were of the party, and with a heliograph they attempted to send signals to Seattle and other cities, but the smoke from forest fires prevented.

That mountain climbing in large parties is much safer than with only two or three was exemplified by the success of the Mountaineers as compared with two men, experienced mountaineers though they were, who were lost in a storm on Rainier while the larger organization was preparing to make the ascent. The trail of the lost men never could be found, and their bodies are thought to be at the bottom of some crevasse high up on the mountain's side.

Strange as it may seem, the Federal

Warming hands and feet in heated earth near summit.

Government once gave away the greater part of Mt. Rainier—but it was returned with thanks. When the Northern Pacific built through the territory of Washington, Congress had authorized a land grant of each alternate section within forty miles of the rails, on each side. The early surveys passed at the base of Rainier, and construction was even begun on the roadbed. Later the engineers changed the route. However, the Northern Pacific didn't want even half of Mt. Rainier, so was allowed lieu scrip. There is no danger now that the mountain will ever pass into private hands, for Congress made of it a National Park, and this park is annually attracting thousands of sight-seers and automobilists.

EVENSONG

BY AGNES LOCKHART HUGHES

A drift of crimson, where sunset's rose—
Soft dropped her petals, at daylight's close;—
And a ragged rift in the sky's deep blue
Fade—as night's torches come fluttering through.

The glittering tears of twilight's gray mist
Merge, where the sunbeams and shadows once kiss't,—
While day that with worry and cares dragged long,—
Gives place to sweet dreaming—at evensong.

THE RAINIER FOREST RESERVE

II--Indian Henry's Hunting Ground

BY A. WOODRUFF McCULLY

THERE IS AN Indian tale current among early Washington settlers that long ago a chief of the Yakimas became sick. The medicine man of the tribe attempted to cure him, and instead killed him. The chief had a son, Henry, who was filled with the proud, hot blood of the Yakimas. He killed the medicine man.

Had it been the mere wiping out of a white settlement or the slaying of a rival tribe, or even half a dozen rival braves, Henry might have lived to be a hero among the Yakimas. But a medicine man is sacred, and the wrath of the Indians and the gods alike was directed toward Young Henry.

He fled the country of the Yakimas and crossed the mighty Cascade Range that lay to the west, coming down into the Puget Sound country. His following was small, a few favorite squaws mostly, and his ponies were lean and scraggly.

In the spring, Henry disappeared with his meagre following, and was almost forgotten by fall when he rode back from the mountains, his ponies fat and sleek, his wives fat, too, and smiling broadly, and his pack ponies laden down with venison, dried berries and trophies of the chase.

Year after year this took place, and year after year the white man questioned the Indian and was rebuffed with a smiling shake of the head. Scouts, trying to find this wonderful summer land of his, trailed him, and always he threw them off the scent. Years went by, and he kept his secret. Indian Henry's hunting ground became like the fabled pot of gold at the end of the rainbow.

But sooner or later all mysteries are cleared. At last one man succeeded in trailing the shrewd chief to his summer camp. Here the story is lost in vagueness. We do not know the immediate results of that discovery: but we do know that to-day Indian Henry's Hunting Ground, though one of the least known spots, is at the same time one of the most beautiful of the Rainier National Park.

Two years ago the Government opened a trail from Longmire Springs to the Hunting Ground. Formerly the old Indian trail had been used, and outside of a few hunters, not many men ventured in. As trails go, this Government trail is a splendid one; but when placed beside city streets, it is rough and rugged in the extreme. However, sure-footed mountain ponies may be had at Longmire Springs, and the majority of tourists go that way over the miles that are mostly a scrambling climb, switching back and forth over the mountain sides. A few of the more sturdy —or poorer horsemen—walk.

The trail plunges at once into the dense woods. So tall are the great firs, tamaracks, hemlocks and cedars that the wind beneath them is stilled. For a few hundred yards after turning off of the road and making the first little climb onto the trail, the way is comparatively level. It gives us breathing space to admire the green stillness, the deep moss, fallen logs, vines and luxuriant ferns. We cross a little stream of icy spring water and a large leaf serves for a cup. Then our real climb begins—and the trail is steep.

We switch back and forth, sometimes grasping a root to draw ourselves up, watching for short cuts to save a few feet of the switchback. As we near the summit of the first mountain, we yield more and more frequently to the many mossy logs that have been sawed in two to let the trail go through. We know that far-

above us the sky is blue and the sun shining, but down upon our level all is the same cool green and stillness.

At last we reach the summit. We are breathing shortly, but we feel as though we really were alive. Ahead along the ridge is one of the few tragedies of the forest with which we are to meet while within the Reserve—a burn. Here the sun blazes down and we quicken our steps to escape. The great blackened boles, each one standing solitary, seem to cry out with the desolation of a graveyard of the forest below.

Across the ridge, we pause a moment to gaze some hundreds of feet down a sheer precipice to the river below, then across to the mighty peaks of the next ridge, bold, clear-cut against the sky.

Then onward, but this time downward, back into the cool green forests again, crossing little streams, rounding points in the cliff, a trail cut in the wall of the mountain. And when we reach the level again, we are standing on a corduroy bridge that crosses that same river we watched but a little while before from the blackened burn above. We look up to the bald spot on which we stood, and the giant blackened boles seem hardly pin high. Ahead, it seems impossible to scale the bold pinnacles that rise before us, or will the trail lead us away? We turn on the bridge to watch the mad rushing torrent tearing its way through the stones, and then, lifting our gaze, we see the King of Mountains himself, his bold outlines robed in shimmering white against the azure sky. We have climbed some, we are in his very foothills, yet he towers there ten thousand feet or more above us, and seems but a few rods away, though we know the distance is perhaps five miles. The sun shimmers on the dazzling slopes, and for a moment we drop our eyes to relieve them from the glittering brilliancy. No photograph can portray the grandeur of that scene, the mighty, bold-cut distances, the soft colorings, the delicate shadings, and the overpowering brilliancy.

The strange "Brown World" of Henry Trail.

But there are other things beyond. We scramble on over the boulders that some past avalanche of water or snow has washed down, breaking off trees before its oncoming rush; then we climb up once again, pressing eagerly forward to see what lies beyond. So many times has the trail twisted that we long ago lost all sense of direction and the sun is again hidden beyond the tall trees.

Our second ascent is much like our first, but as we start downward again, we begrudge a little the ground we are losing, until we see the stream at the foot of the trail. The other stream was born of the mountain and carried with itself a sense of the mountain's greatness: this one is born of the forests, its depths are cool and green, though it tumbles swiftly on its way. The corduroy bridge leads up to the mountainside beyond, and we sit on its edge. It is a good place to rest before the climb ahead, and to lunch. For the first time we loiter. The Beyond still beckons, but something holds us here, and before we have started, a party on the down trail passes, and we stop to chat with them. We are told that Henry's lays two hours' walk further on—we make it in four, for we

have learned to loiter. The trail, too, is changing in its tone. We have lived under the dense forests of the Puget Sound country, but this is different.

There is a long stretch where the trees rise up, straight and tall and close together, but where there is no vestige of an undergrowth beneath, not even a blade of grass. There are no lower branches, and the green tops are so far above that all our world seems colored brown, brown from the soil beneath and brown from the bare trunks that rise so far above us.

When we reach the steepest part of our climb, as far as we can see through the tree tops above, the mountain towers—and we struggle. The first little level stretch is welcome, and it brings the first snow. This tiny plateau is all surrounded by bold, rugged peaks that seemed to have opened to let us through. The trees rise dark green around us, but scattered singly or in groups of two or three. The high peaks cut off the sun and send twilight. Stretched out before us is a beautiful and wonderful carpet: here and there are patches of snow, and between them as far as the eye can reach through the trees stretches a white carpet of graceful adder tongues, nodding their heads gently as each zephyr strikes them, true snow flowers. It is too beautiful and too different to leave quickly. It seems a desecration to tread upon them, as we must, to pass on. Mankind's desire to grasp the beautiful rises within us, and yet it all seems so futile; we may perhaps carry a few blooms with us, but the sublimity can live afterwards only as a fading picture of memory. Some great painter some day perhaps will catch the light and shade, but the soul of it is too illusive to confine.

Our way becomes less rugged. We seem to be ascending from one tiny plateau to another. There are still trees, but they are more scattered, forming rather an open park. The underbrush has given way to fields of adder tongues and pale purple flowers. Then through a narrow cleft in the mountains, we take our way over the snow, and before us lays a lake, the water smooth and dark. Across it a log cabin stands solitary, and beyond it rise more peaks, Mount Rainier himself towering over them. The great heights temper the sun's rays, and the place seems to have the calm of an early summer evening, the time when at home we sit on our porches just after the evening meal and turn toward the horizon where the sun will soon set.

Here we pause for a considerable time to enjoy the grandeur of the scene—a scene far beyond the brush and imagination of even the greatest of painters. A slight rest now and then is a great aid, and gives encouragement to further effort.

We have one more scramble up the bed of a rocky torrent, now shrunken to small proportions, and then our leader cries: "The tents." The cry is welcome, for to us of the city the walk has been long; but still we have time to pause and to admire. To our left rises Mount Ararat; to our right, Iron Mountain, Crystal Mountain, Pyramid Peak—well named—and reigning over the whole region, Mount Rainier towers in his mantle of white that has now turned to soft shades of pink and amethyst and violet. Before us stretches our Mecca, the Hunting Ground. The meadow runs on for some distance, then seemingly breaks sheer off. Far on the other side of the valley that must lie below, rise the lofty peaks of the next ridge. Over all the Hunting Ground is spread a carpet of the most gorgeous hues. The background is of moss and grass; the pattern, of every color, crimson, purple, yellow, orange, blue, violet, white, and a hundred shades of each different color. A Harvard professor gave up his chair to come and live among the flowers of Paradise Valley, and of this Hunting Ground, and he calls these blooms even more beautifully brilliant than those of Paradise.

But the tents are still in the distance, and we push on. The ponies for the down trail trot past us and their riders pause a moment for the merry salutation of the mountains. The spirit of camaraderie and adventure burns brightly.

The landlord rises from a knoll by the stream's edge to greet us. He questions us good-humoredly of the trail, and he praises our fortitude in electing to tramp it. We begin to grow nearly as much in love with ourselves as with the Hunting Ground. A little flattery at the end of a long day's climb is soothing. And then he assures us that the seven miles was as the crow flies, that we have covered many,

An inn at Longmire Springs.

many more. This latter assurance makes us strong enough to bring our own water from the spring, and though we may splash a little on the floor, no harm is done, for the floor is the good rich earth, carpeted with the flowers and grass of the Hunting Ground.

As we adjust a collar, one of the discarded luxuries of the trail, we hear the call to supper. We have left the land of the evening dinner far behind, but the long table fairly sags with the weight of this supper. There were only six besides ourselves, but we all lingered around that table in the big tent while our host told us many tales of the Hunting Ground, and his wife and the children waited upon us.

We drew our coats on for comfort before the meal was over, and now the bonfire before the tent beckoned to us. This was a good fire: the logs were big, and there were plenty of them. It was comfortable as well as a fitting background for the stories we were to hear. Many of these were of the Indians, some legends, some fierce tales of his vengeance. Then there were stories of the rough making of the trail and tales of the hardships of the first settlers; humorous sketches of black bruin in his cumbersome antics, of cougars, and deer and elk. But when the fish stories began we stirred, for the darkness comes early among these high peaks. As we turned, after all about us was darkness, we could still see the delicate violet outlines of Mount Rainier, his crest tinged with a dull gray pink, the reflection of a setting sun that had long since left us, but that he could still view across the Cascade Mountains, and all the stretch of country to Puget Sound, and across Puget Sound to the bold range of the Olympics.

We shivered as we went to our tents. Soon afterwards, the water in our pitchers froze, though the early sun thawed it long before we were up; and we rose early, for with the morning sun our first cloud arrived. Swarms and swarms of mosquitoes came down upon us, millions bred from the melting snows of the mountains. For the morning we were obliged to drape several yards of red mosquito netting about us, and even then we suffered more or less.

We crossed the fields of nodding, brilliant flowers and the little streams that in these mountains seem to flow everywhere. We had a better chance to observe Pyramid Peak in the morning light. It is in the form of a gigantic pyramid, perfect in outline. From a distance it ap-

The road between Ashford and Longmire Springs.

pears to be black basalt, and on its sides no snow clings. Standing as it does next the shimmering slopes of Rainier, it has a striking appearance. Soon we came to what seemed the jumping off place. The Hunting Ground breaks in a sheer precipice a thousand feet or so down, and across from the brink rises Rainier, mightier than we had yet felt him. He seemed for a moment to compel the memory of the old legend of Tyee Sahgalee, the home of the Great Spirit, the place where no Indian dare set foot. Down the side that faced us, the North and the South Tahoma Glaciers lay, breaking off far, far below us.

Upon going back a few hundred yards, we found Mirror Lake, only a little lakelet, but in it the mountain is so faithfully pictured that for a moment we draw back dizzily, not knowing which is mountain and which is picture. We follow the precipice to our right, which runs at right angles to the one across which we have just been gazing, and watch for a place to get down to the glaciers below. A diagonal watercourse finally breaks the sheerness, and we work our way down slowly. For the first time we have found a place where the hob-nailed mountain boots are a necessity, though at all times their stout leather and low, flat heels would have been a comfort and an aid.

As we work lower, we begin to feel that our climb is hazardous, but we all get a good view of the dingy glacial surface, and some of us have an opportunity to dig those precious hob-nails into the ice.

We trail back slowly toward the camp again through the bright fields of brilliant bloom. Every point and pinnacle seems to beckon us, every little mound, and every tiny bend in the streams. It always seems imperative to reach that point just beyond, and yet the atmosphere in the brilliant morning is lazy. When we reach the camp we throw ourselves down beside the stream and feast our eyes on the beauties around us: then suddenly, without argument, we are all up and climbing in the other direction. Mount Ararat has drawn us.

Mount Ararat seems very different from the surrounding peaks. Instead of the bold, broken lines of granite and black basalt or snow limned slopes, Mount Ararat seems to catch the warmth of the bright sunshine. A little soil has clung to the rock, and the flowers extend as far up its sides as the eye can reach. There are many ravines torn out by swiftly-rushing mountain torrents, mostly dry at this time of the year, but the flowers spread over all, one beautiful, brilliant tapestry. They offer little foothold, however, and we make our way over the boulders in a dry water course. We climb here without any of the element of hazard, just a good stiff rise, working back and forth over the boulders with an occasional helping hand over a long step. There is no trail, and the whole mountain-side is spread before our view to choose from.

But when we have reached the top, we stand upon the edge of a black precipice. Thousands of feet below us is a valley and a river winding through it like a thin silver ribbon. Across on the other side extends mountain ridge after mountain ridge far away into the blue haze of the distance. Even the snow robed Olympics rise behind the nearer ridges of the Cascades. There is immensity here that is almost beyond the power of the human mind to grasp. Our words fall flat. Few of us can stand on the brink of that precipice and glance down, but we can all look across to the mountains beyond. We walk on the edge of that precipice around three sides of the mountain, and the valley narrows, and we look across at the Tatoosh Range and the Sawtooth Ridge, with many another unnamed ridge beyond. Mount Adams, Mount Hood, Mount St. Helens, and Mount Baker shimmer against the azure sky, and always Rainier is with us. The low valleys below these lofty peaks enable us to grasp fully their grandeur, to realize their immensity. Back in our childhood there were the beautiful Blue Mountains of fairy land; but here we find not only ridge upon ridge of them, with all their fairyland atmosphere, but also the bold white peaks and the snow-clad ranges of this newer land, this summer land of the fiery young Yakima.

MADAM PELE—AT HOME

BY ELIOT KAYS STONE

MADAM PELE is the Hawaiian goddess of fire, and her home is Halemaumau—"The House (or Hall) of Everlasting Fire." Unlike many heroines of various mythologies, the madam is no gadabout, but is almost constantly at home, and her commodious mansion—a pit sunk near the center of a much larger one, the crater of Kilauea, on the island of Hawaii—is always open for the inspection of visitors.

Hawaii is the largest and youngest of the eight inhabited islands comprising the Hawaiian group, which stud the Pacific between 18 deg. 54 min. and 20 deg. 14 min. North, and between 154 deg. 48 min. and 160 deg. 13 min. West. Beginning with Kauai and Niihau, the most northerly of the islands, they extend in a southeasterly direction for a distance of nearly four hundred miles, terminating with Hawaii, the most southerly of the group. They are all of volcanic origin; but on all the islands except Hawaii, the fires that heaved them up have turned to ashes these many ages ago. Kauai is by far the oldest of the islands. The winds and storms of centuries have obliterated very nearly all traces of its former vast craters, but, as one travels southeasterly from island to island, evidences of their origin become more and more marked. Oahu, Molokai, Lanai, Kahoolawe, and Maui teem with sand cones and extinct craters. On Maui, Haleakala, "The House of the Sun," the largest extinct volcano in the world, forms one of Nature's masterpieces. Its vast, irregular crater is over twenty miles in circumference, and, on an average, two thousand feet in depth. The rim of this great basin rises, in the highest point, to an elevation of 10,032 feet. The floor is a volcanic sand, dotted with a score or more of sand cones from three hundred to one thousand feet in height. There are two great gaps through which the angry gods poured their rivers of fire centuries ago. One has only to glance at the island of Hawaii to know its origin. Numerous lava flows, black and arid wastes, and living fires, occasionally at Mauna Loa, always at Kilauea, speak a language all men can read.

Mauna Kea (White Mountain) and Mauna Loa (Lofty Mountain) are the two highest peaks of Hawaii—indeed, of the whole group. Mauna Kea is 13,825 feet high; Mauna Loa, 13,675. Mauna Kea has piled up its sand cone, a sign of permanent extinction; Mauna Loa has not. Mauna Loa is active intermittently; Kilauea, but for few brief intervals, constantly.

Since 1832 Mauna Loa has had fourteen eruptions, besides numerous periods of summit activity with no overflow. While a number of these eruptions have destroyed considerable property, the loss of human life has been insignificant. Of the eruptions, only one was from the summit crater, Mokuaweoweo, "The Red Crack," and this was accompanied by an eruption in the sea off Kealakekua.* It seems to be easier for the molten rock, owing to its tremendous pressure, to force a vent through the mountain's side than to eject itself sufficiently high to overflow the summit bowl. One at least of these outbreaks was accompanied by an overflow at Kilauea—this was the eruption of 1832, occurring six hundred feet below the summit—and several were accompanied by a subsidence of Kilauea's fires. Still, there seems to be no connection between the two craters.

The eruption of 1852 stopped within only ten miles of Hilo, the largest town on the island.** In 1855-56, a stream

*It was on the shore of Kealakekua Bay that Captain Cook, the great navigator and discoverer of the islands, met his death in a brawl with the enraged natives in 1789. A neglected stone monument erected on the spot he fell marks the only interest his countrymen now have in the islands he discovered and charted. Kealakekua means "Pathway of the Gods." It is so named on account of the lava cliffs which thrust their fronts out of the water to a height of several hundred feet. In the cliffs are numerous caves, old burial places of the chiefs, but which are now inaccessible.

**There was also a slight flow on the northern side, apparently from Mokuaweoweo.

Entrance to the Devil's Bake Oven.

averaging three miles in width, and in its center three hundred feet in height, came to a halt only seven miles from Hilo. It was stopped, according to Christian belief, by a trying season of prayer; according to the belief of many of the natives, by a live pig, which a very fat and very superstitious princess threw upon the writhing, seething lava torrent as a propitiation to Madam Pele. At any rate, all authorities, Christian as well as pagan, agree that the stream ceased flowing almost instantly upon the sacrifice of the pig. The coincidence that Princess Ruth thus brought about fortified many of the natives in their heathen faith. This eruption began August 11, 1855, and activity continued at its source until November of the following year, though the squealing pig checked the lava's devastating career February 12, 1856. In January, 1859, lava burst from the north side of Mauna Loa, at an elevation of ten thousand feet, and swept all before it to the sea at Wainaualii, a distance of sixty miles, in eight days. So great was the velocity of this stream that it rushed up hills of five and even twenty degrees. It flowed for six months.

The year 1868 was marked by unusual activity. The molten rock first appeared in Mokuaweoweo, but without overflowing it disappeared through a passage which it forced through the south side of the mountain, emerging at an elevation of two thousand feet, and flowed for two weeks, at the same time draining Kilauea's lavas. On April 2d, Kapapala was visited with a mud-flow, submerging houses and cattle, and killing thirty-one people. So great was the explosive force that the mud, water and stones, some of them quite large, were hurled a distance of three miles. It buried at least one thousand acres of rich pasture land in debris ten to thirty feet deep. The accompanying earthquake so shook this district that every stone wall was leveled, cisterns were cracked, and houses were moved from their foundations. A tidal wave from forty to fifty feet high burst upon Kaalualu, overwhelming the village and killing

"Dick" on the "Camel."

numbers of people. On the 7th, streams emerged from numerous places in Kaliuku, Kau District, and dove into the sea at Kailikii. One of these streams sprang "from a crater about a mile long, from which spouted columns of liquid lava, of a blood-red color, while stones weighing several tons were thrown to a height of five to six hundred feet. Sometimes these jets would be distinct; at others continuous for a mile in length. The grandeur of this ever-varying picture, with the great roar of these fiery fountains, must be left to the imagination, for it cannot be described. Below the fountains it was actually a river of fire, surging like a cataract, from two hundred to eight hundred feet wide, and twenty feet deep, rushing with a speed of ten to twenty-five miles an hour; according to the declivity over which it flowed. At night the scene was terribly intensified, and with the flashes of lightning and sharp thunder, it might well represent what occurred on a still grander scale in the azoic geological times, before our planet was sufficiently cooled to allow the existence of anything possessing life. The eruption lasted only five days; but so dense was the smoke attending it that the noon-day sun appeared like a lurid ball of fire. The whole island was shrouded in darkness, and, wherever they spread, the sulphur fumes destroyed the vegetation. About four thousand acres of good pasture land were overflowed, and an immense district of worthless land was covered with a crust of ragged lava."* At about this time, Italy, South America, and the East and West Indies were convulsed by earthquakes or eruptions, or stricken with hurricanes.**

The overflow of 1877 was the one from the summit, accompanied by the eruption in the sea near Kealakekua. In May, 1880, there was activity at the summit, but no overflow. A few months later lava burst from the north and east sides of the mountain, pouring three great streams on to the plains below. One of these came near putting the quietus on Hilo for good

*Volcanoes and Earthquakes: Samuel Kneeland. P 36 et. seq.

**It may be interesting to note how closely the eruptions of Vesuvius paralleled those of Mauna Loa and Kilauea. Beginning with 1822, Vesuvius erupted in 1852, 1858, 1861, 1868 and 1871-72, which is the latest date for which I have statistics. The Vesuvian eruptions of 1852, 1855, and 1868, were synchronous with three of Mauna Loa's, while in 1872-73 there was great activity, but no overflow or eruption, at Mokuaweoweo. The Vesuvian outbreak of 1822 preceded one of Kilauea's by only one year, while that of 1858 preceded one of Mauna Loa's by less than a year, leaving the Vesuvian eruption of 1861 the only one without a close parallel. I merely state the facts: the reader may draw his own conclusions as to the significance of these phenomena.

and all, halting at the very edge of the town. In 1884 there was an eruption at sea off Cape Puna. During the twenty years between 1887 and 1907, Mauna Loa has contributed four lava streams to the already numerous ones that blacken and make desolate so many of the Hawaiian plains. Two of these streams issued from Pohaka Haualei. The eruption of 1887 is notable on account of the means taken to check it. The young Princess Like Like voluntarily starved herself to death in order to appease Madam Pele's wrath. It is a rather singular coincidence that her death was no sooner made public than the activity ceased, still further strengthening the superstitious beliefs and practices of the people. It is not improbable that the sorcerers kept back the news of her death until the psychological moment had arrived. This outbreak occurred on the Kau side of Mauna Loa, at an elevation of between 5,200 and 5,700 feet, and while lasting only two weeks, was of large extent. There was a slight quake in Hawaii, and a very severe one at Tokio, Japan, on the very day that this eruption began, while Mayon Volcano on Luzon, Philippine Islands, erupted during the year. Since 1907 Mauna Loa has been quietly nursing her wrath.*

The crater of Kilauea, vast as it is, and it is the largest active crater in the world, is but a dimple on Mauna Loa's eastern slope, though probably at some remote period it was a true cone crater, since embedded in the mass of lava thrown from Mauna Loa. Now it is an elliptical pit from a few hundred to a thousand feet in depth. Its area is 4.14 square miles; its circumference 7.85 miles; its extreme length 2.93 miles; and its extreme width 1.95 miles. It is twenty miles from Mauna Loa's summit; its elevation is four thousand feet. And here in a great cauldron toward the southern end of the crater dwells Madam Pele. Originally the whole vast area of the crater was her home, but step by step she has had to retreat to within the comparatively narrow confines of this cauldron—Halemaumau.

In August, 1909, my cousin—"Dick" Kays—and I were at Kilauea for a week. During this time we made several trips to

*I have not tried to enumerate all of Mauna Loa's outpourings of lava; to do so would be tedious. There is one other eruption worthy of notice. This occurred in 1801 from Hualalai, a crater in the Kona District, and on the northwestern slope of Mauna Loa, at an altitude of 8,275 feet. The lava broke through the western side of the crater, and flowing a distance of six miles to the sea, destroyed houses and other property. No activity at this crater has been reported since that date. Those desiring further information concerning these eruptions would do well to consult Thrum's Hawaiian Annual for 1908, and Kneeland's "Volcanoes and Earthquakes."

In the "Devil's Picture Frame."

the pit, or cauldron, both by day and by night, and nowhere have I ever beheld so fascinating and sublime a spectacle as that enacted in the glowing cauldron where Madam Pele holds her court. Though I had the gift of tongues and of angels, I could not hope to delineate the ever-changing panorama presented by this most glorious of the primal creative forces, screeching and fuming in deathless rage. As the reporters used to say: "The scene beggared description," and then they would use a column or so to prove it. I am going to follow their example, though in a more limited space. Imagine yourself, then, standing on the brink of a great pot, or cauldron, and gazing enraptured, and enamored, and thrilled, and a trifle terrified, upon a bubbling, tossing lake of fire, one hundred and ninety feet beneath your feet. Dozens of fountains are leaping and splashing—ruddy cascades of liquid rock. "Old Faithful"* is by far the largest and most glorious of these, and the most constantly active and regular. He often lifts his giant crest to a height of twenty-five feet above the molten maelstrom, breaking to bits great, black cakes of cooler lava. These cakes form upon the surface of the fire-tossed lake from the comparatively cooled discharges of the various fountains, and they are most probably a sort of scum. But, whatever their nature, they move ceaselessly toward the sides to feed the hungry maws of the infernal caverns that undermine the cauldron's walls. And all the while this Saturnalian carnival of giant forces is accompanied by the terrific rumble and crash and roar of a thousand blast furnaces. It is deafening; it is grand; it is awe-inspiring. Eye and ear are alike thrilled and enraptured; you feel yourself—but enough; such as skillfully as I can depict it was Halemaumau by day.

By night the fiery pageant is far more grand and beautiful. As the wearied sun drops gloriously behind Mauna Loa's rounded crest, and the gems of night flash to their places in the vault of heaven, then Madam Pele with her fairy wand changes her dull red and dull black robe to a rich ebon trimmed with glimmering gold. But, woman-like, not satisfied with her creation, she must unravel what she now has sewn, and deck her garments in another fashion. So with her filaments of living gold, she doth trace embroideries on her sable gown. Her hottest lavas are her threads of gold; the lava cakes, her cloth of deepest black; and it is the cracks between the cakes that seem the threads of gold. To change the figure, she lays ever-changing mosaics of intricate design. Her fiery hosts she marshals in review—a brilliant cortege of resplendent hue.

Between the hours of eight and eleven in the evening, Madam Pele seems to be more active than at any other time—at least she was during the week we worshipped at her shrine. Then are the splashing jets of molten rock most radiantly beautiful, and the igneous pool gradually rises until the lava cakes dash madly against the cliffs above the caverns, as if seeking to escape the hungry monsters within; but in vain do they churn and grind: they are remorselessly sucked under the walls, and into the seething subterannean furnaces. One of these raging grottoes was particularly active during our entire visit. It occupied the corner to the left of and opposite the rest house;* in other words, the northeast corner. It was most sublimely fascinating to watch the ceaseless turmoil of the angry billows within beat against the partially cooled and hardened lava, forming the roof and walls; while from without, other billows just as angry would fling their golden spray far up against the cavern's outer wall. At first the cavern's entrance was only a tiny cavity—the rough outline of an inverted triangle. But day by day, and night by night, the fires of hell prevailed against it, so that every now and then great chunks would fall splashing into the fiery maelstrom. All of which kept one speculating as to how soon the insatiable demons would seize another morsel. But they ate at the covering crust but slowly for all their clamorous surgings.

The most intense activity was focussed

*Old Faithful is probably to Halemaumau what Halemaumau once was to Kilauea; that is, Halemaumau was Kilauea's principal fountain.

*The rest house is a rude shanty erected on the cauldron's brim for the comfort and shelter of tourists.

in the northern half of the lake. Here were the largest and most frequent of the fountain pyrotechnics, and the most tumultuous and glaring of Madam Pele's furnaces. But the fires of the south were only banked. At intervals they would glow and quiver with awakened life. First you would see a tiny splotch of gold peeping out from under the cauldron's wall. This little splotch would grow in size and intensity, till finally with an angry hiss, it would dart a tongue of fire upon the black surface of the lava at its mouth. Hotter and hotter would wax its rage, and ever, as its fury increased, it would loll its tongue and eject its spittle on the slumbering lava, till at length, taking offense at these repeated insults, the maddened lake would quicken into life, and great fountains leap to meet the bold invader in his lair. Then would the battle rage with victory to neither, and both would withdraw in muttering fury. I have seen this little drama enacted again and again of an evening, and never did my eyes grow weary watching it, but I sat enthralled till the last drop of the curtain. Thus and in many other ways does Madam Pele display her charms; at times with the naive coquetry of a debutante; at others with the studied voluptuousness of a wanton, till one's mind and heart and soul and every fibre of his being is steeped in admiration, and hours become as seconds. The sense of time, of space and of the ego in us all is lost, and his heart beats as Nature's beats at Madam Pele's call.

You must not imagine that Madam Pele always reveals her charms so lavishly, so beautifully, so thrillingly. Like the eternal feminine, she is a creature of many moods. There were a few disappointing nights, when with perverse modesty she veiled her glories in a cloud of reeking sulphur smoke that brought torment to eyes and nostrils. Such were her whims in August, 1909, but at times she withdraws pouting to the very bowels of the earth. Then only a wraith of vaporous smoke is visible, circling upward to meet the idly floating clouds; and the walls, losing their molten supports, sink and converge to form an inverted cone, or hopper. At other times she charges at the head of her hosts, and halts only at the cauldron's brim, nor does she always stay her hand until she has poured her fiery torrent on Kilauea's floor.

The chronicle of Kilauea's overflow, since 1790, begins in that year with an eruption of ashes, sand and poisonous gases, which asphyxiated four hundred of Keona's army. This eruption is of great historic interest, as it proved to be the turning point in Kamehameha the Great's career. Up to that time he was only a petty chieftain in rebellion against his overlord, Keona. But from that hour his fortunes advanced, as the superstitious natives interpreted the catastrophe that befell Keona's army as a special mark of Madam Pele's favor for Kamehameha, and opposing armies, no matter how strong, melted before him as the mists before the morning sun, and he soon became the first and only conqueror of the entire group—"Hawaii Nui." Madam Pele sometimes took on the form of a beautiful maiden, and mingled among men. She was thought to be one of Kamehameha's paramours. An interesting story is told of this trait of Pele.

One day in the long ago some *moi* (king) or other was engaged in the game of sliding on a board down a steep hill. This was the national sport of Hawaii, and the natives, especially the chiefs, were adepts in the art. The people were standing around watching the contest between the king and some of his most skillful courtiers. The fun was waxing fast and furious, and the *moi* had just dragged his board to the top preparatory to another avalanchian ride, when a beautiful woman stepped from the throng and challenged him to a race. The king good-naturedly accepted the challenge, and beat her to the bottom by a few feet. As they were ready to embark on their second trial of speed, the winsome stranger requested the king to exchange sleds, or boards, with her. The *moi* hastily inquired if she were his wife that he should give her the better sled, and hurled himself down the hillside. A shout from the people caused him to look back, and rushing down the hill at the speed of a whirlwind, he saw the enraged goddess Pele in her own form belching fire and smoke, and casting lava at him. With a cry he accelerated his speed, and succeeded in reaching the coast —where he flung himself into the sea,

and swam with all the strength and courage of despair until far beyond her reach, though for a long time she stood on the shore hurling lava after him. All who witnessed the scene perished at the hands of the enraged goddess. Dozens of other legends show her in as vengeful a mood.

In 1823 Kilauea's fires suddenly subsided, and an outflow, some six miles wide in the Kau district, was probably the lava seeking a vent at a lower level. In 1840 the crater was to the height of five or six hundred feet a surging sea of liquid rock, which at length forced its way through a subterannean passage twenty-five miles in length, and emerging in the Kona District at an elevation of 1,200 feet, sent its cataracts of fire to the sea, a distance of forty miles—in two days. For three weeks it flowed in unabated fury. Where it plunged into the sea, the stream was half a mile wide, and the waves for twenty miles around were heated to such an extent that multitudes of fish perished. On March 6, 1886, there was for a few hours a total lapse of activity. March, 1894, witnessed continuous changes in Kilauea: the lakes rose and fell, with final subsidence on July 12th. I take these items to refer to activity submerging Halemaumau in greater seas of fire, though, of course, total subsidence means the withdrawal of lava from that pit.

Halemaumau has overflowed its brim several times since the constant activity of Kilauea ceased. Twice in 1872, once in 1892, this cauldron boiled over. In 1872 a party on its way to observe the playing of Mokuaweoweo's great fountains stopped for a day at Kilauea. Halemaumau, whose fires on their previous visit—a couple of weeks before—had been from one hundred to one hundred and fifty feet below the brim, was then within five or six feet of the overflowing point. The heat and suffocating gases made it impossible for them to do more than rush up and take a hasty glance at the lake of fire. Even this was dangerous, as the lava was apt to splash over at any time. They had in fact, hardly left the rim, when lava began to well from a small cone some one hundred and fifty feet from where they had been standing. The lava spreading into two streams came hissing down the slight declivity. As one of the streams came directly towards them, they were suddenly seized with a most vehement desire to visit some other locality. As their chronicler says: "They left in a hurry, and stood not on the order of their going." They had to cross "a stream of the day before, just hard enough to bear their weight, the red-hot lava being distinctly visible through the numerous cracks." It was a little hotter, too, both in the air and underfoot, than comfort demanded, but fear lent them wings, and they soon reached solid ground, or, rather, lava, from whence they watched the stream in fascinated awe. They were surprised to see how rapidly the surface of the lava cooled, and how frequently the action underneath broke the surface into large pieces, which were tossed about like cakes of ice on a river, while the cherry-colored lava oozed up and over them. Madam Pele had, indeed, created a spectacle for their ravishing delight. What they afterwards witnessed from the hotel was in a way as grand as the nearer view. The night was dark and cloudy, and the countless little fires twinkling like so many stars gave them the feeling of gazing downward upon a differently constellationed firmament. There are doubtless many other times when a similar phenomenon has occurred, but reliable data is not at hand.

No wonder the simple natives were inspired with superstitious fears and fancies by Madam Pele. They all had the greatest reverence for her, and none were so bold as to venture near without first casting a branch of the sacred lava berries* or a live pig, into the pit as a propitiatory offering to Madam Pele. One of the bravest deeds recorded in Hawaiian history was that by which Princess Kapiolani proved to her people that the pagan deity Pele was but a myth, and powerless to avenge herself on those who insulted her. After she had embraced Christianity, she in 1825 led a large band of natives to Kilauea's brink (the whole crater was then a billowy sea of fire), and, without

*Lava berries, or "ohelos," are a native fruit; in appearance somewhat like a cranberry; rather insipid, but making an excellent pie. They grow on bushes two to three feet high. There is any quantity of them in the arid wastes about Kilauea. They grow, I am informed, in no other region; which is probably the reason why they have become associated in the primitive mind as sacred to Madam Pele.

offering any propitiatory sacrifice, defied the goddess to do her worst, and told her people of the white man's God. We may imagine the fear and trembling with which her followers approached this hallowed ground, and how they cowered and quaked in an agony of superstitious terror as Kapiolani committed sacrilege and taunted the most dreaded deity of the Hawaiian polytheism. We may feel, too, that the inward calm of Kapiolani did not match the calm depicted on her countenance as she performed her daring deed. Anxiously she must have awaited the outcome of the ordeal, fervently trusting that she had indeed chosen the true God. But no angry divinity emerged from the lake of fire to blast the bold blasphemer; the test was crucial, and as the news spread from mouth to mouth, large numbers were converted. However, a superstitious fear and reverence still linger about this deity, so potent in native legend. Witness the subsequent fanatical acts of the Princesses Ruth and Like Like as evidence of the tenacity with which the natives cling to their old beliefs.

Christians this surging pit invariably reminds of hell, even those who believe there to be none. As Dick remarked: "The sample's enough; I've reformed." It is probably to some phenomenon witnessed by primitive men that the Biblical description of Gehenna owes its conception. Glancing through the "Guest Books" at the Volcano House, I was struck by the fact that nearly all who have written therein make some allusion to the volcano as hell. Numerous orthodox "hell fire" sermons are found among the pages of these volumes. One writer makes the name—Halemaumau, "The House of Everlasting Fire"—the theme of a lurid discourse, in which he gloatingly details the fate of sinners. Some educated native has taken the "fire" out of his preachment by a note, explaining that Halemaumau means not "The House of Everlasting Fire," but "The House of Ferns," or "The House having a fern roof." Whether this is the correct interpretation or not, I am not qualified to say. "The House of Everlasting Fire" is certainly more pat.

The trail from the Volcano House to the pit winds tortuously down the crater's wall, before it strikes the lava floor. It was laid out years ago at a time when the lava was not thoroughly cooled or hardened; consequently it is not as straight as it might be. In the '60's, when Mark Twain was there, one had to be very careful not to stray from the trail for fear of stepping on lava not thoroughly cooled or hardened. He could see the fire through the cracks under his feet. One night some years ago, a guide returning with a party from the pit, discovered a great chasm yawning across the trail. He cast the light of his lantern downwards, but could see no bottom. Not wishing to alarm any of the party, he remarked in a quiet voice that he had strayed from the trail, and warning them not to stir, took his lantern and started off to find a way across or around the chasm. He walked a considerable distance in both directions before finding a place where he could lead them around. It was not until the next morning that the party learned the true reason of their sudden stoppage. When they looked into the depths into which they might have tumbled, they shuddered, and had every reason to thank the guide for his watchfulness. Such at least is the story that is now told with great gusto by the hotel management. The crack is undoubtedly there, and I should have to be very desperate indeed to cast myself into it. A

"Great irregular blocks, and gnarled and twisted masses rear themselves on every side, forming weird effects."

rustic bridge was speedily thrown across the chasm, but it has since given place to a solid rock fill.

Now the lava is so hard and firm that one can venture almost anywhere on the great lava floor with little if any danger of breaking through the crust, but the trail is plainly marked by white-washed stones, placed along one side at intervals of from ten to twenty feet, for the consolation of the timid. The trail itself is worn smooth by the tread of many feet, but step a foot to one side, and the hard lava crackles underfoot with the snap of snow on a cold day. The floor is inconceivably rough and broken. Great irregular blocks, and gnarled and twisted masses rear themselves on every side, forming weird effects. In places the surface has cooled into piles of twisted ropes, In general the lava is a sort of taffy-colored slag, though at places it is so tinged with sulphur that it scintillates quite dazzlingly. It is harder and sharper than flint, but smooth as glass to the touch. Viewed from the brim, the floor resembles a huge pan of taffy.

Hawaiian lavas are of two varieties, known to the natives as a-a and pahoehoe. A-a lava is "scoriaceous or clinker lava, rough and fragmentary, found where the stream has passed through woods, or where its course has been impeded by obstacles or inequalities of the ground, or where the heat causes the explosion of steam in former caverns over which it passes." Pahoehoe is "smooth, with a glassy crust, which has cooled into all imaginable folded and twisted forms . . . and occurs when the flow passes over rocks or dry soil at a gentle slope." Kilauea's vast floor is pahoehoe.

Madam Pele's hair, or spun lava, can be gathered in enormous quantities in the cracks and crevices surrounding the pit. This is probably formed on the surface of the molten lava, and is wafted from the pit by the wind and fiery blasts. It is so light that it is often carried great distances. It has been found in Hilo, thirty miles away. A bird's nest of this material was exhibited at the Philadelphia Centennial Exposition in 1876. The spun lava is very brittle, and cruelly sharp. Skin punctured by it does not heal for several days.

Madam Pele owns quite a zoo. She must have quite an extensive knowledge of natural history, for besides a bear, a seal, an owl, a camel, and one poor headless camel, she has modeled a number of prehistoric monsters. There are a number of natural curiosities in the crater. Three of them—the Devil's Forge, the Devil's Picture Frames, and the Devil's Bake Oven, or so we named it—are simply parts of a great cavern in which Madam Pele made her last stand, before retreating to the subterranean recesses of Halemaumau. The Devil's Forge, a chimney six or eight feet high, and about six feet in diameter, is the flue through which were poured this cavern's lavas. Another of its names—the Little Beggar—is a relic of this time. Some years ago an Englishman started down the trail for the pit, but he soon returned and reported that he had not reached his destination, as the "Little Beggar" had spit fire at him. We gave it the additional appellation of the Camel, for, from one point of view, it is almost the perfect image of that picturesque animal. The cavern's roof has either fallen or been broken in at places; at one of which a subsequent flow has trickled down over the crust, forming picture frames. One enters the little niche whose covering crust is still intact, and thrusting his head and shoulders through one of the frames, "has his picture took." The Devil's Bake Oven is a portion of this subterranean passage—a cave I know not how deep, as no one, not even a very pronounced Turkish bath fiend, can penetrate more than a few feet beyond the portal. It would take a veritable fiend from hell to stand the heat and steam emanating from this cavern.

Another interesting place not very far from the pit is the Devil's Kitchen, a great shallow pot, in which his Satanic Majesty, or perhaps Madam Pele—some one, anyhow—is brewing a sulphurous concoction. Nearby is a long, narrow, jagged crack—a natural grill. Over it guides boil the coffee to accompany the sandwiches served to parties who wish to watch the Madam's nightly change of costume. Many tourists scorch souvenir post cards in its heat to send to admiring friends. Madam Pele's reception room is another cavern, into which one descends

On Halemaumau's brink.

by a ladder through a hole in the roof. As every one leaves the Madam a visiting card, the floor, and a natural divan formed along one side of the wall, are literally strewn with the mouldering pasteboards. Almost on the rim of the pit are two masses of lava, known as the Sentinels—two Cerberusses guarding the mouth of hell.

A minute's walk from the hotel are the Sulphur Banks, from which sulphur steam constantly rises. This steam condensing in the cool air, has covered the red lava earth with a yellow carpet of sulphur. "Back of the banks," says the volcano folder, "issuing from small crevices in the sides of a great fissure in the volcanic rock, the sulphur forms in crystals which sparkle and glisten as the rays of the sun strike them, and furnish color effects most pleasing to the eye." We endeavored to cross this fissure—or, at least, a fissure, though this one seemed to be in front of, rather than back of, the banks—and Dick, after a prodigious leap, landed on a little palm tree island, which we had mistaken for solid ground. It was too far from the opposite side to enable one to cross. He had to jump back, and we had to cross in another place. Sulphur smoke issued from the crevices belonging to *our* fissure, and the foliage was a deathly looking white, or dirty yellow, where the sulphur had covered it. In other places the steam caused the foliage to grow luxuriantly. We discovered that we could make smoke come out of nearly any of the numerous small fissures by throwing a small stone down. Several bath-houses have been erected over these fissures, where one can enjoy (?) a natural sulphur bath.

Wherever the lava is old enough to have sufficiently decomposed, the soil is very fertile, and lush tropic growths make more or less dense jungles. Nestling close among *lehua, ohia,* and other native woods, there is a forest of giant tree ferns, a little distance back of the hotel. The tree ferns attain the height of twenty and even twenty-five feet, and their palm-like fronds waving gently in the breeze give them a very picturesque appearance. There are I know not how many species of fern in Hawaii. Many beautiful ones can be seen along the stage road between Glenwood and the volcano, but they do not compare with their sisters growing in this sequestered spot.

Within a short radius of the hotel, there are a number of koa trees, and there is one considerable grove a mile or so away. Koa is one of the very few native hardwoods, and is now very scarce, as some of the earlier kings well-nigh de-

nuded the forests in their frantic scramble for wealth. It only went the way of the sandal wood, which was rooted out of the islands by Kamehameha the Great, and his immediate successors. Koa is a beautiful wood, very much like mahogany, but closer grained, and capable of taking, in my opinion, a finer polish. It makes exquisite sweet-toned musical instruments and beautiful furniture and fixtures. Alongside the Koa grove are the Tree Moulds.

Many years ago a lava flow inundated a koa forest, and the lava, rapidly cooling and solidifying, formed moulds around the giant trunks. The lava burned out the trees, and so now one can look into the cavities where these monarchs of the Hawaiian forests once stood. We climbed down into two or three of the moulds. Every little depression and protuberance, every little marking of the bark, is engraved on the lava. One of these cavities was at least twenty feet deep, and five or six feet in diameter.

There are a number of extinct craters in the vicinity of Kilauea. The largest and most interesting is Kilauea-iki, "Little Kilauea." It adjoins Kilauea on the north. One afternoon, Mr. Campbell, a gentleman from Maui, Dick and I, after circumambulating Kilauea, descended the precipitous wall of Kilauea-iki, and stood at last upon the lava floor eight hundred feet below. From the crater's rim, this lava looks as smooth and regular as a dancing floor, but it is in reality as rough and devil-tossed as Kilauea. We went down a place where there is no trail, and on the side opposite to that from which the descent is regularly made. There are three floors to this crater, each a little higher than the other as you walk toward the wall adjoining Kilauea. It is really three craters merged into one. From the third and highest floor, we began to look about for a way to get out, for we were surrounded by cliffs that did not look inviting after our long walk. A steep climb up an almost perpendicular bluff brought us to what we thought was the top, and we started off in the direction of the hotel. But we were merely on a shelf, or terrace, of considerable width, and soon discovered that there was another precipice to be scaled, and one, too, that looked impossible, and so as we thought we could enter Kilauea and strike the regular Kilauea trail from this terrace, we headed that way, only to become entangled in a jungle so matted and tangled that we could make scarcely any progress. To add to the strenuousness of the moment, we came perilously near to floundering into some fissures, so deep that we could not see the bottom. These were so covered with greenery that it was most difficult to see them. We were all by this time at that state of mind where profanity is harmony of the sweetest to man's tortured soul. Dick got thoroughly mad before we did, and charged through the jungle to the nearest cliff. He struck it at a place bare of foliage, and had the time of his life reaching the top. Campbell and I plunged and snorted around some minutes longer, but presently Campbell took the bit in his teeth and made a dive for the craggy steeps, I in his wake. The metaphor is rather strained, but so were our feelings at the time. We struck a portion of the precipice well covered with shrubbery, which rendered our ascent easier than it would have been otherwise, but we had good hard work reaching the summit, as it was. I would grasp the bushes as far above my head as I could reach, and with Campbell boosting, would ultimately find a foothold; then I would reach down and pull him up to my level, and so at last we scaled the heights, only to encounter another jungle, and plenty of bottomless cracks, but finally we came out on the trail from Kilauea-iki to the hotel, and glad we were to find it, too. We all did ample justice to our supper that night.

Encircling Kilauea-iki is the new automobile road, which when completed, will end only at the jaws of hell—Halemaumau. Very close to where this road enters the crater of Kilauea is Goat Crater, the most symmetrical one I have ever seen. It is an almost perfect circle, with not a very great circumference, but quite deep. Some one had scratched 1909 in giant letters on the floor. I was informed that the convicts working on the automobile road had recently come upon a crater, from which steam issues, and which is somewhat smaller, but deeper than Goat Crater. No doubt others would be dis-

covered were not this region so jungle infested.

What are called the Six Craters are within a few miles of Kilauea. The first encountered are The Twins, two craters, beautiful in their gowns of living green. The next one Puu Huluhulu, is the only cone crater on Mauna Loa's eastern slope. From its craggy rim one beholds a majestic periscope of earth, and sea, and sky, with the massive domes of Mauna Kea and Mauna Loa rising above the clouds that gird their loins. The Two Orphans are veritable babes in the jungle, timidly shrinking toward the warm breast of Mother Nature. Kamakaopuhi, "The Eye of the Eel," portrays what Kilauea would be were Madam Pele suddenly to bank her fires, and retire permanently to her subterranean fastnesses. There would be first the crater floor, and then the vast depths of Halemaumau. And it is a phenomenon of the same character that one views as he tremblingly looks down on to the floor of Kamakaopuhi, and then down, down into the hideous depths of the crater's pit, from which rises a circling column of vapor. The pit is larger in proportion to the crater than at Kilauea—that is all.

Nor is it so unlikely that this shall occur at Kilauea. The force that has lifted the Hawaiian Islands above the waves has moved ever in a southeasterly direction. First appeared Kauai and Niihau, then Oahu, Molokai and Lanai; then Kahoolawe and Maui; and last of all Hawaii. Of Hawaii's numerous volcanoes only two are active; and one of these, Mauna Loa, is only occasionally active, and these occupy the southeasterly half of the most southeasterly island. There are some so bold as to predict that both Mauna Loa and Kilauea will eventually pile up sand cones, massive monuments to their total extinction, and when this happens—these same prophets assert—another island will appear southeast of Hawaii. Be this as it may, the volcanoes of Hawaii, in common with those of all the earth, are gradually approaching extinction. The earth is slowly but surely parting with its vital heat, and ultimately (several hundred millions of years from now) the sun will shine "here on a dead, cold earth, revolving, like a satellite moon, about a sun unseen by mortal eyes, and distributing to an extinguished planet a useless heat."

THE MISSION BELL AT SANTA BARBARA

BY F. L. HARDING

Long centuries, to prayer, thy dulcet stroke,
Summoned the cloaked and hooded devotees.
While roses whispered 'neath the laughing skies
Austere devotion stoned its pious knees.
As from thy lofty tower, clanging call
To Vespers, threaded golden orange trees.
Old monastery days in Spain are sung,
Bronze monitor of Worship, through thy tongue.

A DAY IN GUANAJUATO

"The Hill of the Singing Frog"

BY ELLIOTT CRANE

TWO HUNDRED and fifty miles north of the City of Mexico and fourteen miles from the Mexican Central Railway, in the heart of the mountains, lies the quaint little town of Guanajuato, the surroundings of which suggest Egypt or the Holy Land. Here in this city set upon the heights are hundreds of houses of antique mold, their walls brilliant with the red, blue and pink tints common in Mexican cities.

Tourists have gone up and down the road, following the natural and easiest pathway, and have passed this city by unnoticed, shut in as it is, on all sides by mountain ranges with her precious metals hidden in the bowels of the earth; yet the miner, as if by magic, found the roadway to this city of fabulous wealth, whose mines have yielded up untold treasures, though as yet comparatively untouched.

Guanajuato was founded in 1554 by the Spanish invaders, and was made a city in 1741. It was originally settled by the Indians, who named the city Guanajuato, meaning the hill of the singing frog, in honor of an idol which they made out of a huge stone found on a hill nearby, and which, in shape resembled a frog.

From Silao, the station where the tramline connects with the Mexican Central road, the ride of eleven miles to Marfil is up a steep and winding road. From Marfil a car drawn by six mules takes the

Interior del Teatro "Juarez," Guanajuato, Mexico.

Exterior del Teatro "Juarez," Guanajuato, Mexico.

traveler over a narrow, rock-paved road, a distance of three miles over, under and around the great haciendas to the town of Guanajuato. From daylight to sunset, a long line of half-clad natives, burros laden with ore from the mines, mark the right of way up the mountain side to this oldest mining camp in North America.

The road extends on beyond the town to the great reservoir, which was completed in 1893, a remarkable piece of work, built of metorphoric rock and called green rock in that locality. All the ornaments are of sandstone and redstone, the effect of which is exceedingly handsome. The dam contains one million six hundred thousand cubic metres of water which supplies the city of Guanajuato sufficiently for all its needs.

Although Guanajuato has grown to be a city of 60,000 inhabitants, in its general appearance and customs of its people, it remains unchanged, and the narrow lanes and flat-roofed houses of three hundred years ago can be seen to-day.

In the picturesque hills nearby are some of the more pretentious homes of the city, where the overhanging trees and vines from the cliffs above, the little lakelets crossed by the rustic bridges, make it a dreamland in which to forget the turmoil of modern civilization.

The central point for seeing the sights of Guanajuato is at Jardin de la Union, a small three-cornered plaza, around which are grouped the principal buildings. Directly opposite is one of the finest theatres on the continent; and a surprise it is to the traveler to find in this isolated mining town, surrounded by buildings of ancient design, one of modern architecture. This theatre is constructed of green stone, brought from the hills nearby, and is a perfect marvel of art. The auditorium is beautifully decorated, the work of Herrera, Mexico's greatest artist. The parlors and retiring rooms are luxuriously furnished, while the walls of the boxes and the whole interior are stenciled in dull red and gold, thus producing a delightful de-

sign and one that leaves a lasting impression on the mind of the visitor.

The building was begun by a man who made a fortune in the mining camps, and who wished to leave a monument to himself. He left the city, however, before the work was finished, and the Government completed it. The building now stands as a monument to industry, representing as it does twenty years of labor and a million of dollars.

It is, indeed, a striking contrast to the Moorish looking buildings surrounding it, some of which are like tattered pages in the historic record of that wonderful country and people.

There is the Castilla de Granaditas, erected in 1785, intended for a Chamber of Commerce, and now used for a jail. In the early part of the war for independence, when the first blow for liberty was struck, it was captured by Hidalgo. After Hidalgo and his patriots, Aldama, Allende and Jimenez, had been executed in Chihuahua, their heads were brought to Guanajuato, and brutally exposed on the spikes on the four corners of the building, but fortunately the good people of Guanajuato resented this barbaric conduct and placed the remains of these Patriots at rest in the great cathedral in the City of Mexico. Later they erected a bronze statue at the entrance of Castilla de Granaditas in honor of Hidalgo.

But what takes the traveler to Guanajuato, especially the curious-minded like myself, are the catacombs. High up on the hill, reached by the main street of the city, are several acres seemingly walled in, but which, upon near approach, prove to be a receiving place for the dead.

It is the custom first to bury the dead, and later to take up the bodies—which, owing to the peculiar dryness of the air and the soil, have become partially mummified—and deposit them in a kind of tomb. A small rental for this last resting place is charged, and if, at the expiration of a certain length of time, the money is not forthcoming, the body is taken out

Exterior del Palacio Legislativa, Guanajuato.

Interior del Palacio Legislativa (Legislative Hall), Guanajuato.

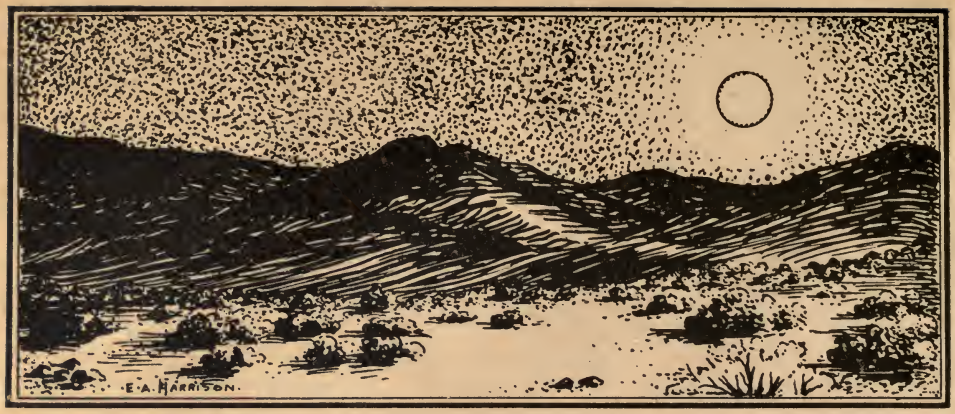
and placed in an underground chamber prepared for this purpose.

An attendant in charge of the place,—and there are attendants ever ready to escort the tourist to this underground passage—explained to us how these mummified remains were placed, the men on one side and the women on the other. There they keep their silent vigil until disintegration takes place, when their bones fall asunder; they are then thrown into tunnels already seemingly full with human remains. I can still feel the thrill of horror that seized me when I gazed upon those ghastly skeletons—all that remained of those who had died more than a century ago.

The humble people of Guanajuato have mingled very little with the outside world, and the way they cling to their old customs and traditions makes them stand apart from the rest of the world.

In a mine underground there is an altar where the lights are constantly kept burning, presenting a picture that words cannot describe. It was the very essence of Christian enthusiasm. The Superintendent of the mine said: "Should that altar be taken away, the men would all stop work." And so everywhere one sees the same trusting, superstitious nature of their ancestors repeated and continued in the descendants, for the ages of misrule and oppression have not changed the sweet kindliness of spirit natural to the Aztec citizen.

The walled street, the stone balconies, the white-robed people with their sandaled shoes—what a strange admixture of the new world with the centuries old Orient. Reluctantly we took our leave of this charming city, with its delightful atmosphere of romance and adventure. So great had been its spell that it seemed as if we had been sojourning for a brief period in some far-away land of our imagination; and it was not until we were well on our way to the City of Mexico—our next objective place, that we began to realize that we were truly of the flesh and in it.



NEVADA MOON

BY LESLIE CURTIS

Nevada moon, Nevada moon,
Pale guardian of the desert waste,
The silent land that God forgot,
Shine gently on my lonely cot
Where Sorrow sleeps and Love is not.

Nevada moon, thy beams to me
Bring memories of a symphony
Played on the heart strings long ago.
A weird and haunting melody
That stirs the very soul of me,
As here I lie on lonely cot,
Within the land that God forgot,
Where Sorrow sleeps and Love is not,
And Silence speaks Eternity.

A BAD MAN'S BLESSING

BY ISABEL ROBINSON AND L. H. S. BAILEY

SINGLE file, along a dim path crooked into serpentine deviousness by encroaching rocks and tall pines, they rode slowly up the western slope of the Sierra Nevada Mountains.

"A blind man would know that these are the horses the Blue Pines Hotel rents to summer guests!" said the girl, impatiently.

The petulent speech awoke Gerald Van Horne from his reverie; he glanced back and halted, smiling, until Vivian Evarts had caught up. She was very trim and dainty in her short riding habit, and the eyes that looked up at him from under the simple outing hat were dark and luring; but she sat carelessly in her saddle, lopping forward a little—looked what she was—a spoiled child of fortune. Their attitude to each other had been, hitherto, one of frank comradeship—he felt that any other was impossible and forebore to talk the subject threadbare; but this morning the girl showed an impatience, a veiled dissatisfaction, queerly at odds with her usual sweet contentment. Was she weary of him—losing faith? Or was it only the languor of spring, or, as with himself, some deeper influence stirring in her blood? In any case, Van Horne could not blame her.

"This trail is lovely," she murmured, her touch of irritation all gone, "but does it lead anywhere?"

"Sure! It must!" he twinkled, sitting sidewise that he might see her. "I'm playing—child-fashion—that we are riding forth in search of adventure, seeking our fortunes. We'll wind up at some robber's roost, or, perhaps, a giant's cave. Really, there is a sort of tunnel up this way, and the hotel people think that Red Pete may be hiding there."

"Red Pete, who robbed the stage?"

"Right down yonder at the bridge." He pointed with his whip down the path they had come. "Are you frightened? Want to go back? * * * Well, the sheriff looking for him passed this tunnel by, saying —very justly—that a man couldn't be inside with the door padlocked on the outside. Huh!" He turned back in his saddle. "Red Pete was probably far across the line at that very minute."

Vivian murmured agreement, but as Van Horne faced about, she thrust her hand into the breast of her jacket, making sure that a small, hard bulk that filled the inner pocket was still there.

"I used to come up here when I was a boy," resumed her escort. "My uncle owns land in the neighborhood; he rents it now for a stock range."

"Pity he didn't give you some!"

"Pity if he did! What could I do with it? Dry pasture for a man who owns no stock! No, I want no favors from my rich uncle."

"You are so independent!" sighed Vivian.

"I couldn't be otherwise. I had neither the money nor experience to re-establish my father's business after the great fire; but I should be unworthy of his name if I allowed a relative to support my mother."

"But poverty is dreadful. Of course, I know nothing about it by experience—"

"And may you never!" broke in the young man, emphatically. "My knowing about minerals and getting work in Howison's Assaying Office enables me to fend off its horrors from mother. It was lucky, too, I got this vacation, just when she wanted to come up here; I don't like her to miss either comfort or companionship. * * * I tell you this," his serious face brightened into a teasing smile, "because I know you think I followed you."

"Why!" she began chidingly.

"Oh, I don't mind," he brazened. "I do follow you a lot, since uncle introduced

me to your chaperon on Goat Island that time Admiral Evans was trailing his fleet around San Francisco Bay. It's got to be a habit with me. But truly, I didn't know until I came that you were up here. It was a delightful surprise, though I know you treat me so kindly because there is—no hope."

Miss Evarts drew a quick breath.

"This road is getting wilder and lonelier every minute."

Van Horne nodded, and they rode on in silence.

A little later, still in the lead, he urged his reluctant horse up the yellow platform of rock and clay dumpings in front of the tunnel he had spoken of. He noticed the cavernous entrance, the iron doors hanging wide, and the next instant a burly, rough looking man sprang out and leveled a six-shooter at his heart. A warning, backward glance at Vivian Evarts was without avail; she turned deathly pale, but urged her horse forward and drew rein beside her escort.

At sight of her the outlaw's tense face relaxed, his left hand fumbled his short, tawny beard.

"I see this hain't no posse," he smirked, "but you kin put up yer hands, anyhow."

"We are not armed," replied Van Horne obeying; "you can make sure by searching me."

"Kee-rect!" The outlaw passed exploring hands over the young man's body, grunted and stepped back, his nonchalant gesture excusing the young woman from any such ordeal.

"We are absolutely harmless," Van Horne insisted.

"But your tongues might not be! Git down off them nags!"

"Certainly." The young man dropped lightly to the ground and assisted his trembling companion to dismount.

"Take off the lady's saddle and put it in the tunnel!"

The order was obeyed.

"I'll use the critters," explained the outlaw. "You've made it necessary for me to mosey along, and you've furnished transportation. But you'll have to stay in the tunnel. I'm sorry; mebbe I'll write a letter to the sheriff tellin' him where to find you."

"But look here——"

"No chin-music, young man! They's candles an' purwisions in the a-partment; go right in an' take your girl onless you want me to. But don't——" a threatening scowl knotted the shaggy eyebrows—"don't ye dare go wanderin' in the back part. Thar's danger thar. It caves."

Van Horne hesitated a tense half minute, then took Vivian's hand and led her into the tunnel. A croaked "Be happy! With my blessing!" followed them. The iron doors swung shut, there was a grinding of hasp, a click of padlock and immediately after the crunch of hoofs upon the rocks. The outlaw had gone.

By the wan light of a candle set on a ledge, the two prisoners regarded each other gloomily through the smoky air; then the sheepish air of defeat in the man's face melted to tenderness, through which shone a twinkle of eye and quirk of lip.

"That's certainly Red Pete," he said, moving the candle about, so that, by turns, a smouldering heap of ashes, a dingy blanket thrown over a pile of pine branches, and the meagre store of "purwishuns"—a sliver or two of bacon and a loaf of bread—emerged from the gloom. "And this *is* his den."

Vivian shuddered and sat down on her saddle; the young man hung about her solicitously.

"I'll never forgive myself for bringing you up this lonely trail," he gloomed, "but I was so anxious to show you—— Oh, well," he broke off, "it will be only the matter of a few hours. Our mothers will miss us at dinner; they'll telephone up and down the line, then a searching party will come, hear us yell 'Help! Help!' and triumphantly rescue us."

"My poor mother!" wailed Vivian.

"Miss Evarts! Please don't cry! A man at that farm below saw us leave the main road by this trail—we'll surely be found soon. I'm sure of it."

A stifled sob was his only answer. He stood thoughtful for a little space, then turned the candle-light upon the lock and hinges of the iron doors, tested their strength with his strong young muscles.

"You'll only hurt yourself," disapproved the girl between two despairing sniffs.

"I might dig out around those hinges,

if I had a pick—I'll go look for one," he added, abruptly.

"Not without me!" Vivian jumped up, wiping away her tears. "It's dangerous, he said so."

"More reason for you to stay here."

"Well I won't—not for a single moment."

"All right; I won't ask you to." He lighted a second candle and put it in her hand. Then slowly, Van Horne, at every step scrutinizing the roof and walls, they moved toward the rear of the tunnel. A narrow path of boards enabled them to step dryshod over the trickling rills of water that farther along seeped from both sides of the excavation. They walked for a while in silence, but presently the young man halted.

"Look!" he exclaimed joyously. "Look at those streaks, yellow, red, green—all sorts!" He whistled softly. "The men who abandoned this tunnel were certainly not experts. See, Miss Evarts, country rock on one side and mineralized on the other. It didn't show color when first exposed, so they overlooked it. This is the most interesting thing. Don't be alarmed, it can't cave."

"Are you sure?" Vivian asked, miserably.

He did not seem to hear. "Ah, green ooze!" he went on excitedly; "that indicates copper, and all copper carries gold." He moved his light to and fro along the walls as he hurried on. "Marvelous! Astounding! Surely there was never an expert in this hole or the world would have heard of it. Ah, it's dry underfoot now; we must be going up an incline. Hello! What's this!"

They had come now to a widened space from which narrow passages started in every direction, the main tunnel turning at an angle. Van Horne stood still, studying them.

"Wait here while I dodge into these alleys—you're perfectly safe." His words trailed back; he disappeared before she fairly realized that he was gone; but he quickly returned, reporting no discoveries. It was the same with two of the other passages. Finally, he plunged into what seemed the largest of all. At first he shouted back, continually, reassuring words; but soon his voice grew fainter, ceased altogether. The girl was chilled with dread, but dared not follow.

"Mr. Van Horne! Mr. Van Horne! Ger-r-ald!" she called wildly; but no answer came. Again she screamed and again; at last heard a faint reply, then came a cheerful "Yo-ho-ho!" and the sound of quick returning footsteps.

"Frightened?" he queried with brisk casualness. "I've found a pick, I thought I should. Step aside, please."

He put his candle down, and with feverish energy drove the heavy tool at the rocky wall; plied it until his breathing grew noisy, and the veins swelled on his moist, reddened temples. Vivian eyed him —half timorous, half indignant.

"They struck a ribbon of quartz," he panted, resting from his labor, "and followed it off to grass roots. Missed the main ore body right here."

Once more he fell furiously to work. The girl retreated farther from the flying splinters of rock, and winked to keep back the gathering tears; she had supposed the pick was to win their way out of their dungeon. At that moment the tool flew in pieces. Van Horne flung aside the handle and stooping for the fragments of rock, crowded them into his pockets. Then he approached Vivian, took the candle from her hand and set it on the ground.

She caught her breath. There was a strange fire in his eyes, a look she had never seen before in his face. Clutching at the hard bulk in her jacket pocket, she recoiled as far as the narrow limits of the tunnel permitted; but retreat was useless —he clasped her in his arms.

"Vivian!" he exulted, "I can speak to you now on equal terms. You love me, don't you? You have let me think you could if things were different." He kissed her cheek, her eyes, his hot lips were upon hers; but at last, breathless, she struggled free of his grasp.

"There's no fear of poverty now," he went on excitedly. "No living on a wife's income. I've found a big mine—this is gold ore in my pocket. Listen, Vivian—"

But she interrupted austerely.

"This is no time for foolishness. How are we to get out of this dungeon? That is the question. And you've broken the pick!" she ended in a hopeless wail.

All the joy and exultation that had

flamed in the young man's eyes and throbbed in his voice, died out. His look at the girl's cold, lifeless face was full of wonder. "Where"—it seemed to ask—"were now the shy glances, the compressed lips and hot cheeks which had told their sweet tale when once before he had spoken of love?" He stood silent, pulling himself together.

"I had forgotten," he said at last, "my mind was so full of—of other possibilities. I should have told you at once. While looking for the pick I made another discovery. Life and liberty, of course," he drew a deep breath, "are always paramount. Kindly step this way, please."

He strode off into that larger alley, evidently expecting her to follow; but she did not move. "You'll have to stoop some——"

He looked around and held out his hand; Vivian shrank farther away.

"It looks like a—a grave set on end," she protested; "let's go back."

"No. I have something to show you. Don't be afraid," he calmly persuaded. "Take my hand; it is only a little farther on. Don't stumble there! Now, then, look up!"

She gave a cry of joy. "Light! A way out?"

"Surely. 'Not so wide as a barn door nor so deep as a well'—fortunately—'but 'twill serve,'" he assented. "Red Pete's rear entrance."

"Why, of course!" For the first time since she entered the tunnel, Vivian's tones were natural. "That's why he said it would be dangerous for us to explore. He wanted to keep us here until he could escape into Nevada."

"Precisely. Now for our getting out. You'll have to stand on my back; I'll bend over, thus, and as I rise, you reach up to the edge of the hole. Think you can pull yourself through?"

"Oh, yes; I used to chin a bar at school. But how will you manage?"

"I was champion jumper at college. I'll follow."

He stooped, resting his fingers on the ground, like a runner prepared for the start.

"Now!"

Vivian hesitated, then with a gasp of sudden resolution, stepped up on his firmly braced back.

"Ready?" he asked.

She gave a breathless word of assent, the padding of muscles moved under her feet.

"Steady, now!" he cautioned, and a minute later she had caught at the edges of the opening and scrambled out.

Half-blinded by the glare of the June sunshine, she stumbled over the rocks that were piled up all about, and dropped down upon a denuded log. As Van Horne emerged a minute later, she turned to him a face, sparkling, softly flushed. Never had she looked more charming.

"What an adventure!" she blithely chirped. "And you've found a fortune. It's the greatest day of your life—isn't it?"

He shrugged. "Who knows?" he asked obscurely.

"But—I don't understand. You seemed so happy a minute ago." The blush deepened, but her brows were drawn together in a puzzled frown. "You are rich—you say—and money is everything, isn't it?"

"Ah! That's a debatable point." He straightened up and began throwing little stones into the tunnel opening, watching where they fell, as if he had no other interest in life. "Could you forgive me, Miss Evarts," he went on, after a little silence, "if I confessed now that I had fooled you down there—if I told you that this is worthless rock—not good ore, that I have in my pocket?"

Vivian stared. A look of acute disappointment shadowed the brightness of her face. She looked away, beginning to rub at the earth stains on her sleeve, while he went on speaking as if he had expected no answer. Only now he looked steadily at her averted face.

"I always felt as if you belonged to me," he urged, "and I wanted to claim you as mine if but for a few minutes. I was too bold—but children sometimes play that way; they are rich and married and live in a palace—till the school bell rings."

She turned, at last, resentful of the tinge of bitterness that had crept into his tones. "But children agree to play. I was in earnest. Besides this property belongs to another man."

"You thought of that? . . . Yes," he

nodded, gravely, "the school bell always rings. When the Bad Man shut us up, he said, 'Be happy with my blessing!' A bad blessing, it seems."

Miss Evarts rose abruptly. "Why can't we start now, and walk to the hotel?"

Van Horne settled himself more comfortably against his boulder.

"Because we are still prisoners. As much so as in the tunnel—almost. Red Pete won't travel in the day time—he's hidden somewhere—he wouldn't let us pass."

"Then he meant——" A slow flush crept up to her brow; she jumped up in angry haste. "And you mean to stay here until dark?" she demanded. "I'll not; I'll go home alone!"

She stooped to disentangle her skirt from a twig; then, impetuously dashed toward the path. But Van Horne's voice stayed her.

"In that case," he said, rising, "I will go on ahead and kill the outlaw. Kindly hand me that pistol I noticed in your jacket pocket—the Bad Man's gallantry shall cost him his life. By the way, there is a reward of five thousand dollars for his capture—I need that sum very much just now."

"What!" Her face radiated scorn. "You would leave me here alone and attack that wretch—j-just for a paltry reward?"

Van Horne clutched his soft hat tighter, but he answered composedly: "You said you wouldn't stay here with me," he remonstrated. "I shan't be gone long; I'll decoy him out and shoot him in the back."

"No, no! Please don't go! I'll stay."

The young man's face softened. "Besides," he added gently, "Red Pete may get uneasy and come back to close up this hole, to make sure we don't escape."

"Why, yes," breathed Vivian, looking fearfully about, "he could."

"So I'll just spy round a little and see if I can find a better hiding place. While I'm gone you'd best crawl into the foliage of that pine tree behind you. It must have been felled on purpose to give you shelter. I won't be gone ten minutes; and a whistle, a low whoo-hee! will warn you when I'm coming back."

"All right, only hurry." Miss Evarts gathered her skirts close and crept in among the soft plumes; settled down like a bird behind the dense wall of green.

The faint swish of Van Horne's movements through the low brush died away in the distance; for a little there was silence; then to her sensitive ears came the sound of footsteps hurrying up the slope, a panting breath—no whistle—but only the crunch and rattle of rocks under heavy boots. Vivian's heart thumped. Red Pete! As Gerald had predicted! In imagination she saw the ruffian speed the length of the tunnel and return, wrathful, to kill her unarmed lover. Cautiously parting the pine branches, she glimpsed the top of the outlaw's hat as he disappeared down the hole. She counted five, then in frantic haste, she plunged out of her scented retreat. Van Horne running up a minute later, found her kneeling beside the opening to the tunnel, her little weapon pointed downward.

"Good Lord!" he exclaimed in a hoarse whisper, "you can't do anything with that toy. He'd get you first. We must plug up the opening."

While he spoke, he began to roll and drag forward the log on which Vivian had been sitting. He shoved it in and rammed smaller ones alongside, thus almost blocking the tunnel's rear entrance.

"Now rocks," he whispered, and he and Vivian rolled them in. "You're a wonder, Miss Evarts; you work like a man," he encouraged. "If we only have five minutes more, we'll have him her-mitically sealed up."

Less time had passed, when muffled shouts and the quick, dulled report of a firearm sounded below. Van Horne grunted comically; Vivian laughed, though her hands shook and both worked faster than ever.

"That'll do for the present," said the young man at last, wrapping his bleeding hand in a handkerchief, after he had made sure that only her gloves had suffered. "Would you be afraid to go down to the road? You could catch the four o'clock stage and go on to town, telephone the sheriff and send help. I'll go on piling rock."

The girl hesitated; then after a look at the bandaged hand and another longer look into his earnest gray eyes, she darted off without a word. Once she was out of sight and hearing, Van Horne renewed

his work of entombing Red Pete, punctuating it with forcible, scathing remarks to the prisoner.

The shadows of the pines had not lengthened perceptibly when he heard the tramp of horses' feet, and a little later Vivian appeared riding his horse and leading her own.

"*My* loot, this time," she called out, waving her raggedly gloved hand. "I told the stage driver to telephone," she explained—slipping to the ground and standing before him, a figure of happy, shy appeal in her dark eyes full of meaning—"*I* wanted to bring the horses."

Van Horne's pulses leaped, his glance beamed tender wonder.

"Little girl!" He rose and stood beside her, trembling.

"Little girl, you're brave, but not very wise. What were you thinking of a while ago—to risk your life over this hole?"

"Of you," she confessed. "You—I—you said you needed the reward, and—no, I did not think of that—I was afraid—you were unarmed, and——" She hung her head.

"And would you do that just for me?"

"I'd do anything for you. I'd even be poor and—and cook, and make my own gowns. I couldn't somehow speak in the tunnel. It was so awkward—and you were so—queer; but now I'll play truly. I love you."

Tiptoe, flushing and smiling enchantingly, she met his kiss. They were a tattered, soiled and shabby looking couple, but each was splendid to the other. Van Horne put his arm around her and stood for an instant silent, while the horses peered over his shoulder, flicking uncomprehending ears. For an instant only, then he held her away from him by a firm, gentle grasp on her arms.

"And you realize how poor I am?"

She nodded, dimpling as if that were part of the joy of it all.

"Vivian," he murmured, taking her to his breast again, "I'll play truly, too. This *is* good ore in my pockets, and this quarter section has been mine for years. It's ours now. That was why I brought you up here—to show you my wee, worthless patrimony. You were right; this is a great day for me; I get you—and a mine worth millions——" he emphasized each item with a kiss—"and all the result of a Bad Man's blessing."

"Don't forget the five thousand dollar reward," she reminded him; then with a giggle: "It's hardly a blessing he's bestowing now."

"No," frowned Van Horne. "Thank Heaven, there comes the sheriff; we can get your saddle and go. . . . Play we are returning to our castle——"

"But the school bell?" she teased, with a twinkle in her eye.

"Shall never ring again," he whispered. "At least not for us."

"No," she gayly agreed. "Only wedding bells."

BIG JACK SMALL

A Story of the Early Days in Nevada

BY J. W. GALLY

YOU DO NOT know Big Jack Small? That is a bad omen, because if you did not know Big Jack Small, you would know many things, which, as I think, you do not now know—for Jack would be sure to talk with you, if you met him, and in his talk he would be quite as sure to tell you something about teaming with six or eight or ten yokes of oxen, and two or three, or four great red wagons, over the hills, across the valleys, and through the bare rock-walled canyons of the State of Nevada.

That is his profession—ox-teamster; or as he calls it, "bull-puncher." Not one of your common farmer boys, who can drive one yoke, or two or even four yokes of oxen, with a long, limber fishing pole stock, and a lash that hangs down like a dead garter-snake speared through the eyes; but a regular graduate of the science of ox—a bovine persuader—with a billiard-cue whip-stock, and a lash on it like a young boa-constrictor, and a little steel spike in the lash end of the stock about as big as a carpet-tack when it stands on its head on the point of a walking cane. With the yellow leather lash wound round the stock, the great square braids shining like scales, as of the brazen serpent Moses set up, and glittering steel tongue, sparkling in the sunlight, out of the serpent's head —with this awful wand in his hand, and elevated diagonally above his head, Big Jack Small will stand in the highway of the desert, the chief of the ox-magi; while his meek-eyed and clicking-footed company draw slowly round him, at the proper distance and with regular step, straining the great red creaking wains after them in a true circle. "Come row-a-d, boys! You, Turk!" sharply to the near-side wheel ox, because an ox-team always turns on a haw-pull unless compelled to do otherwise. "Come row-a-d, boys! Steady, now—like a Freemason funeral!" and he elevates or depresses the glittering tongue of the serpent above his head. The oxen know what that means, and the whole long procession winds about him with mathematical precision.

That is the way Big Jack Small does it. He is an artist. Why does not some brother artist go forth and canvas him? He is worth preserving, as the picture of a true American, void of European or classic taint—a strong American, calm and humorous in the hardest struggles, through the very thrill and tickle of abundant life and pure mountain air. Tall?—no; he is not so very tall. About six feet, or half an inch less than that. Head well set upon his shoulders, with an inclination to one side, as if to give room for the big whip on the other shoulder; while his soft slouch hat inclines just in the opposite direction, as if to equalize things and maintain a perpendicular outline. No coat on. Woolen shirt—in winter three of them, one inside the other; heavy vest buttoned to the chin, or to somewhere hidden under the long flow of lion-colored beard. Legs clad externally in thick white ducking or buckskin, terminating in coarse boots drawn over the trousers bottoms. Hands cased in rough buckskin gloves. So dressed, Big Jack Small may not be a very large man, but he looks large.

When this remarkable man walks from you, you are impressed with a broadness of shoulders and strength of neck and loin. When he walks toward you, you are made conscious of the coming of great thigh muscles, and fists, and a lion-like front; and you would not have any rash impulse to rush upon him for the fun of a little

combat. Then he has a curious long, springing stride—a sort of dropping and rising upon his thigh muscles with every step—that suggests power; though I suppose it is mere force of habit, caught in walking across plowed ground in early life, and maintained by striding over the sage brush and loose rocks in Nevada.

Big Jack Small has a head under his slouched hat, and a face that shows between his hat-brim and his beard. If you are not in the habit of looking at heads and faces for the purpose of forming your own estimate of men, it would not be worth while to look at Jack. You might as well pass on. He is of no interest to you. But if you want to look into a face where the good-natured shrewdness of Abraham Lincoln shines out, smoothed of its rough-carved homeliness, you can accost Jack when you meet him walking beside his winding train down the rough canyon or across the dusty valley, and ask him how the road is over which he has come. This interrogation, requiring some length of answer, he will shout: "Whoa-ooa-ah, ba-a-ck!" Then drawing down the great iron handle or lever of the brake on his first wagon, his team will gradually stop. Now he steps out into the sage-brush in front of you, sets the point of his whip-stock carefully in the fork of a bush, builds his arms one on top of the other upon the butt of the stock, shoves his hat to the back of his head, and says:

"We-e-ll, the road's nuther good nor bad. Hit's about from tollable to middlin'. Seen wus an' seen better."

"How's the alkali flat?"

"Well, yer know thar's two alkali flats 'tween yer'n Austin. The first one's a little waxy, an' t'other'n 's a little waxy, too."

"Will our horses sink down in the flats so as to impede—that is, so that we cannot get out?"

"Oh, h—l, no. Only hard pullin' an' slow, hot work, sockin' through the stiff mud. I hed to uncouple an' drop all my trail-wagons, an' pull an' holler an' punch round at both o' them flats fer two days, till my cattle looks like the devil; but you kin go right along, only slow, though—very slow. The rest o' the road's all right—no trouble."

"Thank you."

"You're welcome. But, I say, tell me—I'm out now about two weeks—what's the news? Hev they caught them stage-robbers?"

"No; they were not caught when we left Hamilton."

"D—n 'em! Hev ye any newspapers? I'd like to hev somethin' to read when I'm campin' out on the road—a feller gits mons'ous lonesome."

By this time you have hunted out of your traps all the newspapers and parts of newspapers, and passed them over to him.

"Thank ye. Git up, Brigham! Gee, Beecher!" The loosened lever of the brake clanks back in its ratchet, the oxen slowly strain the yokes, the great wagons groan to the tightening chains.

"Good-bye."

"So-'long."

And the slow dust-cloud moves onward, musical with the strong voice encouraging "Beecher" and "Brigham" on the lead to stiffen their necks under the yoke as a bright example to the entire train.

You, passing on your way, say to yourself, or companion: "What a fine face and head that rough fellow has; with what a relish that full, wide forehead must take in a good story, or survey a good dinner; what a love for sublime and the ridiculous there must be in the broad, high crown of that skull, which is so full at the base! Why, the fellow has a head like Shakespeare, and a front like Jove! What a pity to waste so grand a man in ignorance among rocks and oxen!" All of which may be a good and true regret; but you must not forget that nature knows how to summer-fallow for her own rare products.

You will please to understand that Mr. Small is his own master, as well as master and owner of that long string of wagons and oxen; and that train, which slowly passes you, is laden with perhaps every conceivable variety of valuable articles, worth in the aggregate thousands of dollars, for the safe conveyance whereof, over a road hundreds of miles long, the owners have no security but a receipt signed "John Small." It is safe to say that nothing but the "act of God or the public enemy" will prevent the sure de-

livery of the entire cargo—a little slowly, but very surely.

I do not think you will get a just idea of Big Jack Small and the men of his profession, who are very numerous in Nevada, without I tell you that the sage-brush ox-teamster seldom sleeps in a house—does not often sleep near a house—but under his great wagon, wherever it may halt, near the valley spring or the mountain stream. His team is simply unyoked, and left to feed itself, until gathered up again to move on, the average journey being at the rate of eight miles per day—some days more than that, some less.

Twice a day the teamster cooks for himself, and eats by himself, in the shadow cast by the box of his wagon. Each evening he climbs the side of his high wagon—very high it sometimes is—heaves his roll of dusty bedding to the earth, tumbles it under the wagon, unbinds it, unrolls it, crawls around over it on his hands and knees to find the uneven places, and punch them a little with his knuckles or boot-heel, and—and—well, his room is ready and his bed is aired. If it is not yet dark when all this is done, he gets an old newspaper or ancient magazine, and, lighting his pipe, lies upon his back, with feet up, and laboriously absorbs its meaning. Perhaps he may have one or more teams in company. In that case, the leisure time is spent smoking around the fire and talking ox, or playing with greasy cards a game for fun. But generally the ox-teamster is alone, or accompanied by a Shoshone Indian, whose business it is to pull sage-brush for a fire where pine-wood is scarce, and drive up the cattle to be yoked.

In Jack Small's train there is usually an Indian, though you may not always see him, as sometimes, when the team is in motion, he is off hunting rats, or away up on top of the wagon asleep; but at meal-time he is visible, sitting about the fire, or standing with his legs crossed, leaning against a wagon wheel.

The early training of Mr. John Small, having been received while following the fortunes of his father in that truly Western quest—the search after cheap rich land, had been carried forward under various commonwealths, as his parent moved from State to State of our Union—out of Ohio, and into and out of the intermediate States of Indiana, Illinois, Iowa—until he dragged into the grave, and ended his pilgrimage in Nebraska, while waiting for the locomotive of that great railway which was to make him rich. A training so obtained has made Mr. Small something of a politician, with a keen ear for distinguishing the points in the reading of a State statute, and a high appreciation of the importance of State lines; while the attempts at teaching and the example of his worn-out pious mother have turned his attention to the consistencies and inconsistencies of religious forms; so that Mr. Small's heaviest and highest thought dwells upon the present State where he resides, and the future state where he is promised a residence. His greatest intellectual joy he finds to be a politician or a preacher. Of course, he has smaller joys of the intellect in talking ox with the other teamsters, or in "joshing" over a game of cards—but he does not find solid comfort until he strikes a master in politics or a teacher in religion.

"What I'd like to be shore of," said he one day, "is this yere: Kin a American citizen die, when his time comes, satisfied that he leaves a republic behind what'll continue as it was laid out to; an' that he's goin' to sech a country as his mother thought she was goin' to. Now, them's two o' the biggest pints in Ameriky. And dern my skin ef I hain't get doubts about 'em both! Now, yere's a letter from my sister in Iowa, an' she says she's sick an' goin' to die; but she's happy because she's goin' where mother's gone, to be happy feriver and iver. An' yere's her husband—he's a lawyer, an' he's rejoicin', in his part o' this letter, over Grant's election, because, he says, that puts the Republikin party onto a sure foundation, an' secures the support o' Republikin principles feriver and iver in Ameriky. Now, you see, I've knocked round a heap—yes, sir, knocked round a heap, an' seen a good deal, an' seems to me some people knows a mighty sight for certain, on powerful slim proof. An' yere, my sister wants me to be a good Christian, an' my brother-in-law wants me to be a good Republikin, when, ef you pan me all out, I'm only a

bull-puncher, an' hain't more'n half learned the science o' that."

It will be surmised from this hint of Mr. Small's character, taste and disposition, that he was highly satisfied when the Rev. L. F. Sighal said he had been recommended to come to Mr. Small as a humane and intelligent person, and having heard that Mr. Small's wagons were loaded for a long trip to the south-eastward, he would very much like to accompany him as an assistant, being willing to rough it as much as his constitution would stand.

"All right!" said Jack. "Heave yer beddin' right up thar on top o' the wagon an' come ahead. But, I say, did y'ever play billiards?"

"I have—yes, occasionally, at the house of a friend; never in any public place. Yes, sir."

"Did y'ever play bull-billiards, I mean —with this kind of a cue, with a brad into it? Make a run on the high-wheeler and carom on the off-leader, yer know?"

"Ah! you mean have I ever driven oxen? Well, no, sir, not in that way—though I was brought up on a farm in Pennsylvania, and have drawn logs with one yoke."

"All right! I'll teach yer how to punch bulls, an' you kin convert me an' the Injin. I've been wantin' that Injin converted ever since I hed him. He's heerd a little about Christ, in a left-handed way, but we'll go fer him on this trip."

Mr. Small, while making these remarks, was striding, with long, strong strides, up and down the road on either side of his wagons with whip on shoulder, making all ready for a start; looping up a heavy chain here, taking up a link there, and inspecting—shortening or lengthening—the draws of brakes, etc.; while his long team, strung out and hitched in the order of march, were some standing and some lying down under the yoke, on the hard shard-rock road beneath the hot summer sun. His Indian, yclept Gov. Nye, was standing with his legs crossed near the ankle, stoically watching the preparations, well satisfied for the present, in the comfort of a full stomach and the gorgeous outfit of a battered black-silk plug hat, a corporal's military coat with chevrons on the sleeves and buttoned to the chin, a pair of red drawers for pantaloons, a red blanket hanging gracefully from his arm, and a pair of dilapidated boots on his feet.

Gazing bashfully upon this scene, and striving to catch a word with Mr. Small, the Rev. Mr. Sighal turned his hands each uneasily over the other, and said:

"Mr. Small, I cannot heave my bedding up there."

"Can't! Well, give it yere to me; I'll h'ist it fer you."

"But I have not brought it yet. It is just here, almost at my hand, where I lodge."

"Well, well, rustle round an' fetch it! Biz is biz with me now. I must git up an' dust. Yere, Gov., you go him—all same me—he talk. Take this Injin with yer—he'll help yer carry what you've got."

"Thank you. You are very kind, indeed," said the reverend, as he marched off, followed by the gorgeous red man, down the steep street of the mining town.

While he was gone, Mr. Small, having all things in readiness, proceeded to straighten his team so as to tighten the chains and couplings whereby the great wagons are made to follow each other, in order that he might be sure that everything should draw even, strong, and true. Presently, Mr. Sighal and Gov. came panting and trotting round the corner, out of the street into the road, each having hold of the end of a roll of bedding; the reverend carrying a black overcoat and purple scarf on his right arm, and Gov. having his royal red blanket on his left arm.

Mr. Small, taking the roll poised on end on his right palm, steadied it with his left, and shot it to the top of the high wagon-box as if it had been a bag of feathers.

"Thar, Gov., heap jump up—heap fix 'em—little rope—no fall off. You sabe?"

"Yash—me heap sabe!" said Gov., tossing his precious blanket to the wagon-top, and slowly climbing up after it, over the wheel and side.

"All ready, Parson?" said Mr. Small, interrogatively, as he picked up his baton of command.

"Yes," timidly, "I—I—believe I am!"

Rapidly Mr. Small strode forward, drawling out in the indescribable rhetoric

of his profession: "You, Ro-w-dy! Turk! Dave! Gee, Brigham!" then suddenly, "Who-o-oah ba-a-ack!"

"See yere, Parson! Got anything to eat aboard?"

"No, sir. I have presumed I could buy provisions at the houses where we stop."

"Houses, h—l! Oh, excuse me, Parson. Thar hain't no houses to speak of, an' ef there was, bull-teams can't hev nothin' to do with houses, 'thout they're whisky-mills." Then shoving up his hat and scratching his head with a vigorous rake or two of his hard finger-nails, he pulled the hat down on his nose, and leaning back, looked at the Rev. Mr. Sighal, and said: "S'yere, Parson, I'll grub ye, but my grub's lightnin'—beans, bread, bacon, coffee, and can-truck. You go into camp, an' buy—le'me see—well, buy a small sack o' oatmeal, two papers o' pinoly, a pound o' black tea, an' half a dozen cans o' condensed milk. That'll put ye through. Yer kin easy ketch up to the team. Gee, Brigham! Git up, Dave! You, Roany! Bally! Haw thar! Roll out! Roll out!" And the slow line moves over the rocky road at a snail's pace, the wheels grinding, almost imperceptibly, to the top of the not large stones, and then dropping off at the other side with a sudden fall and a jar, which, though the fall be but an inch or two, makes the loading talk in various voices as it settles more firmly to its place.

Up, slowly—ah, so slowly, so dustily!—up and up the mountain, by the canyon road, pausing at intervals to breathe the panting herd, Mr. Small grinds and crushes out a solid shining line, with his many wheels, in the porphry and granite dust. The dry mountain summits rise on either hand, capped with the undaunted rocks, which have defied the color stood to witness the shock—the rays of the sun converging upon the head of Big Jack Small, as he marches stoutly up the side of his team, to pause for its clicking step, then up another march, and then pausing again, lifting the serpent coiled baton above his head, shouting anon the name of some throbbing toiler of the yoke. Thus he gains the summit, and halts to draw the rearward brakes.

"Ah, Parson! H'ist them things up thar to Gov. Gov., you fix 'em. Now we're off. Plenty time, though, Parson, to look at the scenery. You see that round peak yonder—way off! That's jest eighty-two miles from yere. Can't see that-away in Pennsylvania, kin ye? Gee, Brigham! Git-a-a-up!"

More rapidly, and with much clinking and clanking of yoke-rings, hooks, and chains, and the loud braying and howling of the friction of wheel-tire and brake-block, the team winds down the canyon of the opposite side of the mountain, the big wains rocking, reeling, and groaning, as they crowd each other round the curves of the declivity; and above all, the driver's voice echoing along the canyon the drawling words of command and encouragement.

Mr. Sighal is behind, out of sight; pausing mayhap upon some bold outcrop of earth's foundation-stone, to gaze far around and across the uplifts of the grand furrows where the forgotten forces have plowed the field that now lies fallow in the wisdom of a plan wise beyond all that is yet written or revealed. O servant of the faith, look well! It is the aristocracy of nature upon which you gaze. Sublime it is in the reposeful grandeur of its difference to commerce, agriculture or the petty avenues of human thrift. Locked in the coffers of the rocks are the wages of its early days of labor. Stern and forbidding is the giant land, sad and unsocial; but rich in the abundance of that which renders even man unsocial, stern and forbidding!

At the foot of the mountain the team halts where the water sinks and the dry valley begins. It is but short work for Big Jack Small to draw out the bow-pins, release his cattle, and drop his eight yokes in a line, with the bright, heavy chains linking them together in the gravel and dust.

Meanwhile, Mr. Sighal arrives in camp with each hand full of fragments of varicolored stone, he having tired his wits at prospecting for silver.

"Hullo, Parson! Hev you struck it rich?" interrogated Big Jack, as he let down the grub box and cooking utensils from the wagon-top to Gov. Nye. "That's a bad beginning, Parson!"

"Why so, Mr. Small?"

"'Cause," said Jack, jumping down

from the wagon and coming up to take a look at the rocks in the parson's hands, "'cause ef you ever git quartz on the brain, you're a gorner! That are meetin'-house in Pennsylvany 'll put crape on the door-knob—shore! an' 'dvertiz for a new parson. But ye'll not git quartz on the brain—not much—s'long's yer don't find no better stones than these yere," said he, after examining the collection.

"Ah! I was merely guessing at the stones to amuse myself. Are they not quartz fragments?"

"No, sir-ee," said Jack, as, driving his axe into a pine log he made the wood fly in splits and splinters—"not much. Them is iron-stained porphry, greenstone, black trap, and white carb'nates of lime. Hold on till we git across the valley an' git a-goin' up the next mountain, 'n I'll show yer some good quartz. Some bully float-rock over thar, but nobody hain't found no mine yit—never will, I reckon; I've hunted fer the derned thing twenty times. Yere, Gov., git a bucket o' water. Parson, d'ye feel wolfish?" added Mr. Small, after he had his fire lighted and was proceeding culinarily.

"Wolfish?" exclaimed Mr. Sighal, with some surprise.

"Yes—hungry," explained Jack, as he sawed with a dull knife at the tough rind of a side of bacon, cutting down one fat slice after the other upon the lid of the grub-box near the firs.

"Not unusually so."

"Hain't et nothin' sense mornin', hev ye?"

"No; not since early morning."

"Must do better'n that!" said Jack, putting the frying pan upon the fire.

"I usually eat but little, for fear of eating too much."

"Well, s'pose yer heave away them rocks an' run this fryin'-pan—jest fer appertite. Nothin' like facin' an inemy, ef yer want to git over bein' afraid of him!"

Mr. Sighal immediately complied, and, squatting by the fire, poised the frying-pan upon the uneven heap of burning sticks in his first lesson at camp life.

"I don't allow yer kin eat much this evenin', as we've only traveled half a day, but to-morrer we've got to cross the valley through the alkali dust, an' make a long drive. Git a lot o' that alkali into ye, an' you'll hanker after fat bacon!"

"Ah!" said Mr. Sighal, carefully balancing the pan on the fire.

"Yes, sir"—with emphasis on the sir. "Alkali and fat bacon goes together like a match yoke o' leaders. Does thar seem to be any coals a-makin' in that fire, Parson?"

"The wood seems to burn; I infer there will be coals."

"Inferrin' won't do, Parson! We've got to hev 'em, 'cause I must bake this bread after supper, fer to-morrer. Allus keep one bakin' ahead," ejaculated Mr. Small, as he finished kneading bread in the pan, and quickly grasped the axe, proceeding to break up some more wood. "Yer see, Parson, a bull-puncher hes to be up to a little of every sort o' work, in the mountains. Gov., you look out fer that coffee-pot, while I put this wood on the fire. Drink coffee, Parson? No? Well, then, make yer some tea in an empty oyster can—hain't got only one pot fer tea an' coffee."

"No, Mr. Small, do not make any trouble for me, in that way. I drink water at the evening meal."

"All right, then; this hash is ready fer biziness!"

The Reverend Mr. Sighal, sitting cross-legged on the ground, received the tin plate and rusty steel knife and fork into his lap from the hand of Mr. Small, and then Mr. Small sat down cross-legged opposite him, with the hard loaf of yellow yeast-powder bread and the sizzling frying pan between them, surrounded by small cotton sacks, containing respectively salt, pepper and sugar.

"Now, Parson," said Mr. Small, "pitch in!"

"One moment, Mr. Small," said the parson, removing the hat from his own head, "will you not permit me to ask the blessing of God upon this frugal repast?"

"Certainly!" assented Mr. Small, snatching off his hat, and slapping it on the ground beside him. Then happening to note quickly the Indian sitting listlessly on the other side of the fire, he said: "Yere, you Injin, take off yer hat; quick."

"Yash—heap take 'em off," said the obeying Indian.

"Now, Parson, roll on!"

The reverend, turning his closed eyes

skyward, where the wide red glory of the setting sun was returning the eternal thanks, offered the usual mild and measured form of thanksgiving and prayer for the Most High's blessing upon the creature comforts, at the end of which he replaced his hat; but Mr. Small, being too busy with his supper and with cogitation upon the new style of etiquette, and being careless about his head-covering in camp, neglected, or omitted, the replacement of his hat; which state of the case bothered the "untutored savage" as to his own proper behavior, whereupon, lifting his cherished "plug" from the earth, he held it in his hand, brim up, and grunted interrogatively:

"Uh, Jack, put um hat on? No put um hat on?—me no sabe!"

"Yes; put um hat on."

"Uh! yash, me heap put um hat on. All right—all same medisum (medicine) white-a-man. Heap sabe!" and relapsed into silent observation.

The parson did not enjoy his supper. His day had been one of tiresome nervous preparation for a new kind of life; but Mr. Small was in hearty sympathy with all nature, which includes a good appetite (if it is not founded upon a good appetite), and he ate with a rapid action and a keen relish, talking as he ate, in a way to provoke appetite, or if not to provide, at least raise a sigh of regret for its absence.

"Thar!" said Mr. Small, with sighing emphasis, "that lets me out on creature comforts, in the grub line, till to-morrer. Yer don't waltz in very hearty on this grub, Parson. All right; I'll bake yer an oatmeal cake soon's I git done with my bread, an' mix yer a canteen o' milk for to-morrer's lunch."

"Thank you, indeed, Mr. Small."

"Yere, Gov.," said Mr. Small, as he piled the greased frying-pan full of broken bread and poured out a tin cup of coffee, "yere's yer hash!"—to which Gov. responded silently by carrying the pan and cup to the fire, and then sitting down between them on the ground, to eat and drink in his own fashion.

"These yere Injins is curious," said Mr. Small, in his running commentary on things in general, as he actively passed from one point in his culinary duties to another; "they wun't eat bacon, but they'll eat bacon-grease an' bred, or beef an' bacon-grease; an' they wun't eat cheese, but they'll eat dead hoss. I b'lieve the way to conquer Injins would be to load cannons with Limburg cheese an' blaze away at 'em!"

"As the Chinese shoot their enemies in war with pots of abominable smells."

"Yes; I've heard before o' Chinee way o' makin' war, but reckon 'tain't the smell Injins keer for—it's mighty hard to knock an Injin with a smell! Injins, leastway this yere tribe, hain't got no nose fer posies. They got some kind o' superstition about milk an' cheese, though I reckon they must hev drinked milk when they's little." And Mr. Small chuckled at the delicacy of his own allusion to the font of aboriginal maternity.

"Don't yer smoke, Parson?"

"Not of late years," replied Mr. Sighal, and paced up and down meditatively past the fire, gazing up at the darkening sky. "I formerly enjoyed a cigar, occasionally, but my dyspepsia has cut me off from that vice."

"Well, I've got this bread bakin', an' reckon I'll take a smoke. Yere, Gov., done yer supper? Scoot up thar, an' throw down them beds, so we kin hev a seat." The silent and ready compliance of the Indian enabled Mr. Small, as he tossed the rolls of bedding over by the fire, to remark: "Yere, Parson, take a seat. This yere's high style—front settin' room, fust floor. You'll want yer legs to-morrer, though yer kin ride ef yer want to; but it's powerful tejus, ridin' a bull-wagon." And he sat down on his roll of bedding to cut his plug tobacco, fill his short pipe, and watch the process of bread-making while he enjoyed his smoke.

The reverend also sat down on his bed.

The Indian sat on the ground, at the opposite side of the fire, humming the low, buzzing, dismal ditty of his remote ancestors.

The stars came quietly out in the clear sky, and the dry, still air seemed to listen to the coming on of the innumerable host. So still—O, so crystalline still—is the summer night in Nevada!

"You see, Parson," began Mr. Small, after a short, quiet consultation with his pipe, "they say 'at bull-punchin's slow

business, but they don't know. People kin tell what they don't know powerful slick-like. Let some o' them talkin' fellers what knows all about this business in three squints from a stage-coach winder —let 'em try it on. Let 'em stand in once an' chop wood, build a fire, cut bacon, make bread an' coffee, an' so on, all in the same minute—an' do it faster 'n they kin write it down in a letter, an' they wun't talk so much with their mouth!"

"Yes; I was just, in the moment you began to speak, reflecting on the multiplicity of your duties and the rapid execution of them. Does not your life wear upon you terribly?"

"No, sir. It's head-work does it. Seems to me when a feller hes a big idee in his head, an' is jest a-boomin' with the futur, an' lookin' forward, that work doesn't hurt him a darned bit. Hit's hangin' back on the yokes 'at wears a feller out—an' a ox, too. When I used to foller a plow, by the day's work fer wages, an' havin' no pint ahead to steer to—no place to unload at—I wasn't no more account than a cripple in a country poor-house!"

"What is your great aim at this time? if I may be so impolite as to make such an inquiry on so short acquaintance," queried Mr. Sighal, in a soft voice and balmy manner.

"Oh, no: nothin' imperlite about it. Open out on me, Parson, when you feel like it. I hain't got no secrets. My great aim is to play my game up to the handle. Every feller's got a game. Some's politics, some's religion, some's big money, some's land, some's keards, some's wimmen an' good clo'es, some's good, some's bad," said Mr. Small, rapidly, and punctuating his remarks with puffs of tobacco smoke, "an' my game is to hev the best eight-yoke o' cattle, an' the best wagons, an' pull the biggest load to yoke, in these yere mountains; an' then," he added, laughing and stroking his long bronze beard, "I kinder think there's a solid, square-built gal some'rs what I ain't jest seen yit, that's a-waitin' in her daddy's front porch fer a feller like me—an' the old man he's gittin' too old, an' hain't got no other children, an' he's jest a-walkin' up an' down under the shade trees, expectin' a feller about my size an' build, what kin sling ink in the Bank o' Californy for about ten thousand cash, honest money. How's that fer high, Parson?" And Mr. Small roared with his loudest laugh until the parson and Gov. joined sympathetically.

"A very laudable endeavor, Mr. Small; and let me say that I heartily wish you God-speed."

"Amen, Parson! I don't know ef I kin make it. But that's my game; an' ef I can't make it—well, hit's better to hev a game an' lose it than never to play at all. Hain't it, Parson?"

"It surely is. No good endeavor is ever entirely lost. God, in His great providence, gives germinating power to the minute seed of the plant which grew and died last year, though the seed may have been blown miles away."

"Do you b'lieve," said Mr. Small, after a long pause, in which he raised the bake kettle lid with the point of a stick, and piled more hot coals upon the top—"do you b'lieve, fer certain—dead sure—that God looks after all these little things?"

"Surely, Mr. Small. Have we not the blessed promises in the good book?"

"I don't jest reck'lect what we've got in the good book. But do you, as yer mammy's son—not as a parson—do you b'lieve it?"

"If I at all know my own thoughts and convictions, Mr. Small, I do."

After another long pause and strict attention to the baking bread: "Parson, gittin' sleepy?"

"Not at all, Mr. Small."

"Thinkin' 'bout somethin', p'r'aps?"

"I was reflecting whether I had done my whole duty, and had answered your question as fully as it should be answered."

"Well, whenever you feel sleepy, jest spread your lay-out where you choose, an' turn in. Needn't mind me. I'll fuss round yere an' smoke a good while yit. Thar hain't no ceremony at this ho-tel—the rooms is all fust-class 'partments."

"Thank you, Mr. Small," said Mr. Sighal; and then, after some pause, resuming audibly the thread of his own thought, he asked: "Mr. Small, do you not believe in the over-ruling providence of God?"

"Which God?"

"There is but one God."

"I don't see it, Parson. On this yere Pacific Coast, gods is numerous—Chinese gods, Mormon gods, Injin gods, Christian gods, an' the Bank of Californy."

"Perhaps so, Mr. Small—it is written there be gods many; but there is one only true God, Jesus Christ the righteous."

"Don't see it, Parson."

The Reverend Mr. Sighal rose quickly to his feet, and pulled down his vest at the waistband, like a warrior unconsciously feeling for the girding of his armor.

"Do you deny the truth of the sacred Scriptures, Mr. Small?"

"I don't deny nothin', 'cept what kin come before me to be recognized. What I say is, I don't see it."

"You don't see it?"

"No, sir!"—emphasis on the sir.

"Perhaps not, with the natural eyesight; but with the eye of faith, Mr. Small, you can see it, if you humbly and honestly make the effort."

"I hain't got but two eyes—no extra eye fer Sunday use. What I can't see, nor year, nor taste, nor smell, nor feel, nor make up out o' reck-lection an' hitch together, hain't nothin' to me. That's my meanin' when I say, 'I don't see it.'"

"I am deeply grieved to hear you speak so, Mr. Small."

"Now, look yere, Parson," replied Mr. Small, as he got up to bustle about his work, "fellers like me, livin' out o' doors, has got a God what couldn't git into one of your meetin'-houses."

"Mr. Small—pardon me—there is a glimmer of what seems to be meaning in your remarks, but really I fail to comprehend you."

"That's hit"—it will be observed as a peculiarity in Mr. Small's language (a peculiarity common to unlettered Western-born Americans) that he sounds the emphatic form of the pronoun *it* with an aspirate *h*—"that's hit! That's the high-larnt way to say, 'I don't see it.' Now we're even, Parson—only you've got a million o' meetin' house bells to do the 'plaudin' fer you, an' I hain't got nary one. But these yere mountains, an' them bright stars, an' yonder moon pullin' bright over the summit, would 'plaud me ef I knowed how to talk fer what made 'em. Hush—listen!" said Small, suddenly pausing, and pointing under the moonlight across the dim valley. "That's a coyote; I wonder which of us he's laughin' at!"

"Yash; kiotee. He heap talk. Mebbe so tabbit ketch um," said the Indian, rising and gathering up his blanket to retire. "Me heap shneep" (sleep.)

"Throw down another stick o' wood off the wagon, Gov., before yer go to bed."

"Yash; me heap shneepy," replied the Indian, stretching and yawning with uplifted hands, from one of which his red blanket draped down for a moment over his shoulder, gorgeous in the dancing camp-fire light.

While the Indian climbed the wagon-side for the stick of wood, Mr. Sighal remarked: "Mr. Small, before we retire, may I not ask the privilege of a few words of audible prayer to God for His preservation through the night hours?"

"Yes, sir. Yere, Gov., come yere. I want that Injin to year one prayer, ef he never years another. I've paid money when I was a boy to hev Injins prayed fer, an' now I'm goin' to see some of it done. Come yere, Gov."

The Indian came to the fireside.

"Yere, Gov.,—you sabe? This a-way; all same me"—and Mr. Small dropped upon his own knees at the side of his roll of bedding.

"All-a-same—Injin all-a-same—little stand-up?" asked Gov., dropping his blanket, and placing his hands upon his knees.

"Yes! Little stand-up—all same me!"

"Yash!" assented Gov., on the opposite side of the roll, settling gradually upon his knees.

It happened that the parson kneeled facing the Indian, so that the Indian had him in full view with the firelight shining on the parson's face, and not being accustomed to family worship, nor having had the matter fully explained to him, he conceived the idea of doing as others did; so that when the parson turned his face to the stars and shut his eyes, the Indian did so, too, and began repeating in very bad English, word for word, the parson's prayer—which piece of volunteer assistance not comporting with Mr. Small's impression of domestic decorum, caused that stout gentleman to place his two hands upon the Indian's shoulders and jerk him, face down, upon the bedding, with the

fiercely whispered ejaculation, "Dry up!"

The Rev. Mr. Sighal prayed for the persons present, in their various conditions, and their safety through the night; acknowledging that he knew God's hand was in these vast solitudes, guiding as of old the swoop of the raven's wing, and marking the death-bed of the sparrow. There was much in the prayer that was fervent and fitting, but nothing that could be fairly called original.

When the party arose to their feet, Mr. Sighal sat down, burying his face in his hands supported by his knees; Mr. Small changed an unbaked for a baked loaf with the bake-kettle; and the Indian, taking up his "plug" hat and red blanket, merely remarked "Me heap shneep!" and retired behind a sage-brush.

"Parson," said Mr. Small, after refilling his pipe and resuming his seat, and as the Rev. Mr. Sighal sat gazing reflectively into the fire.

"Sir," responded Mr. Sighal, with a slight start, from his reverie.

"I'm a-thinkin' over your prayer."

"Well, Mr. Small, I hope God will make my humble effort of some slight use in opening to you the door of His great mercy."

"I was a-thinkin' about it jest that-away. I was tryin' the sense of it on."

"I wish, Mr. Small, that God had vouchsafed to me the power of making its meaning plain."

"Oh, you made it plain enough, according to—to—well, ef my mother'd been yere, she'd ha' thought that was a No. 1 prayer, and she ha' hollered 'Amen!' every time you went fer me an' the Injin; but what I was thinkin' about was your callin' on Jesus Christ as the Giver of all Good, the Creator of all things. Now—you excuse me, Parson!—right thar is jest whar I can't quite go with ye."

"It is written, 'the Word was made flesh and dwelt among us, and by it were all things made which are made.'"

"Yes, I've read it. I know hit's written, an' hit's printed. But written things hain't no deader 'n some things what hain't been wrote yit."

"Deader! Deader!" repeated Mr. Sighal.

"Yes; dead sure—certiner."

"Ah! I understand it now."

"An' as fer printed things," continued Mr. Small, "they crawl"—then, observing the look of perplexity in the parson's face—"yes! they crawl—wun't stay put. Allers changin' with new translatin' an' new lights."

Here Mr. Small had occasion to look after his baking. Resuming his seat, he said:

"Parson, ever been to Yosemite?"

"I have not."

"Ever seen the Grand Canyon o' the Colorado River?"

"I have not."

"Well, Parson, I've seen both them places. I resked my skelp, me an' two other fellers—bully fellers them was, too!—a-packin' my blankets fer three weeks in an' out an' aroun' the Canyon o' the Colorado, jest to see it. I b'lieve I could stay there foriver an' climb an' look!"

"I have read of the great works of God made manifest in the desert places."

"Parson, that remark don't touch the spot! Ef ever yer see that canyon, yer'll jest think any printed book yer ever opened, or any words yer ever heerd, hain't got no power in 'em."

"I have no doubt it is magnificently grand."

"Parson," slowly queried Mr. Small, "do yer think Jesus Christ made the Canyon o' the Colorado, an' the world hit runs through, an' the sky hit opens under, an' the ocean 'at takes hits waters?"

"I do."

"Well, I don't know! Seems to me thar was never nothin' born in Judear that hed hands that kin lay over Ameriky—an' nothin' was never born in Ameriky that hed hands that kin build a ten-cent side-show fer that ar canyon! Parson, them's things that can't be wiped out, nor wrong-printed in no books!—nor no new light can't make 'em more'n they jest are! Whatever made sech things as them, an' these yere mountains, that's my God. But He hain't got no hands in the image o' these yere!" extending his horny, blackened palms, and adding as a climax, "ye kin bet yer sweet life on that."

"Oh, Mr. Small!" cried Mr. Sighal, rising to his feet. "My dear sir, do you wish to deny and throw away as naught, all that the good Lord Jesus, our Divine Savior, has taught, and fall back into

heathenism?"

"I don't want to deny nothin' nor fall back nowhar. Ef Jesus Christ teaches men to do honest an' fair, one to another, that's all right, an' I'm with him, in my style, sech as it is; but when you, or anybody else, asks me to jump from that p'int into the idea that he made an' rolls creation—that lets me out! Thar, now, Parson! I kinder understood you, because you was a Parson; but you wasn't likely to understand me, because I'm a bull-puncher. Now we understand each other. I've had my say, an' I'll listen to anything you've got to say on the whole trip, as well as I know how."

"Well, Mr. Small," said the Reverend Mr. Sighal, taking Big Jack's extended hand, "whatever may be my regrets, I can but respect the opinions of a man who respectfully states them. And I shall only pray to God to give you a clearer light."

"That's all right, Parson! An' now, as I've got your oatmeal cake baked an' everything done up brown, what do you say ef we roll out the blankets, go to sleep an' fergit it all till mornin'?"

"I shall be pleased to retire at any time."

"Well, hit's a fine night," said Jack, proceeding to untie the roll of his bedding, "an' we needn't go under the wagons but jest spread down in evenest places we kin find."

The Reverend Mr. Sighal made his first his bed, straightening the blankets about bed in the wilderness, and, as the mountain phrase goes, "crawled in."

"Parson," said Mr. Small, as he sat in his feet, "got plenty blankets? I kin spare ye a pair."

"Plenty, thank you."

"Good-night, Parson."

"Good-night, and God bless you, Mr. Small."

The bright moon and stars moved on in their long-appointed courses through the wide and cloudless sky, the sage-brush of the valley stretched far away, the mountain rose ragged to the serrated summit, the cattle browsed along the slope, the shadows of the great wagons fell square and dark upon the dry desert earth, and nature's old, old silence closed down upon the wilderness.

In the morning, Mr. Sighal awakened early, after a sweet and refreshing sleep, his lungs and whole inner man toned up with the dry, dewless, fresh air, to find Mr. Small far forward in the preparation of breakfast.

"Good mornin', Parson! Didn't anybody disturb yer last night, walkin' on the up-stairs floor, did thar?"

"Good morning, Mr. Small! No; I've had a fine sleep"—drawing on his wearing apparel.

"When ye sleep out nights yere, whar thar's never no dew fallin', hit's better 'n any ho-tel."

"Yes, sir; the air is very refreshing and invigorating," said Mr. Sighal, stamping his feet into his boots, and shaking the creases out of his pantaloons.

"Thar's soap an' a sort o' towel on the wheel-hub, an' ye kin take 'em an' go right over thar to them willer-bushes an' hev a wash, an' then hash'll be ready."

While Mr. Sighal and Mr. Small were taking breakfast after the customary petition for grace, the first gold rim of the sun, with the distant trees painted in its halo, rose into view on the top of the far-off Eastern mountains, and Gov. Nye, with his red blanket about his shoulders, came softly across the nearer hills, the scattered cattle moving zigzag through the sage-brush in front of him.

"Now, Parson," said Mr. Small, when they had finished breakfast, "we'll roll up, tie up, an' h'ist up our beddin'; then hitch up the bulls while Gov. eats his grub, an' roll out."

While Mr. Small, taking each heavy yoke in its turn upon his shoulder and holding one bow in his right hand, walked up to each off-side ox successively, dropped the end of the yoke gently upon his neck, slipped the bow upward and secured it to its place with the key, then removing the other bow, rested that end of the yoke upon the ground, led the nigh-side ox to his place with the bow, and thus arranged each twain in their proper yoke, Mr. Sighal, with outspread arms and extended hands, rendered amiable assistance in keeping the herd together.

"Done eatin', Gov.?" said Mr. Small, when he had stationed his horned troop in marching order.

"Yash. Heap eat um all up."

"All right," approved Mr. Small, tum-

bling the cooking utensils into the box. "No time to wash dishes this mornin'. Yere, Gov., snail hold o' this box. Now tumble up there an' take it." And heaving the box up after the Indian, he drew his terrible whip from its place between the wheel spokes, stepped to the side of his team, and letting go the lash, swung it about in the air at arm's-length in front of him, and then suddenly bringing it toward him with a peculiar jerk, causing the buckskin snapper to go off like a revolver, shouted "Gee, Brigham—ro-o-al out!" and the "desert schooners" slowly sailed away into the valley.

Mr. Sighal marched afoot, pausing to pick up a peculiar pebble and carry it awhile, then to find a pebble more peculiar and drop the first to take the second; now to hunker down and study the spikes upon a sleeping horned toad, then to pluck some flower so tiny small that it seemed but a speck among the pulpy dry gravel and loose earth; now turning face about to take in the rugged outline of the mountain under whose shadow he had passed the night, and then lower his vision to note the saucy swaggering strut of that black "prospector," the raven, walking down the road in the distant track of the wagons, not failing at the time to watch the lizards flash across his path; now again trudging along, like Bunyan's "Christian," with eyes surveying the to him unknown land in front—the Delectable Mountains, where, according to Mr. Small, he might see some "bully float quartz." To him the sameness of the land was a newness; no green and gold of leaves that grow and leaves that die, no babbling streams through valleys grown with grass, no heaving fields with squares of "thine and mine;" but one wide waste of ashen gray, one cloudless sun, one wagon-road across the scene, and mountains all about.

Thus the time passed. Driving all day in the hot sun, with unhitching, cooking, eating, talking, praying, cooking, eating and rehitching during the cool evening and morning, and sweetly sleeping through the night. Dustily across valley after valley; slowly up this side and noisily down the other side of mountain after mountain, Mr. Small pausing on the summit of each to point out to the parson the prominent peaks as they appeared plainly to the eye in a range of one hundred miles —showing, here and there, far away, their huge sides, where man, with all his might and genius, is boring mere gimlet holes, from which to draw the bright white wealth that makes the yellow glitter in the city's halls.

In the long, slow journey, Mr. Sighal sought, by easy lessons, to draw round the consciousness of Big Jack Small the subtle and intricate simplicity of his own faith in a personal God, with feelings of humanity, yet powerful to the utmost limit of all the mighty magnitudes of power. All of which Mr. Small refused to see, and stoutly clung to his own crude materialism, overshadowed by a wide Gothic spirituality, born perhaps of the tribal tinge in the blood which gave him his fair skin, high-bridged nose, bold gray eye, and long, tawny beard. It was again the old subtleties born of a southern sun endeavoring to bring the wild Norse blood upon its knees at the foot of a Roman cross.

The conversion of the Indian, which was Mr. Small's special desire, did not proceed satisfactorily. It is comparatively easy, I opine, to build religion upon civilization; but the labor must be thorough, and the effort exhaustive where there is only the love of food, of passion and of existence to appeal to.

THE MEN WHO MAKE SOLDIERS OF FORTUNE

BY ARTHUR H. DUTTON

WHO SAYS that the United States is not a military nation?

Americans may be peace-loving and addicted to commercial pursuits, but they have fighting blood in plenty. Hundreds of thousands of young Americans fell over themselves in a mad scramble to get to the front when the Spanish-American war broke out. That, of course, was mainly due to patriotism.

But there is in our fellow-citizens an innate martial spirit, a yearning for adventure, which finds vent whenever any expedition, with a prospect of a fight with anybody at all, is undertaken, and its character made public. The hardest fighting this year in Nicaragua was by American adventurers. The United States is filled with soldiers of fortune. Nor are they all of the happy-go-lucky, shiftless, jobless class, either.

That men of the highest standing in their respective communities have this thirst for adventure is made evident by the class of men who applied for membership in the crew of the steamship Jessie Banning, which, under the name of Bogota, was fitted out in Seattle and in San Francisco, in 1902, for service in the navy of Colombia, in the revolution which devastated that country from 1899 to the year named. She was commanded by Captain H. H. Marmaduke, a former officer of the Confederate Navy.

From the time the Jessie Banning's mission became known, she was over-run by volunteers. There were dozens of applicants for every berth upon her. Those who could not apply in person did so by letter, and the following, which with a few others marked "confidential," and therefore not printed here, formed the first thirty received, indicate strikingly the material from which the ranks of soldiers of fortune are filled. These letters were preserved. Later ones became so numerous that they were destroyed unanswered, often unread, for the Jessie Banning, now the Bogota, was overwhelmed with those eager to accompany her and fight under the "blood-and-gold" flag of Colombia.

Here are some offers of services:

533 Morrison St., Portland, Or.

Dear Sir:

I learn you are commanding the Jessie Banning for the Colombian Government, and will proceed to business soon as the guns are on board. I have been in the Transport Service for our Government for several years as engineer. Now I am out of commission and over 45; this debars me from service on a battleship. Being an old Marine Engineer, I am wanting to get back again, particularly now the concerns are going against men at my age.

I have good testimonials from commanding officers, also civilians, that speak of my character and ability as a man and a gentleman.

Trusting to hear favorably from you,

Yours very respectfully,

GEORGE HUNT.

No. 7 East St., San Francisco, Cal.

Dear Sir:

Hearing that you may be in want of gunners on your vessel, I beg to offer my services. I have served as seaman gunner in the British navy for a period of seventeen months, and I have also served as chief gunner in the Chinese navy during the war in 1894. I may state that I am also a navigator, holding U. S. license,

and am twenty-five years of age. Hoping, sir, that if you may have a vacancy, you will consider my application favorably, and I will serve you to the best of my ability,

I beg to remain,
Yours respectfully,
WALTER M. LODGE.

834 Sutter St., San Francisco, Cal.
Dear Sir:

In reading the list of officers of the Bogota, and failing to see mention of a surgeon, I would respectfully apply for the position in the event of its being vacant.

I was a resident surgeon at the French Hospital for three years. For one year assistant police surgeon, and had charge of the small-pox hospital during the late epidemic.

In case you should look with favor on my application, I should be most happy to furnish credentials.

Yours respectfully,
V. E. PUTNAM.

La Cananea, Sonora, Mexico.
Sir:

Noticing an article in a Los Angeles paper regarding the Steamer Jessie Banning, which soon is to become the Bogota, I take this way of inquiring if there is any possible way of serving with you. I served an apprenticeship in the U. S. Navy, and was on the Battleship Iowa during the Santiago campaign. Was discharged in San Francisco in 1899 to accept a commission in the U. S. Volunteers. I served in that capacity in the Philippines for 2 years and 6 months, and was mustered out at San Francisco in 1901. I drifted down here, and have had a very good position, but on account of trouble with a native woman, lost it, and now I have no money, and would be willing to take up anything. If you stop at Guaymas on your way down, I can refer you to the Southwestern Commercial Co. there at that place. I can read and write Spanish, so would be of lots of service in that respect.

If it would be of not too much trouble, would like to hear from you on this subject.

Yours truly,
D. C. MENDEL.

Shawnee, O. T.
Dear Sir:

I have learned of your acceptance of command of the Colombian Navy. If my services are needed, I would be glad to serve under you. I have been until recently an acting assistant surgeon in the U. S. Army—service in the Philippines. Have also acted as surgeon on Pacific steamers making points along the coast of Mexico, Central and South America, and am somewhat familiar with the language and customs of the Spanish-Americans.

I am a native Kentuckian, age 35. Am quite sure that I can come up to all requirements, and be of some value to you. I can give satisfactory references on arrival in Seattle, if required. Please wire me if you can use me, and I can come to Seattle before your departure.

Very respectfully,
H. GOODWIN, M. D.

2430 James St., Whatcom, Wash.
Sir:

I have seen in the local papers that the Colombian Government is enlisting men for their navy on this Coast, and I address this to you to ask if you can give me any information about the matter. I am a seafaring man, and have had over three years' experience in the engine room in the United States navy as fireman, oiler and water-tender, and also was acting machinist; so please drop me a line as soon as convenient to oblige

A. J. MARCHAND.

Corning, California.
Dear Sir:

Will you kindly send me blank to make application for position of surgeon or inform me where I can procure same for Colombian army.

Respectfully,
DR. M. MASON.

Pinole, California.
Dear Sir:

Seeing by the paper that you were in command of the Colombian steamer Bogota, and were going to enlist a crew of Americans to fight for the Colombian Government, I would state I am open for enlistment as machinist. I served two

years in the American navy as first-class machinist on the Baltimore and Gunboats Nos. 10, 11, 9, in the Philippines. I am a practical machinist of 11 years experience, and am now employed in the California Powder Works at this place. I have a fair knowledge of Spanish, and spent one year in Mexico and Cuba. Please let me know what the terms are, and oblige,

Yours respectfully,
HENRY G. DORR.

Willits, California.

Sir:

I see in the paper you are recruiting a crew of ex-navy men for the Jessie Banning to serve under the Colombian flag.

If you have not a full crew when you receive this letter, I and my partner would like to ship with you; we are both ex-navy men, and would like to go in the fire-room. Hoping to hear from you, I remain,

Yours respectfully
E. MADISON.

2319 College Ave., Berkeley, Cal.

Dear Sir:

Can you find a place on your ship for a man to act as Hospital Steward. Have a fair knowledge of medicine, and am a registered druggist in this State. Can act as doctor's assistant. Saw active service in U. S. Army in Philippines in 1898, and have honorable discharge. Am 24 years old. Will you give me a show?

Respectfully yours,
H. H. MOREHEAD.

Alamo, Oregon.

Dear Sir:

See that you are to be captain of the Jessie Banning and will go to Colombia in service of that country.

I would like to enlist in the same cause. Saw two years service (infantry) in the Philippines. Was Second Lieutenant, 1st Tenn. Vol. Inf. My present occupation is bookkeeper, stenographer and typewriter. Would be glad to go as an enlisted man or in any capacity. Or would be glad to go as secretary or some work in my line.

Could also bring with me several soldiers who have seen service in Philippines and South African war.

Will come if you will answer by wire at once, stating conditions.

Hoping to hear from you by wire or mail, I am,

Very truly,
J. W. BURKS, JR.

Guthrie, Oklahoma.

Sir:

A few days ago I wrote you in reference to going to Colombia and fighting for her. I have a friend, Captain Turner, who says he can get from 30 to 60 ex-U. S. soldiers and cowboys here in the two territories, provided the Colombian Government would furnish transportation. We are ready to come and enter the service at once, and while we can bear our own expenses, we cannot afford to do so for the men we could bring. Mr. Turner was a First Lieutenant of Kansas Cavalry in '98. I had been recommended for a commission as Second Lieutenant in the 10th Ill. Vol. Inf., but the 9th was the last one taken from Illinois. I am now a First Lieutenant in our National Guard here. If this reaches you, which I hope it will, please answer by return mail or wire, if you think the Government will do the right thing by us. We mean business.

Yours very truly,
H. L. WINELAND.
Attorney-at-Law, Hotel Guthrie.

San Francisco, Cal.

Dear Sir:

I hereby offer my services as physician and surgeon, if such are needed, aboard the Jessie Banning, or otherwise, by the Colombian Government.

Respectfully,
E. A. BOHM, M. D.
Graduate Home Medical College, St. Louis, Missouri, 1890.

1234 Mission St., San Francisco.

Dear Sir:

I would be pleased to accept the position as Surgeon on the Jessie Banning during her cruise to the scene of battle. Best of references.

Respectfully yours,
LAURENCE T. REEGAN, M. D.

33 Steuart St., San Francisco.

Sir:

I respectfully request to apply for a position on the Steamer J. Banning, of which you command. I have served 8 years in the U. S. N., and am still in the service, but will skip if there is a show for a little excitement. I am a Quartermaster, 1st class; am an American, and I have been through the gunnery school in Washington, D. C. Hoping to get a berth in your vessel, I remain,

Yours respectfully,

VINCENT BREWSTER.

Shawnee, Okla Territory.

Dear Sir and Comrade:

I learn with pleasure of your good fortune in obtaining the recognition and command your talents and bravery deserve. In the Colombian navy I should be very proud to share your fate with your command, and I very earnestly desire and solicit this honorable service with you, and shall deem it the highest honor to do so. I, too, am an old ex-Confederate soldier. I am just 56 years of age, and am in vigorous, robust health. I am a graduate in medicine, and am at this time capable and willing to perform any service that any other man of 30 years can. Will you kindly grant me this high honor? I am sure that I can, if opportunity is presented, prove and convince you of my ability to perform any duty required of me. I can furnish convincing proof by letters and in person that I am worthy of your confidence. I served with General John Morgan and Bedford Forrest in our Civil War, and gained some slight distinction and promotion with them. Trusting that you can see your way clear to find a place for me in your vessel is the heartfelt wish of your comrade. I shall await your reply with much anxiety. I need not tell you I shall, if I should be so fortunate as to be enlisted, to be your loyal and faithful friend through every vicissitude of fortune.

Your obedient servant,

THOMAS F. BERRY, M. D.

Colusa, Cal.

Sir:

Just notice an article in the paper of recruiting officers and men. I would like to state that I would like to accept a position as officer of some kind. Am First Lieutenant of Co. 23 Knights of Pythias; am on the promotion for Regemental officer. Now, if I can be of service to the Government of your ship just fitting out, would be pleased to serve. My occupation is druggist, and am always sober.

Yours very respectfully,

M. THIELE.

Golden Eagle Hotel, Redding, Cal.

Dear Sir:

I read the account of your proposed trip to the seat of war in Colombia. I write this thinking that we two may be related. In case you belong to this immediate family, I should like very much to secure a berth with you on the trip, in almost any capacity.

Have had a taste of such a life, as I was discharged from the 20th Kansas volunteers as a second lieutenant. I enlisted as private. If you can see your way clear to let me go, please notify me, and I will come to 'Frisco, posthaste.

Until then, I am,

Very respectfully yours,

G. J. MILLER, JR.

1021 Locust St., Kansas City, Mo.

Sir:

I write to inquire if you need an apothecary or hospital steward, on your vessel. I am a registered pharmacist, and have passed examinations in minor surgery, bandaging, etc. Was formerly Hospital Steward, 20th Kansas Inf. U. S. Vols., and have also served as apothecary 1st class, U. S. Navy. I am 38, sober, active and competent, and can furnish best testimonials as to my character, capacity, etc. Am physically sound, except that I am near-sighted, which is corrected by wearing glasses. This defect did not at all interfere with the performance of my duties in the U. S. Service. I can come at once. Native of Maryland.

Respectfully awaiting your reply,

I have the honor to be,

W. E. HUNGERFORD.

Not the least remarkable feature of the above correspondence is the extent to which the medical profession figures in

the applications for service. Desire for experience with gunshot wounds and other practical surgery may account for this to some degree, but in some of the letters from the medicos there is plain indication of the same thirst for adventure that actuates the former soldiers and sailors.

The age of romance is still with us. There is no dearth of soldiers of fortune in the United States of America.

THE DESPAIR OF SCIENCE

BY HARRY COWELL

The medium of exchange is my despair,
'Tis mighty and with heaven hath close alliance—
Two worlds at once. 'tis neither here nor there,
Yet one too many, as it were, for Science.

Great Caesar's ghost! 'Tis pretty tough,
Material *terra firma* stable!
To tip the waiter, that's enough.
In heaven's name, why tip the table?

Upon this ground I stand, nor slight
The grav'ty of the situation,
Till Science, haply, turns more light
Upon the subject—Levitation.

Me, when I list attempts to prove it,
To levity I must abandon:
The arguments in favor of it,
They haven't got a leg to stand on!

Admitting that I may be wrong,
To grant the affirmative I'm ready:
The spirits must be very strong,
And truly nothing if not heady.

I reckon, housed in common sense,
Earth's guest, without my heavenly hosts;
Hold immaterial evidence—
In giving judgment—that of ghosts.

And yet, in very deed I write
This non-sense as the spirit moves me.
What reader deems it out of sight
Thereby rejoices and disproves me.

"TO BE BURNED, UNOPENED"

BY HELEN FRANCES HUNTINGTON

THE WORDS detached themselves from the sealed package that Barron took from his dead wife's desk, and sprang into vivid multiplicity all over the walls, the windows and the floors; wherever his stark gaze rested, that appallingly significant command stared back at him: "To be burned, unopened!"

He sank into a chair before the open desk which revealed all the intimately feminine treasures by which Juliet had kept in touch with the dearest events of her life—all of which were entirely apart from her husband's existence. There was a little valueless ring; a dead chum's letters; the dust of a red rose and the tragically interrupted journal of a lad who had lost his life in a heroic effort to save another, and, lastly, that securely sealed packet of letters marked: "To be burned, unopened."

A fierce, despairing jealousy took possession of Barron as a hundred dire possibilities flooded his anguished brain. He had known absolutely nothing of Juliet's life previous to the summer of their engagement, for she had been of a different world from his intellect-bound existence; she had been as uncommunicative about herself as she had been incurious about his past, which was as bare of romance as it could well be, for Love had passed by his studious youth and early manhood at a great distance, only to return and crown his maturity with a joy almost *too* exquisite. But Juliet! It was impossible that she could have passed through her beautiful, magnetic, blithe youth without love—many men had, doubtless, loved her and she had unquestionably loved in return. The more he thought of her tranquil, retrospective moods, of her mute gentleness and toleration of his awkward, blundering ways, the more painfully certain he grew that she had never really loved him because her heart had been with an early love—the writer of those secretly treasured letters. It was pity that she had given him—her husband—but she had clothed it in such beautiful sentiment that he had mistaken it for love.

He said to himself, in stark agony of spirit, that he could not force himself to obey that mute command, because all the rest of his life would be tortured with unendurable doubts. And, surely, if Juliet had cared for him at all she would absolve him from an obligation that would entail life-long misery upon him. Again and again his tense fingers slipped under the strong silken cord that bound the forbidden letters, but always an appalling sense of desecration prevented the final breaking of the seal.

"I can never endure the dreadful uncertainty of doubt," he told himself over and over.

After a long while he roused his torpid body and went out into the keen wintry night in which the tenuous brilliance of myriad city lights mingled with the amplitude of domestic warmth that radiated from countless homes. Barron gazed at the light and listened unattentively to the endless bustle, for he felt as remote from human propinquity as if he had been a cast-away on a desert island. His aching loneliness separated him completely from all the vivid life that palpitated about him. As he hurried desolately toward the shadowy dimness of Madison Square, a hearty hand gripped his shoulder, and an intimately friendly voice hailed him with limitless cheer.

Barron raised his head with a wrench, and looked dazedly into the handsome, smiling face of Burton Ravenal, who had just stepped from a cab in the wake of a baggage-laden porter. "You home again!" he murmured tonelessly.

"Just got in on the Bretagne, which was

ten hours late. But what ails you, Barron? Have you been ill?" Ravenal asked solicitously.

"Juliet is dead," said Barron in a voice that seemed to come from a great distance.

Ravenal's handsome face whitened and sharpened incredibly; his hand dropped nervelessly from the other man's shoulder and his dominant figure lost its buoyant poise for a moment, while the hurrying crowds jostled by unheeded. "Juliet dead!" he repeated, in a voice from which all life and warmth had fled. "Come in with me," he begged. "I seem not to realize what you are saying."

"I can't go in there," Barron protested with a shivering glance at the glaringly lighted hotel entrance where the porter waited expectantly with an armful of smart traveling paraphernalia. "Come home with me, Ravenal, do! There is something I must ask you about. I am not fit to trust to my own shaken judgment."

Ravenal flung a word to the man with his traps, then swung about and followed his friend through the scintillating crowds that eddied up and down Broadway, across the quieter streets of the West Side to a familiar brownstone house that had descended to Barron through two generations of scholarly, dryly reserved gentlefolk. Neither spoke until they stood side by side in the silent red-leathered study before Juliet's desk.

"There," said Barron, pointing shakingly to the sealed packet, "is what I want you to help me about. I can't obey her wish because the thought of what those letters may contain would drive me mad."

Ravenal stared hard at the mute message which seemed mysteriously to take voice—Juliet's low but far-reaching golden voice, then so tragically silent. "Most women," said he, after a difficult moment, "cherish some token of an early attachment which their loyalty prompts them to guard from outsiders, although there may be nothing to hide. You must fulfill Juliet's wish, Barron; now, while I am here to sustain your shaken courage."

"I can't," Barron whispered, sinking weakly into a chair. "I should never know an untortured hour with that dread doubt tearing at my heart. If it is true that the dead know the needs of the living, Juliet will understand how it is with me, and forgive my transgression of her will. If the dead know nothing, it will not matter to her either way. And if, as you say, the packet contains only mementoes of some girlish fancy, no harm will have been done in opening it. But—— Ravenal, I *must* satisfy myself by this proof of my place in Juliet's heart. I cannot live without it!"

"You must do her bidding, Barron," Ravenal insisted, inexorably. "Do it now, to spare yourself further torture." His hand went out toward the sealed letters, but Barron snatched them jealously out of his reach. For a little while, a poignant silence hung between them; then Barron lifted his haggard eyes to the face of his friend, whose death-like pallor appealed to him for the first time.

"You have been ill," said Barron, rousing from his deep misery for one sympathetic moment. "Pardon me for my selfish inattention to everything but my own trouble. You look wretched. Do sit down and let me fetch you a glass of brandy."

"No. No, thank you, Barron. I am not ill," Ravenal protested, "but terribly worried—over business affairs."

"I am sorry! You have always been a faithful friend to me, Ravenal—the best a man ever had. Juliet liked and trusted you above every one else. She used to look forward to your return with the keenest delight."

Ravenal leaned across the table and laid one unsteady hand on the sealed letters. "For that reason, if for no other," said he slowly, "let me take these into my keeping until you have time to gather back your courage. If, after a month—"

"Oh, no, no!" Barron broke in miserably. "I could not endure the suspense."

"Till to-morrow, at least," Ravenal urged. "You are terribly overwrought at present, and everything looks out of focus to you. By-and-bye the worst will pass and your clear judgment will return."

Barron's hands dropped helplessly to his lap. "I am not even half the man you think me," said he in deep abasement, "or I should not think of violating Juliet's wish, now that she is dead. She loved me —of that I feel certain. Yet, I permit all manner of black doubts to profane her

precious memory. She was so quiet, you know, Ravenal, so undemonstrative. I often yearned to take her in my arms and tell her how unspeakably dear she was to me, but I never dared, for fear of repulsing her. She was capable of great intensity of feeling, but somehow she repressed it in my presence."

"Some women are like that," Ravenal murmured.

"She was so clever—really brilliant, wasn't she? I am not the kind of a man to bring out a woman's affections," Barron interrupted himself to explain humbly. "I wondered over and over that she ever married me when she could have made a far better match even at the very time of my proposal. Hobart, you know—— But she loved me," he reiterated, with a wintry smile, that added pathos to his sad face. "Of that I am absolutely certain."

"And you must honor her affection by obeying her innocent wish."

Barron drew a deep, uneven breath that sounded like a repressed sob. "You are right, Ravenal," he murmured with another dim smile. "It is very good of you to care intimately about my troubles. It makes my burden a little lighter to have you share it."

"I will take the packet at least for to-night," said the other man, slipping the letters into his overcoat pocket. "Try and get a good night's rest, Barron, for you need it sorely. Do you feel like going over to the hotel with me—just for company, you know?"

"No, Ravenal, thank you. I'll stay right here, where I seem to be near *her*. Thank you again for all your sympathy." He rose and gripped his friend's hand with tremulous intensity, as the latter paused for a moment at the threshold where Juliet had so often welcomed him. He seemed to see, in the steady fire-glow beyond Barron's pathetic figure, a woman of rare and tranquil loveliness, with deep, serious eyes and a grave sweetness of expression that brightened to sudden radiance at love's approach.

"Juliet! Juliet!" he mourned under his breath, as he turned and hurried down the soundless stairway, and out into the encompassing darkness of the night.

He wanted to be alone, shut away from all the gay, mad, heedless world that had but yesterday held such intimate claims upon him, to face his hour of darkest doubt in solitude. A sense of utter weariness dragged at his heart and retarded his steps, which were like those of a man suddenly stricken with an exhausting illness, for all the dear delight of life that had made his home-coming so sweet to him had been swept away by the one devastating stroke of fate that had carried Juliet forever beyond his life. Once within the seclusion of his room he took the packet from his pocket and laid it on the table beside him while he leaned back in his chair with closed eyes and reviewed all the deeply satisfying events of his long friendship with the dead woman. Every trivial detail sprang into vivid relief against the even background of ten swift, pleasurable, cloudless years while she had stood to him for the one dear and perfect friend of his life, too pure and lofty for one assailing doubt. He had met Juliet in the flower of her buoyant, beautiful youth when all the riotous lure of young desire had been at floodtide, and even then she had been a full-measured woman, brimmed with verve and fire and ambitions, yet as fine and fair as a flower. Her love had seemed to him the one great thing worth a lifetime of striving, but even when she had turned its fervent tide into the calmer but deeper channel of friendship she retained her lofty place in his heart. Her marriage with Barron had been a great surprise to Ravenal, who had deemed the quiet, middle-aged student not quite worthy of Juliet's prodigal affections, but that first hurt judgment had passed and the spiritual fitness of the union had become irrefutably clear to him.

But those forbidden letters! What did they stand for? A black suspicion stung across Ravenal's heart, but he recoiled from its withering touch as utterly unworthy of his life-long trust in the dead woman. There had never been the shadow of doubt between them in life, then why should he doubt her in death? The thought was monstrous. Yet that dark dread returned again and again to knock at his grieved heart. Had Barron with his dull, plodding incorruptible goodness been able to satisfy the lavish desire of Juliet's prodigal nature? There had been other lovers full of the virile charm that

leads youth captive, brilliant, magnetic, forceful men like Hobart—*Hobart!* At last the poisoned dart struck a vital mark. Ravenal recalled a hundred trivial incidents following Juliet's marriage, which all pointed incriminatingly toward a continuation of Hobart's attentions.

To Ravenal, life's whole outlook changed with that dread conviction. He felt himself wrenched violently from the old safe, familiar moorings of faith and cast adrift upon stormy seas. All the zest of living had departed; he felt hopelessly old and futureless. A sharp trill of the bell brought him back to tangible things with a shock of repulsion that sent the blood bounding painfully to his temples. Before he could answer the ring, Barron had stumbled across the threshold, a white-faced, pitiable figure. Ravenal swept the fateful packet from the table to the floor, where his foot gave it a quick thrust that sent it into safe hiding.

"I couldn't rest," Barron said, chokingly. "It is no use trying to fight against nature. Give me the letters and let me put an end to this cursed suspense."

Ravenal pushed his friend gently into a chair, trembling in every fibre of his own being as he did so, for his nerves were strained almost to the breaking point. "Try to put the matter out of your mind altogether," he urged soothingly. "It is all over with now. Juliet's wish has been fulfilled."

"What do you mean?" Barron cried huskily, with a quick gasp of alarm.

"I have burned the packet for you," said Ravenal, with desperate calmness, resolved to verify his lie the moment he was free to do so.

The bereaved man sank back despairingly, his thin figure seeming to shrink under his carelessly adjusted clothes. "Oh, how could you!" he cried, with piercing reproach. "How *could* you!" A storm of agony shook his frame pitilessly for a few dreadful moments, but it passed as suddenly as it had come. Presently he raised his drooping shoulders and tried to force his broken spirit to sustain his will.

"It was the right thing to do," he said chokingly. "I realize that very keenly, but I am such a pitiful coward I couldn't have done it. Thank you, old friend. By-and-bye, when the worst wears off, I shall even be glad of this night's work. Thank you!"

He did not try to hide the tears that trickled down his pallid cheeks, but wiped them away humbly and began to talk of Juliet and the brief, transfiguring happiness that she had brought into his lonely life, all of which hurt the listener so acutely that answering speech was impossible. For hours Barron talked on and on; when a clock in the adjoining room struck three he rose, in a shambling way, and groped for his hat, which had dropped beside his chair, and in so doing his fumbling hand thrust the fateful package from its dusky hiding place into a patch of brilliant light, with its starkly incriminating message face-up.

The two men stared at each other in inquisitorial silence for a few dreadful moments, during which they seemed hardly to breathe in their intense agitation; then Barron stooped and caught up the little white bundle with a groan that seemed to rend some vital part of his heart.

"God, Ravenal, why did you lie to me?" he cried in a distorted voice. "There can be but one reason—that you know the worst—that *you* are the worst." He laughed horribly and began to tremble violently like a man stricken with palsy. "You and Juliet. * * * And all the while I stood by blindfolded, believing in your friendship and her faith. * * * She counted the days, in my very presence, that would bring you back to her, using my blind faith as a mask for her eagerness: and you used my friendship to desecrate all that made life dear to me! My God, how shall I bear it! * * * But why should I care when there is nothing to care about—nothing in all this pitiless world! No hope, no god, no love, no honor—nothing but hideousness and hate and hell! Her love a mockery and your whole life a damnable lie. * * * No, don't speak!" he cried fiercely, thrusting his groping fingers under the silken cords of the packet and ripping it wide open. A shower of closely written letters fluttered to the floor, and Barron fell to his knees and gathered them up in frenzied haste. Rising he leaned toward the light and tried to read the topmost letter, but his hands trembled so violently that the writ-

ten words danced into hopeless confusion. Bracing his hands against his breast, he succeeded in steadying them sufficiently to make the writing clear. Ravenal followed Barron's strained gaze across the page twice; then the letter dropped from the tense grasp that immediately snatched up a second missive. Again Ravenal scanned the hungry eyes for some clue to the devastating secret that was to blight the reader's life beyond all mortal repair.

Barron dropped the letters to the table and fumbled through them with breathless suspense, then he suddenly laid his hands across his eyes and sank into a chair. "God," he cried into the far distance; "God forgive me."

After a long while, Barron lifted his head and looked at his friend. All the pain was gone from his face, and a look of steadfast peace shone in his deep eyes. "Read the letters, Ravenal," he said. "Read them aloud. Juliet would wish it now. I think she knows and has forgiven me."

The command seemed to come from some invisible presence that spoke through the man who had so mysteriously found peace. Ravenal obeyed without reluctance —feeling the impression of Juliet's nearness so strongly that the letters seemed to vibrate under his touch as if they had come warm from her strong, vital, magnetic hands. There were upward of twenty letters, all written in Juliet's clear, flowing hand, unaddressed but dated exactly a year apart, beginning with the date of her eighth birthday, a letter for every year written on her birthdays—to herself!

Orphaned at an early age, she had lived a lonely, reserved life in the spiritual sense. She had confided to those timidly-guarded letters everything that crowded her life since that eighth birthday when the need of mental expansion had first made itself felt—young hopes, young ideals that changed slowly with the ripening years which taught her life's fullest meaning, together with all the deep yearnings of a pure and generous spirit. Ravenal's name was there, clothed with friendly affection which was but a shadow compared with the full and perfect love that she had given her husband—a love which her lips could not or would not express, in which the profound cravings of her prodigal nature had found tranquil fulfillment.

There was a letter written on Juliet's bridal morning, which Ravenal laid aside unread. Barron understood and smiled calmly.

"Sometime I shall hear it all from her own pure lips," he said. Then he rose and gathered up the letters one by one and laid them tenderly on the dying embers of the hearth. They quivered, for a moment, like the heart of a suddenly revived love, then gave their silent message to the flames. But that which neither change nor decay can efface remained, to go with Barron through the succeeding years, to the Haven of his Heart's Desire.

TWO SCHOOL-MARMS IN CALIFORNIA'S SWITZERLAND

BY KATHERINE M. DOUGLAS

"WHAT A DUSTY little place this is!" I exclaimed, glancing down at Biddy, as we trudged bravely side by side down Hopland's main street in search of ice-cream parlors. Biddy's eyes widened. Instead of replying, she gave a jerk at my pack, whispering, "Look, the Burnell's motor!"

Surely enough, a stately black car was pulling up beside us and cheery voices called to know what we two supposedly staid school-marms were doing in tramping attire sixteen miles from Cloverdale.

"Sure, and we're making the most of our four days' holiday by taking that tramp in Lake County we have threatened you with so long!"

Bursts of laughter answered us, and "Lake County! You? Why, the sun has affected your heads! Get in with us, and we will take you safely home."

Biddy and I had had enough of this sort of thing before setting out.

"I don't see what is so funny about it," I responded. (It was my first year in Cloverdale.) "Do you people in this part of the State never walk?"

"Not if we can help it," chuckled Mr. B., pater. "Come on, now, pile in."

We had great difficulty in getting away with dignity, a parting shout informing us that we would never reach Lakeport on foot.

In the ice-cream parlor we learned the way to the hop-fields.

"It's paying off day, and there's to be a great barbecue. You mustn't miss it," said the proprietor.

We agreed, and started down the road for the fields and camps of the American Hop and Barley Company. The fields were a veritable maze of twine, despoiled of the vines. Overhead and far away on all sides it stretched, shimmering masses of silky gray cobweb. The camp was a tent city to rival Santa Cruz. We speedily made our way to the ice-cream booth kept by an acquaintance of Biddy's, and there refreshed ourselves. Soon Mrs. Fitz suggested that we go with her to the "cafe"—an enclosure presided over by a veritable hippopotamus, who rolled into sight just at that moment.

"No, thank you," said I, "let me stay and sell cornucopias."

Left in charge, I was in no time so engrossed in the art of giving cornucopias that running-over look with a single spoonful of ice-cream that I was startled to hear Biddy exclaim:

"Sure, and I've short-changed the lad. Here he comes."

She had begun to sell bread for the stand next door, whose proprietress gladly availing herself of the opportunity, had also gone to the "cafe." The young fellow came back for his change, and poor Biddy, in her efforts to make good, overreached, and the next thing I heard was:

"Now I've given him a dime too much! I'll have to make it up myself!"

This she did surreptitiously, just as Mrs. Fitz returned beaming; her kindly face broadened on hearing that we had taken in $1.45 during her absence. She proceeded to show us the sights, beginning with the piles of barbecue meat, which, stabbed through by huge iron spikes, smoked and sizzled over a trough of coals under the superintendence of two greasy Mexicans. From an inspection of the bake oven where 300 loaves were turning to a delicious brown, we crossed to the line-up before the pay-windows of the rudely constructed office. The line extended back under the shadows of the warehouse, men, women and child-

ren, some old and bent and tired, others young and cheerful. Each as his turn came at the window, passed in to the weary-looking cashier a wad of notes, paper money issued by the company and redeemable at the end of the season, when some $10,000 in coin was taken in under escort. The rate paid was a cent a pound, and after twenty minutes' observation we concluded that the pickers averaged about a dollar a day, though skilled hands had made as high as seven dollars. On the whole, they were a quiet, earnest lot. And as we started across to the hop kilns, several wagon loads of families, already paid off, their belongings gathered about them, passed down toward Hopland.

The kilns, situated in a grove of fine oaks some quarter of a mile to the west, proved a novelty. The furnaces stood in a large basement whose temperature, kept at about 140 deg., was redolent of sulphur. The hot air passes up through a ceiling of sacking laid across narrow slats, and on top of this are the hops—a regular sea of them, yellowish-green and billowy. On the suggestion of our guide to step in and help stir them, we plunged in after him, and knee-deep shoved and pushed our way through the pungent mass. The hot sulphurous fumes made us cough, and we willingly desisted after a few minutes to pass on across the rude car-way to the baling. After twelve hours in the kiln the dry hops are shoveled into cars and run across to a large granary on one side of which is a horse-power press. Four men were at work here shoveling and brushing the fluffy mass into the press. Each pressful came out below in compact rectangular form, clear-cut, almost as hard as wood. Before the weight on top was removed, the sides opened, and the men hurriedly stitched the edges of the sacking together.

"They say men can't sew!" laughed a friendly youth. "Look here!" and he proceeded to illustrate. A minute later a perfect bale, weighing 190 pounds, was jerked out and rolled end over end to join its fellows. Our young baler, on hearing that we were bound for Lakeport, begged us to give it up.

"I've lived there all my life, and it's 37 miles over that mountain grade if it's a mile," he declared.

His friends corroborated his testimony, and we left a little crestfallen. Biddy, who hadn't tested her ability as a tramp scarce knew what to think, for 37 miles of mountain in one day seemed a mountain indeed, and our time was limited. But my sixth sense told me that Lakeport youth was telling it big. Besides, had we not a reputation to make? I thought of the Burnells and said, "As for me, I walk to Lakeport. Are you with me?"

"'Deed I am," said she, cheered by my firmness. So turning our faces to the northeast, we settled down to walking as to a business.

After two hours of dusty road we came to the beautiful little McDowell Valley, and applied at a comfortable looking ranch-house for a night's shelter. We had established our rate of two miles an hour, arriving at six o'clock. The first stage of our journey was accomplished.

Our appearance by this time must have been unprepossessing, for the ranch people plainly took us in as an act of mercy. Though not in the habit of opening the door to strangers, they were very kind and hospitable once that the door was opened. We sat down to a hearty supper. A few minutes after the meal had begun the owner of the ranch appeared—a white-bearded bachelor whose fine, stern face and stooped shoulders attested to a life of steady struggle with the soil. Becoming less monosyllabic—

"Be you from the fields?" he questioned as he consumed his fourth glass of milk. It was sour and skimmed, but he apparently did not notice this. On learning that we had not been hop-picking, but were simply out for a tramp, his interest warmed to the subject as unusual, and as he talked, I began to resent the economy of sour milk practiced on him by the women folk. The meal ended, a romp with Marjorie, the small niece, ensued; then we retired, well-pleased with the first day of our outing.

At breakfast next morning, our host gave us numerous useful hints as to the road we were to travel, and advised us to avoid the cut-off that led past the Mexican dug-out on the mountain-side.

"They are a pretty wild lot, and live there like animals in a hole in the ground. As you go down the mountain, though,

you'll find lots of cut-offs you can take where the road can be seen plainly some distance ahead."

Thanking him for his advice, we picked up our things and receiving permission to make Marjorie a present, we started off at seven o'clock. Our way still lay northeast over a mountain range to Lakeport. The morning was fresh, the hills inviting. Ere long the smiling valley narrowed to a wooded canyon, and the road began to ascend in steep pulls and winding turns. A hunter passed, his face and hands red in the sharp morning air, across his horse the sleek carcass of a stag, behind two dogs. Whiffs of manzanita, bay, mountain lilac and stringent bracken greeted our nostrils. Now and then we spied pathways through the undergrowth, but we mistrusted short cuts. Coming out on an elbow of mountain, we beheld the little valley which we had left behind us two hours ago; its houses and green cornfields lay shining in sunlight.

An hour more of climbing lessened our fear of by-paths, and on finding an unusually distinct one, we decided to try it. Signs of life appeared as we proceeded; foot-prints, piles of cord wood, and here and there small clearings. On the largest of these we halted in surprise. Not ten feet away was a low mud dwelling, half adobe, half cave, built into the rocky sides of the mountain. No life stirred, no smoke rose from the chimney. It was still early enough, we concluded for the Mexicans to be asleep. So on tip-toe we passed under wires strung with strips of venison, skirting some bushes on which Chili peppers were drying in the sun, the bags in which they were tied looking for all the world like large white blossoms. Once we paused to breathe, several hundred yards up the mountain side, but an ominous rustle among the trees around the little adobe sent us hurrying upward. Later a clatter of hoofs behind, and we faced round in our tracks starting to the edge of the road, as four horsemen trotted past in a cloud of white dust. To our relief, four clean-shaven American faces smiled an interested greeting.

"Hunters!" gasped Biddy.

"Yes, thank Heaven," I responded fervently, "and we are near the summit."

On a sudden Clear Lake lay before us, stretching its beautiful blue length far away to the foot of "Uncle Sam." Down the steep, bushy sides of the mountain below, twisted the white road, appearing, disappearing, doubling on itself, diving into canyons, but ever making for the lake. The four hunters were still on the summit, silently gazing down on the country around. To the southward stretched row on row of fire-blackened ranges, while two distinct clouds of smoke told that the forest fires were still raging.

"Splendid view, isn't it?" said one of the hunters. "You young ladies must have had quite a walk. When did you start?"

On hearing that we had come up the grade in four hours, they gave us a look of genuine appreciation which gratified us exceedingly.

The down-grade relieved our weary feet and we went along briskly, yet keeping our eyes on that fair blue lake, at times running and leaping down the steep cut-offs. At the bottom of the canyon where the road forked, and some crates of Bynum Springs water were piled awaiting the stage, we sat down to rest and eat our lunch, doubtful as to which road to take.

"Now, did that man say, 'Don't take the south road or you'll land in Kelseyville,' or was it, 'If you don't want to go to Kelseyville take the south road?' I'm sure he said something about Kelseyville and the the south road." A passing teamster settled the question in favor of the north fork. So we went on our way, stopping to explore a deserted inn and to taste the strong mineral water bubbling out of the ground. A half-effaced inscription informed us that this was "Glen Alpine," but no man was near to explain why Glen Alpine stood thus abandoned.

Our road now led up again and the lake was lost to view. The sun grew warm, our feet ached; we shifted packs often. Even after we had scaled the second low range, the lake, of which we had occasional glimpses, appeared to recede as we advanced. Nowhere on its borders could we discern a suggestion of a village. We seemed to be following the range northward for miles and coming no nearer our goal. We grew thirsty, and were delighted to discover two or three scrawny apple trees. Knocking off some of the

hard little apples we bit into them. A mile or so farther on we turned aside to rest under a shady oak, when lo! a sign-board, "Haul no dead animals onto this place." Shortly after, we began to pass farm houses, but did not stop for water, as they were all off the road, and at this stage extra steps were impossible. However, on reaching an abandoned farm close to the roadside we drew some water from the well, and after drinking greedily from the rusty old bucket, sat blissfully on the well curb, cooling our feet in one of the tubs of water that stood around. Half an hour and no one passed that way. Poor Biddy was not the fresh little Irish lass who had started out so bravely yester-morn, and my heart smote me a little for having induced her to come. But had I not bruises on both feet myself? We comforted each other:

"You look fine. Sure, I'd never know but that you were going to a pink tea!"

"Honest? You look pretty well, too."

Refreshed, we continued our journey, and before long trudged bravely into Lakeport. On arriving at the lodging-house which had been recommended to us, our first request was for hot baths. This appeared to throw the sparrow-like landlady into a flutter. On seeing consternation dawn in our faces, she had an inspiration and explained that her neighbor next door had a nice porcelain tub and hot water at all hours, and she was sure a small sum would procure the use of the room. It did. And after a good hot soak and two hours' repose in a darkened bedroom, we primped and started down town to find something to eat.

It was a pretty town lying quietly on the very edge of the lake upon whose waters and opposite border rested the last glow of the setting sun. Up the main street we strolled inspecting in passing all restaurant and grill-rooms. In a curio store we bought some post-cards, and learned that we could get a launch to take us down the lake the morrow for the sum of $2.50. The cards were despatched announcing to various scoffers in Cloverdale the completion of the first stage in our journey. The curio-store man pointed out the Lakeview Hotel opposite as the best place to get a dinner. The 50 cent meal proved excellent. On leaving the dining room a hotel clerk urged us to register, and a pleasant faced reporter asked if he might not write up a short article on our trip for his weekly paper. We escaped the interview, but it gave us an idea.

"Let us write it up ourselves after we get home," exclaimed Biddy. "It will be fun to have something to recall the events by, if nothing more."

Lake, town and hillside were bathed in moonlight, and we paused a few minutes on the water's edge admiring; then being weary we ascended the slope to our lodgings. In the stuffy little parlor the landlady and three or four of her friends awaited our return, and it was evident from the blank disappointment on their faces when we evinced a desire for bed that we had been expected to entertain them during the evening.

We slept soundly, but were up bright and early in the morning, for had we not to reach Highland Springs by night-fall? For breakfast, we entered a new shed-like structure whose sign announced, "Meals 25 cents." We asked for an omelet, but being unable to furnish a recipe, had to fall back on the regulation breakfast, and left the restaurant somewhat unsatisfied, the little proprietress following us to the door to apologize for having no doughnuts to offer us.

But omelets and doughnuts were of small importance once we had taken our seats in Captain Wright's little launch, "Alice J." and started away southward over the sparkling lake. The water lay clear and blue under the fresh air. This run down the lake was delightful after our dusty walk of the day before. Clear Lake is 30 miles long and of very irregular shape, its greatest width being 9 miles. It lies between beautifully wooded mountains, old Konocte or Uncle Sam towering highest of all, and presenting an ever-changing profile as one advances. Several miles to the left, our captain pointed out the splendid country seat of Dalzell Brown, and to the east the Gopsevic place. We had heard the romantic story of the heiress who, having married the Servian street-car conductor, dying left him master of a fortune and a fine home on the lake. As we gazed, eager to see it, a swift launch, the "Whisper," passed close

by and we caught a glimpse of a dark head in the cabin.

"Milos Gopsevic!" said Captain Wright.

Biddy thought she recognized a kindred note, a familiar ring in the foreign-sounding syllables.

"Why, that's just plain Mike!" she exclaimed, and plain Mike he remained to the end of the chapter. Observing our interest, the captain added:

"I'll take you over there if you'd like to see the place."

A few minutes more we were in the narrows and the frail launch began to rock so violently that her master hesitated about attempting a landing. But the broad lawns and groves of the Gopsevic home lay before us, and we urged him to try it. So we ran alongside the wharf; we scrambled out and he followed, leaving the boat tied to the pier. An air of old-world seclusion and peace rested upon the place. The house set back among the trees, the lawns sloping down to a sunny strip of beach, the soft lapping of the waves, the far-off vista across the blue water—all recalled with painful vividness impressions of Italian villas seen during a previous year of foreign travel. And we fell to dreaming. A rude awakening came—a cry from Alice's owner: "Help! All hands! Quick!" And rushing to the wharf we found him with the gardener tugging at the painter. Poor Alice lay helpless on her side. The rippling waves having washed her ashore, were proceeding to fill her with sand. United efforts succeeded in righting her, and then followed half an hour of pumping out and remorseful ejaculations, while Biddy and I laid the cushions and our water-soaked packs out to dry on the wharf. Annoyance at the delay gave way to joy when with a bound we started once more and literally flew across the narrows to Soda Bay, our destination. And the rich coloring, the luxuriant vegetation of the shores closing in around us, elicited exclamations of delight. A grove of peculiarly white trees in a small inlet on the right was puzzling. Neither of us had before seen foliage of such silvery whiteness, and we finally concluded that the effect must be due to fumes from one of the mineral springs in which that region abounded. On the edge of the lake close to the landing place, a spring of warm sulphur water bubbled up, and a little distance back in the bushes lay a tiny borax lake surrounded by a strip of dazzling sand some three rods wide. Soda Springs were numerous.

Mount Konocti, Lake County.

But we had time for only a cursory

glance around, and much to the disgust of the unctuous landlord who had come down to welcome us, we shouldered our packs and homeward bound set off at a brisk walk along the road bordering the lake. A mile or so further on, it turned west and inland, struggling over a low range and diving down and out into a fair valley whose broad, yellow-green meadows were variegated with patches of wild flowers and dotted with dark green oaks.

We were beginning to be conscious of the sun when we came to an orchard and spied a tree drooping heavy with luscious peaches. Unlike most wayside orchards, this had an unlocked gate which we did not hesitate to enter, having, in our previous discussions of orchard robbing, decided that the Golden Rule covered the question. Never were peaches so refreshing. But, alas! just when our stomachs and our good sense called a halt, I reached up for a particularly tempting peach and Snap! went the branch, carrying to the ground its load of delicious fruit. I called Biddy from the apple-tree she was investigating, and we hastily left the orchard. No house being near, confession and amends were impossible.

We passed on through the valley, meeting no one. Some farm houses appeared, and Biddy, the ever-thirsty, insisted on stopping.

"Where have I seen that man before?" I mused as the farmer approached. "Ah! I have it! T. R. himself!" T. R. was wielding a hammer this time instead of the Big Stick, but he stopped to draw a bucket of icy water, and then produced a melon, which certainly seemed a "square deal" to us. But my conscience was not easy:

"Do you own the orchard about a mile up the road?" I asked.

"No, that belongs to a man down on the cross-road. He doesn't keep it up at all."

"Oh!" said I.

Here Biddy hazarded a question: "Can you tell us what kind of trees those are on the lake shore, the ones with the white leaves?"

"Yes; they're only pine trees. The loons roost there."

"Oh!" said Biddy, in her turn.

"That is interesting as a scientific fact," I remarked, fixing her with a severe glance. We sat on the edge of the porch, swinging our feet and enjoying the melon. After a few minutes our new friend broke the silence with a question of his own.

"Where are you ladies from?"

The answering of questions was another point which we had several times discussed. However, I decided that considering the water-melon and his honest face curiosity might this time be gratified, so I answered: "From Cloverdale, some 35 or 40 miles southwest of here."

"Well, then, I guess you know T. Jones—he keeps a saloon there?"

"I couldn't recall him.

"No? Then you probably know Leander Bates, the barber."

I looked hopefully at Biddy, but her face was blank. That of the farmer expressed decided doubt, and we left him, evidently convinced that Cloverdale was as unknown to us as were the saloon-keeper and the barber.

On to Kelseyville! a village noted for two things—its gas well and the fact of its being "dry" on one side and "wet" on the other. The gas well was to be seen, but not the gas, so after walking up the saloon side of the main street and down the other we took the high-road again, and crossing a bridge entered a flat country of long perspectives. Here the road was fenced, and there seemed no chance of discovering a cool spot for our noon-day rest, so, rather hopeless, we finally settled down under an oak by a lonely cemetery. It was hot. We rested an hour, munching our dry lunch and anathematizing the wagons which occasionally trailed by, powdering us with dust. Farther on the road turned abruptly to the west, into a stretch of chaparral country. That was the worst bit of road on the trip, and it extended some two miles. Dense chaparal grew close, and effectually prevented our taking side paths. The afternoon sun beat down. We had to wade along the middle of the road through dust, ankle deep. It swirled up at each step, settling a reddish powder all over us. Eyes, mouth and nostrils were filled with it.

"Ugh! I call this soup!" muttered poor Biddy, as each step her feet sank in.

Two stages passed enveloped in dust-clouds, and it consoled us to see the grimy

perspiring faces of the passengers looking quite as uncomfortable as we felt. We said little till the chaparral belt was passed, and a firmer footing gained. The heat was growing less by four o'clock when we spied a small cottage. Sitting on the doorstep we drank glass after glass of cool water which one of four grubby youngsters condescended to bring from the pump. The girl mother appeared from within, where she was swishing buckets of water over the floor to keep the house cool. She looked very young and worn, but chatted away happily, giving directions and sympathy.

So we went on our way philosophizing over the unguessed powers of endurance latent in us poor mortals. By five o'clock we were beginning to feel as if rest was imperative, but imagine our shock on being told by a teamster that Highland Springs was closed for the season and deserted, save for the post-mistress who had no way of accommodating travelers. Then and there we determined to stop at the Springs that night. Soon the outbuildings of the summer resort appeared in sight, but no faces friendly or otherwise watched our approach. We came up to the hotel from the rear, went round to the front entrance and attempted to enter, but the door did not open—no lackeys advanced to take our baggage—no bediamonded clerk urged us to register. It was the enchanted palace of the fairy story minus the sleeping beauty and her guards. Reluctantly we left the broad verandah and crossed the road to the tiny post-office, whose mistress we found awaiting us steeled against all entreaties for bed and supper. It developed that the managers had suddenly decided to close up the large hotel, the season being cut short by the unusual exodus of summer tourists to Seattle. Mrs. Basham said that she and her husband could not take the responsibility of admitting any one to the hotel. We sank down into the porch chairs and begged and pleaded, but she was obdurate.

Group of pickers in the hop fields of Mendocino County.

"Well!" said I, "I cannot walk a step farther. To-night I shall climb in at one of the windows, or maybe break into a cottage."

Even threats failed to move her. There was no food to be had for love or money. So we sat down disconsolate till the husband appeared, and hearing of our desperate plight said:

"Sure we can find a room for them, and supper, too, I guess."

Masculine decision is very cheering to

distressed femininity. As soon as the post-mistress felt the burden of responsibility roll from her shoulders, she laid aside her role of dragon, and, softened, told us we might make use of the bath-house. So we followed up a winding little path that led by Diana's Spring, and out to the bath houses. Here we found many porcelain tubs with both mineral and pure water faucets. "Oh, bliss!" sighed Biddy, as she slid into the clean, cool water.

It was dark when we left the baths, and found our way to the kitchen door, where, issuing from a blaze of light, a cheery voice bade us enter.

Aunt Molly, her face erstwhile so grim, now positively radiant stood broiling steak over the big range. Her husband passed with a sparkling pitcher of Seltzer water. Delighted, we offered to assist, but they would none of it. Aunt Molly bustled us in to the piano at the end of the long room, saying: "Now you sit down and amuse yourselves, and I'll call you when everything is ready." The meal that followed was a festive occasion; the table set for four was heaped with good things, and we were treated most royally, our hostess hurrying about to wait on us, bringing in course after course, her husband, gruffly hospitable, insisting that we eat of all, congratulating himself on having laid in a bountiful supply of good things that very day.

After it was all over, with Aunt Molly we explored the ground floor of the hotel —dancing down the long parlors and into the silent office, registering at the empty desk, and helping ourselves to a post-card souvenir at the news-stand. At length we settled down around the piano and sang —old college tunes, sentimental rag-time and bits of light operas which Biddy dashed off. eyes sparkling, plump little body swaying to the music. Aunt Molly was beaming as she finally lighted us to bed. Mutual acquaintances had been discovered, and we were invited to breakfast in the morning, but as an 18-mile tramp awaited us next day, we had decided to arise at the first gray peep of dawn and cover the 5-mile grade to the toll house by breakfast time.

"Now, you are sure you won't be frightened, alone in this big hotel?" anxiously inquired our friend on leaving. We reassured her, but as her footfalls died away down the long corridors and we peered after her into their dim depths, a weird sense of loneliness gripped me—Biddy and I suddenly seemed young and unprotected, and our one room such a tiny spot in the great dark pile around us.

"Oh, let's lock the door!" I exclaimed.

"Sure; and we'll keep the light burning a bit," assented my room-mate. "There's no danger, as it's electricity!"

But exhaustion soon conquered fears, and turning the light off, we fell fast asleep.

When I opened my eyes the sky showed faintly gray through the windows, the hands of Biddy's watch pointing to 5:30. Hurriedly scrambling into our things, we passed out into the morning with a feeling of relief, for the night's fears still haunted the half-lighted building.

We were entering upon the last stage of our journey, for some 18 miles to the west lay Pieta, a little station north of Cloverdale, and from there we expected to take the train to the latter place. Our road wound up through a magnificent canyon, whose rocky sides patched with fir and pine towered above us. Willows and wild grape vine half hid the stream beside us, permitting occasional glimpses of the water; the hush of early morn was over all, broken only by the whirr of startled quail or a crashing in the underbrush as some wild thing sprang away among the trees. Little streams trickled out under the overhanging rocks of the road-side, giving life to ferns and clinging bits of moss. The sun lit up the hill tops, and as we ascended, range after range came into view, rich washes of color, greens fading into blue, purple and distant turquoise against a pale sky.

Exclamations of delight gave way to silence. After two hours' climb, broad day spread around us, and we were beginning to feel empty and in need of a rest, when a turn in the road revealed the toll-house perched upon the summit above. With renewed energy we hastened on to reach its comfortable porch. There we sat and rejoiced in the aroma of coffee and bacon issuing from the little kitchen where the young wife of the toll-house keeper was preparing us a nine o'clock

breakfast. While I stroked a black hound Biddy was perusing the list of toll rates posted on the wall: "Automobiles, $2.50. Six-mule teams, $2.50. Single rigs, 50c. Dogs, pigs, sheep, 5 cents each." Where do we come in, I wonder? And why have they not rates for aeroplanes?

On the welcome breakfast call, we went within, and sat down to a most tempting meal. The coffee had real cream, the hot rolls were delicious. While we ate, we discussed with Mrs. Toll-keeper the popular story that every one was reading, and she told of the pleasures experienced during a year of seclusion a deux on the summit of the range, with nothing to do but embroider, read and play cards, and occasionally go out, lift the big gate, and collect fees from merry parties of summer tourists.

Exactly at 10 o'clock we started on, down grade this time. The woods were still beautiful. At noon we stopped an hour, rested and ate the luncheon we had procured at the toll-house. Slowly but surely we were winding down the mountains and coming to the valley—our valley, with the Russian river tumbling through it and Cloverdale peacefully sleeping on its banks some fifteen miles farther down. We entered a narrow gorge between precipitous walls of bare rock. It was hot, and our feet were sore and blistered, so sighting a fine pool where the road crossed the stream, we sat down, pulled off shoes and stockings, and wading under the bridge, found a most convenient seat on the curbing. Some curious minnows came to inspect our toes; frogs and salamanders crept alongside the water's edge and manifested disapproval of this invasion of their realm. A carriage rattled by overhead, but Biddy and I were blissfully invisible, and our handkerchiefs, which we had washed and spread out to dry in the sun, happily attracted no notice. Reluctantly we remembered that we had to reach the line at Pieta in time to catch the half-past three train home. But our feet, now cool, and ourselves much refreshed, we easily covered the remaining two miles in forty-five minutes, emerged into the vine-carpeted valley, crossed the river and gained the station with half an hour to spare. This time we employed in removing some of the stains of travel so that when the train pulled in, it was boarded by two tanned but comparatively respectable looking young women, and a certain young Mr. Burnell, who happened to be looking out of the window, sprang up to meet them, and magnanimously acknowledged the achievement of the impossible.

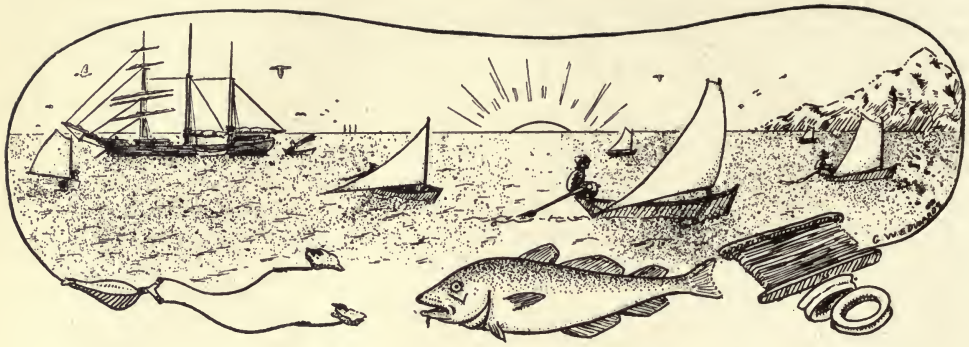
A SILENT PSALM

BY JESSIE PORTER WHITAKER

I know a bank whereon the Cypress grows;
The stiff boughs bend whene'er the storm wind blows:
And Eucalyptus tall not far away,
Its slender leaves in playful breezes sway.

The Pepper branches, hung with clustered gems,
In tuneful rhythm wave their willowy stems.
The Aspen shivers in the North wind's blast;
Its rounded leaves a quivering shadow cast.

Firm, steadfast, moveless, Live Oak, standest thou,
Yet to the wind thine outmost branches bow.
Though silent, these, in harmony upraise
A voiceless psalm to hymn their Maker's praise.



A TRIP TO BEHRING SEA AFTER CODFISH

BY GEORGE W. EDWARDS

ONE APRIL morning saw the barkentine Fremont, of 350 tons, riding at anchor in the bay of San Francisco. She was fitted out for a trip to Behring Sea after codfish, and was awaiting the shipment of a full crew.

She was one of about fifteen vessels which leave San Francisco and Puget Sound every spring for Behring and Okhotsk Seas, returning in the fall with a load of cod.

In the hold were some 200 tons of loose salt (enough to cure about 175,000 fish), leveled out and covered with canvas. Over this were stowed most of the heavy ship's stores—the fishing gear, and sixteen of the twenty-four dories—light, flat-bottomed fishing boats—the remainder being lashed on deck to serve as lifeboats.

On the second day at anchor the last of the crew came aboard, and at ten o'clock next morning we hove up anchor and were towed out through the Golden Gate, setting sail as we went.

When clear of the harbor, we let go the towing line, returning the tug's three whistle farewell by dipping our flag three times, and with a stiff breeze on the starboard beam, were soon out of sight of the California coast.

After getting everything shipshape, the crew was lined up to be divided into three watches, each watch having altogether eight hours on duty out of twenty-four. There were forty-one men and boys all told—the captain, twenty-two fishermen, including the three mates, who caught and delivered the fish on board for $25 per thousand, the mates being paid a little extra for their fish; sixteen in the "dress gang," who remove the head, entrails and backbone of the fish, and salt them in the hold; the two splitters, headers, throaters and salters, and eight "blackskin" boys who wash the fish.

The pay of the dress gang ranged from $10 a month for the blackskin boys to $75 a month for the chief splitter. The two others of the crew were the cook and mess-boy. All but the fishermen were allowed to fish over the rail in spare time, being paid regular rates for the fish caught.

The captain, three mates, watchman (one of the fishermen), chief splitter, and salter, lived aft in the cabin; the cook and mess boy in the deck house, and the remaining thirty-two of the crew in the fo'castle, which was forward below deck.

Almost every nationality was represented, although about two-thirds were husky sons of Scandinavia, and a merrier crowd would be hard to find, for all on board were more or less on piece work, and the spirit of chance was in the air.

Soon after leaving port, each of the fishermen was given a fishing outfit, which

consisted of four fifty-fathom fishing lines, several five to seven-pound leads (sinkers), twenty hooks, an anchor, seventy-five fathoms of thin rope for an anchor line, a knife, a fish-gaff, a mast and boom for the dory, cloth for the dory-sail, and "nippers" (grooved rubber rings used on the hands to haul in the fishing line.)

In the fine weather on the trip north, the men occupied their spare time preparing their fishing equipment, and the decks presented a busy appearance, for sails had to be made for the dories, masts fitted, leads for the fishing lines to be hammered into shape, oilskins (waterproof clothing) to be prepared, knives and hooks to be sharpened, and numerous odds and ends to be got into shape.

We made the trip to the Aleutian Islands in twenty-five days, slipped through Unimack Pass into Behring Sea, ran north a few miles, and anchored about five miles from shore in Dublin Bay, near the southernmost end of the fishing grounds.

The first day on the fishing grounds was occupied in getting everything in readiness for fishing. The dories were "broken out" and placed in four "nests" on deck, fitting into one another like dishes when the seats, which are movable, are taken out. Tables, large tubs, boxes, and a pump and hose for cleaning operations were fitted into place.

At three o'clock next morning, "Hard-Working Tom," the watchman, poked his weather-beaten face into the fo'castle hatchway and started the fishing season with his favorite morning call, thundered out in a gruff voice:

"Hey! Hey! Hey ya.
Get up and get yer coffee, or anything you wish.
Then get in yer dory and bring in a load of fish."

In a moment pandemonium reigned supreme, as out of their bunks came the fishermen, each anxious for the honor of bringing in the first load of the season, hastily dressing and donning their rubber boots, and heavy woolen overshirts, a slight wash, and into the mess room for a cup of coffee and a little hard tack and cold meat, a lunch in a can, and then out on deck and hoist the dories out, and, one man in each boat, they started out for the day's fishing, the direction taken depending on the wind and tide.

At times when conditions favored all the fishermen would use their sails, and a more beautiful spectacle would be hard to find, especially on a clear day in the early part of the season when the sails are new and clean, the twenty-two yellow painted dories, with their white rails glistening in the morning sunlight, shimmering over the emerald sea with a background of lofty snow-capped mountains, and a clear blue sky is a sight which, when once seen, would never be forgotten.

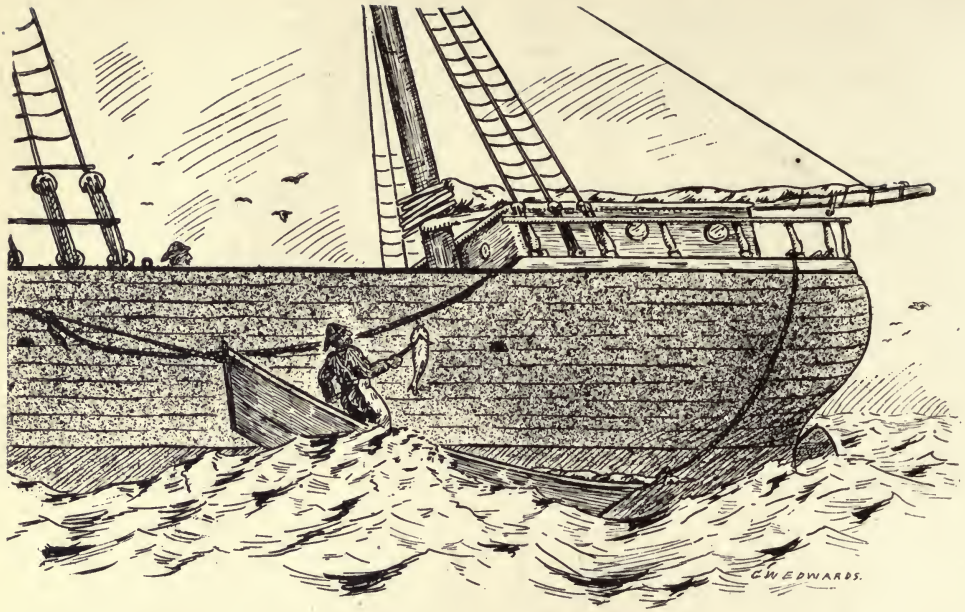
The fishermen usually give each other a "berth" of a mile or more, for, if the dories are close together, the schools of cod become restless, see-sawing from one boat to another.

Arriving at what the fisherman considers a likely spot, over would go his anchor, and, baiting the two hooks on each line, and lowering them to within a few feet of the bottom, would commence the day's fishing, giving the lines an occasional sawing motion. This is done to attract and tease the cod into biting. Often large schools of the fish are attracted around the dory in this way. At such times, a fisherman who knows his business can keep the school around him until his dory is loaded.

The most important thing is to keep the fish "interested." To accomplish this, the lines must be hauled in and let out very fast. Many a time when a hitch occurs through the breaking of a line, the school will have disappeared by the time fishing has been resumed.

At times a skillful fisherman can "work his school" up to within a few fathoms of the surface, and hold them there, hauling them in, pair after pair, until the load is complete, which is often done in an hour or two.

The cod usually weigh from fifteen to forty pounds, although they are sometimes caught weighing over fifty. The average length is from twenty-five to fifty inches. A load is from one hundred and seventy to two hundred and fifty, according to the size of the fish and the state of the weather. When the sea is very smooth, the dories are sometimes loaded to within an inch of the gunwale.



"The fisherman requires some skill to keep on his feet."

The fishing depth varies from fifteen to forty-five fathoms. At the greater depth the work is extremely hard, for, hauling in a forty fathom line, with a six or seven pound lead, and perhaps two thirty or forty pound cod on the end, is not very funny, when kept up for hours at a time.

Occasionally other than codfish are caught, among them huge skates, halibut, wolf-fish and devil-fish. The halibut always make a game fight, but are generally welcome intruders, for they are very good bait, and as a rule just about enough are caught to supply the fishermen. The wolf-fish, or rock-crushers, as the fishermen call them, have to be handled with care. They are usually about three or four feet long, and have very powerful jaws, armed with a number of spike teeth about an inch long. These are probably used to pry shell fish from the rocks for food, for the stomachs of several of them I saw opened contained crushed shell-fish mixed with a quantity of sand. If hauled into the boat they keep up a continual snapping of the jaws, and will mutilate the fish around them, and have been known to bite through the wooden handle of a gaff an inch and a half in thickness.

The devil-fish on being hauled up usually make for the bottom of the dory, and cling there, defying all efforts to remove them. In this case the hook is usually cut off and the devil-fish allowed to go his way. One evening, on hauling one of the dories on board, a five-foot devil-fish was found to be still clinging to the bottom of the boat, having been there several hours. An oar had to be used to pry the fish loose.

At times a number of "berths" have to be made before the fish are "struck," the fisherman rowing and sailing a number of miles in quest of a likely "hole."

When the time comes to "go aboard," the anchor is hauled up by means of a small wooden windlass. If the wind is favorable, the mast is stepped, and the sail used; if not, the detested rowing has to be resorted to.

The dories, when half-loaded and properly handled, are remarkably good sea boats, and in rough weather some of the fishermen perform some daring feats, loading their dories to a dangerous point, and sailing in, sitting on the sheet, with the steering oar in one hand, and bailing the boat out continually with the other. On arriving a little to windward of the

vessel, the sail is "doused," the mast unshipped, and the dory rowed alongside and made fast, and the work of delivering the cod on board is commenced. The fish are speared and thrown over the side of the vessel, a height of about eight or ten feet. This is extremely hard work, especially in rough weather, for with the vessel rolling and the dory pitching and jerking, the fisherman requires some skill to keep on his feet, and many of them have been thrown head-foremost into their pile of fish, and at times have gone overboard. When this happens, the fish-counter (usually the captain) is always ready to use a long gaff or a rope to help him back on board.

After getting rid of his load, the fisherman ties his dory astern, and after a count of the men's hands becoming sore through continued hard work, and exposure to salt water and wind.

Stormy weather is always welcome to the dress-gang, for it gives them an opportunity to add to their pay by fishing over the rail. Some of them catch as high as four or five thousand a season in this way.

The work of cleaning the fish commences anywhere from nine in the morning to one in the afternoon, and lasts until all the day's fish are cleaned and salted, which at times is nine or ten o'clock at night. A double dress-gang is operated on vessels of twenty or more dories, one section working on each side of the vessel.

The "throaters," armed with a double-

"Hauling them in, pair after pair."

hasty meal is off again after more fish.

Usually two trips a day are made, although when the fish are plentiful and the weather fine, three, and even four, are sometimes made. The fishing day is generally from about four in the morning to seven in the evening, the dories being hoisted aboard and "nested" every evening.

After having a wash and a good meal, the fishermen tumble into their bunks at about eight p. m., to lie and dream of the next day's luck, or perhaps to wish that the next should be a "blowy" day, so that a much needed rest could be had, for stormy days are the fisherman's Sundays, and at times are very much desired on ac-

edged knife, commence the operation by partly severing the head and ripping the cod open, sliding them on to the "headers," who remove the head and entrails, dropping them overboard, and sliding the body on to the splitters, who cut out the backbone, dropping the fish into tubs of water. From the tubs they go to the "blackskinners'" table, where the inside blackskin is removed, and, after another bath, they are slid down the hold in chutes to the salters, who lay them out neatly in "kinches," about four feet wide, depositing a scoopful of salt on each.

The cod is an exceedingly greedy fish. They are often caught with the tails of one or two silver-hake (a long, rather thin

fish), which they had swallowed, protruding a couple of inches from their mouths. Many curious articles have been found in their stomachs, such as rocks, rubber nippers, pieces of rope, and one I saw examined contained several large felt washers. They had probably been thrown overboard from some passing steamer or sailing vessel.

Now and then an ill-fated "diving bird" (the true name of which I have not learned) is found in the cod's stomach, claws and feathers included. These birds are slightly smaller than an ordinary sea-gull, and come by the hundreds to join the thousands of sea-gulls on the fishing grounds for the summer to feast on the refuse from the fishing vessels. They are able to fly around with the gulls, and swim under water, and are well thought-of by the gulls, for, when the entrails of the cod are thrown overboard they usually sink, the "submarine" bird then comes to the rescue, diving down and bringing the prize to the surface, where it is held by the continual pecking of dozens of gulls which swarm around to share in the feast.

The fishing vessels usually make a number of berths in a season; that is, they move to various locations on the fishing grounds, which are scattered over several hundred miles of Behring Sea, off the northern coast of Seward Peninsula and the Aleutian Islands. One or two trips are also made to small rivers in the vicinity, where the dories are sent in with barrels for fresh water.

By the latter part of August, we had 175,000 fish on board, which was about all the forty-year-old Fremont could safely carry, and after giving the vessel and dories a thorough scrubbing, and getting everything about decks shipshape, the anchor was hove up, and with flag flying, the Fremont commenced the merry trip homeward, exchanging salutations with some of the remaining fishermen which we passed.

The trip home was an enjoyable one both in regard to the weather and the spirits of the crew, for all on board had more or less of a "stake" coming.

The "high liner," or most successful fisherman, was "Hard Working Tom," the watchman, who had over 15,000 fish to his credit. One of the other "snailers" (good fishermen) had 13,000, and two others 12,000 each, and the "low liner" had something over 5,000.

The run down from Unimak Pass was made in sixteen days, which is fairly good time, and early one sunny morning in the middle of September found the Fremont proudly sailing into San Francisco harbor, the first of the cod fishermen to return.

After being removed from the vessel, the cod are washed and placed in huge tanks containing very strong brine, there to remain until thoroughly pickled.

The fish are later removed from the tanks, and placed in the sun, or a steam-heated room, to dry, after which they are skinned, the larger bones removed; then the fish are cut up and made into bricks or rolls, packed into boxes and shipped to market.

AMERICA'S OBERAMMERGAU

Gustave Frohman Tells of the Coming Production of the Mission Play of Early California to be Given in the Open-air at Riverside. Premiere Next December

Gustave Frohman

MENTION OF THE coming production of the great Mission play, to be offered for the first time next December at Riverside, California, is now most opportune. The Mission play will be presented on a scale as has nothing heretofore, and it is perfectly safe to make the assertion that this production will be the crowning event in modern day theatrical achievements. The initial presentation will be given next December, and will be seen annually thereafter.

To Mr. Frank A. Miller are we indebted for this spectacle. He has labored assiduously for the past number of years in the hope of some day being able to offer this drama, which will portray the career of the celebrated Spanish Missionary, Fra Junipero Serra, and also picture historical episodes of California during the time of Father Serra. Up to a year ago, Mr. Miller remained very reticent on the matter, owing to the fact that an author for this play, a playwright capable of combining this big theme, was not to be found. Diligent search continued for a long time, but without success. The affair was first brought to my hearing by Mr. Miller, and I, who have always been very partial to California, having first come to this coast when a boy, and my first theatrical ventures were those which I undertook while in this section of the country, became highly wrought over the wonderful possibilities of this drama. To do something for California as a sort of appreciation of my success here, I have always sought keenly, and the opportunity for doing such was now very evident. After hearing Mr. Miller's dramatic narrative, I set out to find the writer with sufficient ability and genius for the dramatization of the great

Mr. Edward Elsner.

Mission play. I had found things identical as was found by Mr. Miller. The same difficulty as was in his case confronted me, a playwright was now a difficult person to find. I approached the greatest and most popular dramatists of the day, but after seeing them, I felt that my search was not concluded. Of the many I had conversed with, not one did I consider eligible for this work.

Later I met Mr. Edward Elsner, who has been identified with the Frohmans for

a number of years, and stage director in the largest of this firm's enterprises, and being cognizant of Mr. Elsner's ability as a dramatist, I placed the matter before him. Mr. Elsner immediately became enthusiastic, the imagination of the young author pictured to him the vast possibilities of the Mission play, and the opportunity it offered as the greatest spectacle ever conceived in this or any other country. He at once inquired into the details of the matter. Very soon after Mr. Elsner had acquainted himself with the theme of the drama, he set about for the writing of his scenario. This he having completed, submitted same to Mr. Miller. Mr. Miller accepted it and petitioned the author to proceed with the writing of his play. Mr. Elsner is now putting the finishing touches on the drama.

Mr. Elsner will not only write the play, but will also appear in the principal role, that of Father Junipero Serra. The pictures which the Overland Monthly has been fortunate in securing consent for reproduction herewith, show Mr. Elsner as Father Serra posed before the Cross at the top of Mount Rubidoux, and also in front of the Mission Inn. It was while Mr. Elsner was at Riverside recently that these pictures were taken, and Mr. Miller secured the services of no lesser artist than Lenwood Abbott for this work. The Cross at the Top of the Mount was erected by the people of Riverside in memory of the noted Priest, and principally through the efforts of Mr. Miller.

To popularize and perpetuate the Mission features of California has Mr. Miller long aimed, and with the presentation of the Mission play next December will come the fulfillment of his long-cherished art dream. The production of the Mission play will undoubtedly command the undivided attention of the world at large, much in the same fashion as the event of the production of the Passion Play at Oberammergau, and to which visitors and tourists from all parts of the country journey to be present at one of the presentations. It is necessary for Americans desiring to witness the spectacle to make long and arduous ocean as well as rail journeys. If the event at Oberammergau is potent sufficient to bring such masses as assemble there for the Passion Play, surely, in comparison, the Mission play, which will rival the European work in every direction, will be cause sufficient to attract similar interest. Already the preliminary announcements that have been made have resulted in much commendation for the contemplated production, on the part of Californians and others alike. Its importance to this State is of such great size and of such bearing, that the very announcement that there existed a slight possibility for its production, brought the people to a hearty accordance in approving of it.

In front of the Mission Inn, in the open air and with the streetways closed in, thus allowing or giving to use all space that may be required for the massive and stupendous settings. As an example of the ponderousness of the staging, it will be with proportionate realism that the mountain scenes are depicted. The play is in four acts. Each will give great opportunity for splendid stage settings. The first act particularly lends itself to the stage mechanic's art, and will show the distant mountains and the large Indian outcast's camp. Father Serra makes his first appearance as the curtain rises on this scene, and as he is shown ascending the mountain, he presents a most commanding figure. The second scene showing the Indian camp, the third that of the new Mission erected by the Indians, and the fourth and last showing again the open, on the chosen site for a proposed Mission will demonstrate the efficiency of those in charge of this end of the production.

To give a description of California as it rightly takes claim to, I am sure is not possible with the greatest of descriptive writers. That being the case any attempt on my part to prove myself infallible would be the work of superrogation. But I do demand, and I am determined that I shall be recorded as having spoken my appreciation of the wonderful efforts of this wonderful country and its more wonderful people, in a most emphatic tone. It again remained for California and Californians to bring the actions and efforts of the American people, in point of artistry, finish and ponderousness, above those of other countries.

In this ideal spot, in this famed Riverside valley, with its green cloaked and

Edward Elsner as Father Serra before the Cross at the top of Mount Rubidoux.

snow capped mountains overlooking some twenty thousands of acres of orange orchards, where the chirping and twittering of the birds is always audible, where the blossoms are in bloom the year 'round, will this great Mission play receive its production.

To anticipate a spectacle as has never before been shown is to give expectation to what both Mr. Miller and Mr. Frohman assert will be the result of their labors.

In hearty accord and among the very first to speak their willingness to assist, in Mission play production, have been the railroad and steamship companies. They have made arrangements for special rates on all lines, and with the temptingly low rates to be offered by the hotels, they cannot fail to appeal to the people in all parts of the country.

The Overland Monthly is perhaps the first permitted to publish the story of the Mission play which follows:

The curtain will rise in the first act on a darkened scene; Father Serra is seen ascending the rocks for devotion in prayer. On the conclusion of his worship, the priest holds communion with the outcast Indians. He has wielded a remarkable influence on the red men, and they are, as a result, in extreme submission to him. He enlightens them on the merits of working, of tilling the ground for food, of bearing only a kindly feeling to all, of speaking only the truth. During his exhortation, one of the outcasts interrupts, bringing him the news that the tribes have met in the valley and have decided to send the young chief, "Star Light," son of the chief of all the tribes, to meet Father Serra. The outcast cautions Serra to beware, for he suspects treachery will result from a meeting with the young chieftain and Father Serra. The noble priest restores peace and prevails upon the Indians to await the coming of the visitor. "Star Light," the grandson and young warrior, arrives, accompanied by a band of Indian warriors. He tells Serra that he is forced to command him to leave the outcasts, whom he says are the despised renegades of the tribes, who have found them utterly beyond endurance, and further demands that if Serra will not consent to abandon them, the outcasts will be butchered before his own eyes. The priest remains intrepid, and defies the young warrior, saying that he will protect the outcasts from him. Father Serra offers to proceed with "Star Light" back to the camp of the Indians. To this they agree, and Father Serra and "Star Light" start for the camp. At the camp, the Indian tribes are in consultation. They are awaiting anxiously for the return of "Star Light" with the answer from the Priest. Learning that Serra has refused their commands, he is accused of encouraging dissension among the outcasts by the spell he has cast over them. He is ordered to be burned at the stake. The grandfather of "Star Light" and the presiding chief, is commissioned to pass judgment on the accused. He, failing to be convinced of the priest's guilt, orders that he be acquitted. This greatly displeases the other chiefs, who immediately depose the old warrior and place "Star Light's" father in charge. "Star Light's" father gives orders for the death of Serra without delay. He is brought to the scene of the execution, which has been prepared beforehand, and which is all in readiness. As the torch is about to be applied to the fagots, a terrible storm breaks out. The entire village is laid to waste, the fire at the stake has been extinguished. The Indians believe that the combined efforts of the Moon and the Great Spirit have been brought to action to prevent the death of Father Serra. With the opening of the third act, an elapse of many months is supposed to have transpired. The Indians have declared peace. "Star Light's" father, still keen for the life of the priest, is conspiring with a half-breed Indian girl. An encounter with Father Serra and the girl occurs; the girl attempts, by means of her fascinating wiles, to gain knowledge of his wonderful power, and with which he has brought the outcasts to such submission to him. "Star Light" enters the scene, and the girl, who has been the sweetheart of the young chief, previous to the time of his becoming under the influence, intercedes with the young chief, to reconsider his course. "Star Light" appeals to the Priest for his answer. Star Light's father appears, and his son chides him for having stooped to conspire with the half-breed. The girl, in viciousness over his remarks, turns upon

Edward Elsner at the entrance of Mission Inn.

Edward Elsner in front of Mission Inn.

him with an intent to kill. Father Serra prevents her and saves the youth. "Star Light's" father appeals to the priest, asking him to tell how he can bring his son back to his bosom. Serra tells him that the only way is to drive out the half-breed. This the Indian does, and as she is about to go, Serra tells her that when her soul is cleaned, after she has fully repented for her wrongs, she could come back, and that she would always find him ready with open arms to receive her. She spurns the offer, and selects to go out into the desert.

In the fourth and last act the Indians are celebrating the special Christmas festival, and it is during the festivities that the half-breed girl appears seeking Father Serra's forgiveness. This the priest readily grants, and she falls dead at his side. As the curtain is about to descend on the finale, Serra, having climbed to the topmost hill, exclaims:

"Ring out the bells for the lost soul of the desert."

Thus the Mission play comes to a conclusion.

THE END OF THE WAY

BY W. C. POOLE

Long and weary the journey!
Hot and sultry the day!
O'er trail and plain and desert,
O'er beaten track and way!
Yet swiftly the moments flying,
Made short the distance seem,
For love at the end a-waiting,
Made life a Golden Dream!

Dirt and smoke of the travel!
Noise and roar of the train!
'Mid dust and cinders flying
As beating storms of rain!
Unnoticed all! For a-dreaming
I saw the ending way,
Where a heart of love was beating—
Waiting the close of day!

Quickly passed were the moments!
Lighter my spirit grew!
Unnoticed, golden sunset;
The Night—or falling dew!
For, at the end of my journey,
I know that I shall see
The one who in love is waiting
So wistfully for me!

THE BIGGEST FACTOR IN DEVELOPING MEXICO'S INDUSTRIAL POSSIBILITIES

BY C. E. FERGUSON

IN THE INDUSTRIAL development of Mexico there has been no one factor of greater importance than that of hydraulic power. For years the power question was the most serious drawback to operations of any size, whether mining or manufacturing. The price of coal delivered on the great plateau a mile and a half above sea level was naturally very "high," and for many purposes prohibitive. No other fuel, in any quantity, was available. The great timber tracts were not, as a rule, near where the industrial growth required power. From the early Spanish days, the mines had been worked by hand methods, and the greater part of the rich ores which could be so handled had already been extracted. Manufacturing in competition with imported articles was out of the question. Then, twenty years ago, came a little plant which was to be the forerunner of an economic revolution. This little plant was to generate electricity by using a waterfall, and the current was then to be transmitted some miles to the point of consumption. In the way of hydro-electric plants and transmission lines the whole scheme was almost entirely experimental. There were troubles, of course, but soon there was another little plant, and then another, until to-day hundreds of little streams are utilized all over the Republic for generating power; factories are running all over the country to supply the wants of the people; scores of big mines which, under former methods, had ceased to pay for operation costs, have made thousands rich and furnished labor for hundreds of thousands; dump heaps of ancient mines are being run through modern mills and producing more "values" than in the original treatment; and, in fact, the pace has been set for a tremendous and far reaching development of the natural resources of the country.

The next step, and one of the greatest importance to the industrial center of the republic, came with plans to furnish power on a large scale and to market it as a common product. A company had been formed to operate a chemical factory, using for power a combination of two waterfalls at Necaxa, the combination giving a total drop of nearly 1,400 feet. The company of itself was a failure, but the project resulted in bringing the matter to the attention of a New York Engineer, Dr. F. S. Pearson, who, dropping the idea of a local manufacturing scheme, conceived the idea of developing power on a large scale, transmitting it to Mexico City and distributing it there for general use.

As a result, there was organized the Mexican Light and Power Company, which took over the limited amount of lighting and power business in the City of Mexico, and through the balance of the Federal District. Operations were commenced at Necaxa seven years ago, that point being selected because of the opportunity to extend operations from time to time so as to develop all of the power which might be required. The scheme, which involved the development of possibly 50,000 horse power, was commenced with 20,000 horse power of consumption in sight. Even then it was regarded as an immense undertaking. The twenty thousand was sold almost before the plant was ready, the fifty thousand is sold and delivered to-day, and now work is being pushed day and night to double the present capacity, while the company still holds undeveloped rights for many thousands of horse power.

With these rapid strides has come a complete change in the industrial condi-

tions of the city and surrounding country. The company's policy has been to constantly diminish power costs, with the result that to-day power is delivered for thirty per cent of what it cost a few years ago, and delivered with a regularity of service only possible through operation on a huge scale.

The plan of the Necaxa development involved primarily the generation of electricity through the use of water power at the point where the stream takes two tumbles of a total of 1400 feet in its rush to the sea. This meant driving tunnels through a mountain to carry the pipes to the turbines. The great question, however, for the future was one of insuring a steady flow, which could be secured only by the creation of huge reservoirs to store flood waters and use them through the dry season.

To-day there exists in the system five storage basins covering thousands of acres in area, and having a total storage capacity of 46,500,000,000 gallons of water. Then, with an ever-increasing demand for power, tunneling through half a dozen ranges of hills was begun to bring other streams into the system, diverting them from their natural flow, and storing them in these huge reservoirs for use during the dry season, or using them from day to day for ordinary operation.

Necaxa lies about 100 miles northeast of Mexico, at the lower end of a railroad 20 miles long, built by the company for handling machinery and supplies. At the upper end of the railroad there is a branch line ten miles long, which reaches the two upper level reservoirs, Laguna and Los Reyes. The Laguna reservoir was created by the construction of an earth dam sixty-five feet high and 2214 feet long. It has a capacity of 11,600,000 gallons of water, which is spilled into the Necaxa Valley when required. The Los Reyes reservoir, with seven billion gallons of capacity, was created by an earth and rock dam with a concrete core, the dam being 95 feet high by 526 feet long. The Los Reyes reservoir would naturally empty into another watershed, but has been

diverted by two short canals and a tunnel 1,000 feet long to flow into the Necaxa basin.

At Necaxa itself the main reservoir, with 11½ billion gallons of storage capacity, was created by constructing a dam across the huge gorge. The dam is 1,300 feet long, 194 feet high and over 1024 feet in width at the base—the highest and one of the largest hydraulic fill dams in the world. The construction of the dam involved the building of a canal eleven miles long to secure head for pressure to operate the giant monitors with which the rock and earth were driven from the hillsides down sluice-ways to go into the dam construction. The monitors and sluice-ways enabled the engineers to place in position as high as 8,000 cubic yards of material in a day—an immense amount, but small when considered but a fraction of 1,900,000 cubic yards of material which have gone into the dam since the work began.

To the right of the main reservoir is the Tenango reservoir with equally large storage capacity, contained by an immense earth dam nearly two miles long, the dam centering in the bed of the Tenango River. The central portion of the Tenango dam is constructed on the same general scheme as the Necaxa dam, and in fact, on the same general plan adopted for all the dams. This plan consists of two "toes" of rock, with a filling, between the "toes" of clay. A concrete core prevents any chances of undermining or leaking, while the clay sluiced in by water fills up all of the crevices in the rock "toes." The rock "toes" have the immense weight necessary to resist the pressure, the core wall and clay filling make it absolutely water-tight, and the dam becomes as solid as the hills themselves. Some conception may be gained of the work involved by the fact that five million cubic yards of rock and earth have been used in the construction of the company's dams—a bulk equal to that of two hundred average ten-story modern office buildings. The ten largest buildings in the average large American city could be placed, tower and all, in the Necaxa dam, and room left to spare.

Beyond the Tenango reservoir lies the

Nexapa basin, the waters of which are held by another high dam. These basins were formerly valleys through which flowed rivers, all now made to flow out of their natural channels. Into the Necaxa basin now flows the water of the Xaltepuxtla river, taken out of its course and sent through a rock tunnel capable of carrying fifteen thousand gallons of water per second. The Xaltepuxtla diversion is the first of a series of a dozen streams which will all shortly be brought into the system. The country, commencing at Nexapa basin, is very mountainous, and to reach the streams beyond it is necessary to drive tunnels through mountain after mountain. The first tunnel beyond the Xaltepuxtla is a little over two miles long. This is followed by six other tunnels of varying length, the last one extending into the Zempoala Valley to catch the waters of that stream and its tributaries. The scheme of diversion tunnels and reservoirs is, briefly, to go through the mountains and pick up each system of streams in succession, bringing them all through this common system of tunnels and utilizing the valley land en route for storage reservoirs. All this work will be completed by September, 1911. From the Tenango reservoir there is a tunnel 4,320 feet long, carrying a steel pipe nine feet in diameter, encased in concrete. This tunnel leads into the Necaxa Reservoir. A "Y" branch from this tunnel, however, makes it possible to feed the power house direct from the Tenango, or through the Necaxa, as may be desired.

The generators, huge units, each capable of developing 8,500 horse-power, are six in number. Great as is the capacity of each of these, changes are being made in the turbines, so that each unit will develop over 10,500 horse-power, or a total of 63,000 horse-power in the existing plant. The company, to take care of a rapidly growing business, is installing the new "units," each of which will develop, when run to its fullest capacity, 15,000 kilowatts, or 20,000 horse-power, making a total generating capacity of 103,000 horse-power within the present year. Figures expressed in technical terms of horse-power or kilowatts convey but a

small idea of the facts. Perhaps it would be better to say that either of these two new huge electric machines, driven by a simple, but tremendous, pressure of water, will be able to generate enough power to operate all of the tramways, light all of the streets, and do all of the house lighting in a city of half a million people. It sounds immense—and simple—until one considers that years of work were necessary to bring the waters to a point where a steady year around flow could be assured to run the turbines.

The two new units, with the existing plant, will, within the year, produce over 100,000 horse-power, another simple but huge figure which, when analyzed, means that two thousand industrial concerns in and near the City of Mexico, from mines operating on a scale never dreamed of before, down to little shirt factories operating half a dozen sewing machines—all are running on the "white coal" of the Necaxa Valley, and the score of rivers which

have been brought into it.

Even as the original scheme was carried out, methodically, so has everything been arranged in the power house, and, in fact, throughout the entire installation. The mechanical and electrical apparatus, the pipe lines which feed the plant, and even to a large extent the diversions of streams, are so laid out as to always provide a reserve of immense transformers, and the rows of automatic switches are not only arranged for all emergency conditions, but are so controlled at the main switchboard that practically instantaneous transfers can be made to reserve apparatus.

From the in-take just above the dam two penstocks six feet in diameter are carried under a hill around the end of the dam, and thence on concrete piers and through two short tunnels, a total distance of 2160 feet, to a receiver, or junction tank. In addition, the seven foot feeder coming from Tenango runs parallel to the others, and is connected to the same receiver. From this point relief pipes extend up the hill, while the main pressure pipes are carried down through the hill to the power house, 2420 feet away and 1250 feet below. The gorge, with its two magnificent falls, circles the hill, while the pipe lines are carried down direct in three concrete lined tunnels, the largest of which, 15:5x19 feet, has just been completed. For the existing power units there are six 30-inch pipes, nearly an inch in thickness, at the bottom. For the new units there are two 42-inch pipes, now being installed in the new tunnel. The water in the pipes is controlled by means of valves in the power house, and also by valves at the top of the tunnel. Automatic relief valves are provided at the turbines. The whole plan of hydraulic work, from the first diversion of water through to the turbines, is laid out with reference to absolute safety, and the tremendous pressure of the water is handled and controlled in the simplest manner possible.

In the tunnels there is room for three more 42-inch pipes, which would supply water for sixty thousand horse-power more —making the present development 163,000 horse-power in one power-house.

For the future, the company has plans for extensions on an even greater scale should the business require it. The present plant can be enlarged by the addition of more units, and if desired a second installation can be put in some four miles below the present plant. The latter project is relatively simple from the fact that the same water would be used after it leaves the present power-house, for the river takes another tumble of over a thousand feet, and another 100,000 horsepower could be developed at this point. The flow being regulated by the consumption of the upper house, there would be little hydraulic work to do with the exception of installing the pressure pipe lines to the lower power-house. The company has the water rights to the Laxaxalpan, Amaloyan and San Pedro rivers, beyond the Zempoala, and these can be brought into the general scheme when desired. The company has concession rights for the creation of an immense reservoir, with storage capacity for nearly thirty billions of gallons of water, to store the flood waters of these rivers.

The plan for these diversions includes over ten miles of tunnels—a huge item, to be sure, but relatively not as great as the storage and diversion work already completed. The Necaxa plant is so located that its future capacity is a matter of demand for power. With the backbone of the system completed, extensions can be made from year to year to keep up with the demand.

The picturesque and sensational features of the whole system have to be seen to be appreciated. Miles of diversion canals, ten miles of tunnels completed or under construction, fifty miles of sinuous railroad winding around hills or dropping off the face of mountains, huge freight cages swinging over the edge of cliffs four times as high as those of Niagara, cable trams piercing mountains at an angle of 45 degrees—all these, combined with the most magnificent of mountain scenery, make a visit to the plant a truly sensational event.

The power is transmitted to Mexico on a double line of steel towers, each set of towers carrying two circuits of three copper cables. The current, which is generated at 4,000 volts, is transmitted over these circuits to Mexico at 60,000 volts.

The terminal at the capital is at the Nonoalco Station, where a complete switching and transforming station enables the transformation of higher potential being used for delivery of current to important sub-stations, while the lower voltage goes direct to consumers or to smaller sub-stations. The intricate system of distribution furnishes current for the tramways, for all public and private lighting, for city water pumping, for pumps for the sewage system, and for power for all purposes throughout the city.

From Nonoalco, another tower line, carrying two 60,000 volt circuits, goes westerly across the mountains to the important mining district of El Oro, eighty miles from Mexico City. At this point, four great mines and half a dozen smaller ones are supplied with power generated at Necaxa, one hundred and eighty miles away. The grinding and pounding of the big

mine stamps, the hum of motors, the clanging of underground electric trams, all attest the economic revolution witnessed in Mexican mining.

The company is now building a branch from its main transmission line to Pachuca, one of the oldest mining camps in Mexico. In this district mines which, under former methods, were not worth working, are being re-opened and operated on a large scale. A unique fact which illustrates the change which electric power and modern methods have made may be seen in the history of the Real del Monte Mining Company of Pachuca. That company has operated continuously for two hundred years, and to-day, with two centuries of work to its credit, is preparing to double its production! The electric light has supplanted the miner's lamp, the motor driven stamp mill and tube mill have succeeded the old patio process, and the electric tram the wicker basket. Ten thousand horse-power of motors will in the next ten years be the means of producing as much wealth, luxuries and comforts of life as two centuries of slow and tedious hand labor.

MOONLIGHT

BY C. ASHTON SMITH

Ambitious of their solitary reign,
Whose many-pointed brilliance fills the sky,
The silver moon doth rise in majesty,
And with her splendor shares the stars' domain.
Now as she takes her lucent course on high,
Her light doth shroud all things in mystery
And subtle glamour. As of realms unknown
It seems—a radiance from worlds that lie
Beyond our ken, and glimpsed in dreams alone.
And in those rays is tender witchery,
Which softly doth erase the scars of day,
And with a pallid beauty touches all.
The Moon's light is a painter's brush, and she
An artist skilled who doth the world array,
In silence, with a white, enchanted pall.

OEDIPUS TYRANNUS AT THE UNIVERSITY OF CALIFORNIA

BY ARTHUR INKERSLEY

THOUGH a graduate in law of the University of California, I had never felt any particular interest in the "doings" of the students about Commencement Day. But the performance of Sophocles' immortal drama, "Oedipus the King," on May 14th, as a part of the celebration of the Golden Jubilee of the University, drew me to the Greek Theatre early on a brilliant morning such as might have greeted an Athenian citizen in the fifth century before Christ. Indeed, the sun shone rather brazenly upon us as we sat waiting for the performance to begin, and amused ourselves as best we might by observing what was before and around us. Between the stage and the auditorium is a level circular space, whereon it is probable that the action of the play took place in the early days of Greek drama; but which, on this occasion, was reserved for the orchestra. Inevitably some anachronisms creep into any reproduction of antiquity. For example, the seats to be occupied by the musicians are of bent wood of a most modern type; and certain requisites of their craft are kept in two great metal-studded, slat-strengthened trunks of the kind that are meant to circumvent, if haply they may do so, the studied brutality of the baggage smasher: on the extreme left of the spectators two men are getting ready their moving picture machines, without which no really great event, such as a prize-fight (or is it a boxing contest?) in which white meets black, or the return of an ex-President from a big-game shooting tour in Darkest Africa, is complete. But the most serious (and the only offensive) anachronism is the insertion in the center of the great back wall of the stage of a stone tablet informing us in large capital English letters that the Greek Theatre is the gift of a certain proprietor (I am not about to present him with a free advertisement by naming him) of newspapers that have done more to corrupt the taste, vitiate the morals and debase the sense of proportion of the inhabitants of the United States than any other agency. But, of course, this crafty person cares no more for Greek Theatres than he does for Truth, and merely uses this one as a perpetual "ad," paid for once, but running for all time, or at least so long as the University of California shall have its material habitation in this spot. At the very least, the inscription should be in Greek characters, and should follow the form current in ancient Greece at the time when the Greek drama was at the height of its glory.

Before proceeding to a consideration of "Oedipus the King," let us look briefly into the origin of the Greek drama. In spring-time, when the forces of nature display renewed energy, the ancient Greeks were accustomed to sing hymns and dance at festivals held in honor of Dionysus (Bacchus, the wine-god), the scene being a threshing-floor in a hollow of the hills, on the slopes of which the spectators sat. The hymns were chanted by a chorus with appropriate gestures. The drama dawned when an actor was introduced to converse with the chorus, a play in those early days consisting of choral odes, narratives addressed to the chorus, and the dialogue between the actor and the chorus. From these simple beginnings arose the Greek tragic and comic dramas, which were played in the open air, the spectators occupying seats of marble.

The reproduction of the master-pieces of the ancient Greek dramatists at the University of California had similarly modest beginnings. Since 1894 it had been the custom of the students to perform their annual extravaganza on a rough

stage erected in a natural hollow to the west of the hill which forms the central point of M. Benard's great plan for the buildings of the University, the spectators sitting on the straw-strewn slopes in the shade of cypresses and eucalypti. Dr. Benjamin Ide Wheeler, President of the University, perceived the value of the site, and what is now known as the Greek Theatre was begun in the spring of 1903 under the directions of John Galen Howard, the supervising architect of the University of California, the theatre at Epidaurus serving as the chief model, though ideas from the theatres of Corinth and other cities were incorporated. There are two series of semi-circular tiers of seats, the first tral doorway and two smaller entrances, with a portal in each of the return walls. The material is concrete, the stage wall being of Portland cement; but it is hoped ultimately to case the entire structure in marble. Then will occur the golden opportunity to conceal from tired eyes that stone inscription; and, if the donor insists on exacting his pound of advertising, let it be done in Greek characters on a tablet of brass. The Greek Theatre is highly interesting as being the first built in any modern country, and as affording opportunities for most realistic reproductions of the works of the ancient Greek dramatists.

Though the structure was by no means

Tiresias denounces Oedipus. *Photo Glessner-Morse Co., Berkeley.*

rising at a gentle slope; then comes a broad aisle and a low wall, above which the second series rises at a steeper angle. From the highest row of seats one can step upon the hillside. The upper tiers are nineteen in number, and are both steps and seats. The arc of the outer semi-circle is 250 feet; the stage is the chord, being 150 feet long, 28 feet deep, and having at its back a massive wall 42 feet in height. The stage rises 5½ feet above the open circular space already mentioned. Its wall is adorned with sixteen columns and an entablature in the simple Doric style, representing the front of a temple. In it are a great cen-

complete in May, 1903, it was advanced enough to be used for the Commencement Address of Colonel (then President) Roosevelt. About the end of September it was dedicated by a performance of the "Birds of Aristophanes" in the original Greek, by students of the University under the direction of Ben Greet. Other notable performances have been Racine's "Phedre" in French, "Twelfth Night," by Ben Greet's players, and "Oedipus the King" on May 14th of the present year.

It has been said that the Greek drama began when an actor was introduced to talk with the chorus. Aeschylus, the fam-

ous tragic writer and actor, made a great improvement when he brought in a second actor, thus rendering it possible to bring antagonists face to face, and giving an energy and vigor to the drama that it had lacked. In order to lend dignity to the actors, Aeschylus added to their bulk and stature by padding and thick-soled shoes; he also clothed them in flowing garments of various colors and rich ornamentation. Sophocles, the second of the great trio of Greek tragedians (Euripides being the third), increased the number of the chorus from twelve to fifteen, but greatly diminished its importance as an element in the action of the drama by adding a third actor, thus reducing the chorus to the role of a sympathetic and kindly onlooker, who offers advice and consolation to the principal characters and fills up the pauses in the action with wise reflections and comments on what has happened up to that point. The keynote of these comments is the justice of the gods, the inevitable power of Fate and the disastrous consequences of crime and opposition to the will of Providence. The chorus shows no special penetration or insight. Though sometimes it participates in fraud and deception, on the whole it is pious and ready to sympathize with what is good and noble. It is cautious, timid, and has great respect for established authority. Its great desire is to make things smooth, to heal hatreds and effect reconciliations. Sophocles brought tragedy down from the Olympian heights on which Aeschylus kept it, more nearly to the level of man, replacing the almost terrible grandeur of the older tragedies by grace and beauty. In the tragedies of Sophocles, the great problems of religion and morals do not wholly overshadow the human interest of the story. The characters are still of heroic mould, but they display more of the emotions and weaknesses of men and women than do the characters of Aeschylus. Man's nature, his passions and struggles, become the main object of attention in the drama. Sophocles has a deep insight into the recesses of the human heart and can hardly be equaled in keen analysis of motive. He depicts the sufferings of mankind, but draws special attention to their relation to the eternal laws of Justice and the principles of divine Government. The dramatist's tone is rather that of a man who has outgrown the simple beliefs of his fellow-countrymen, but still regards them with respect and speaks of them reverently. He is convinced that the world is governed by Divine laws, which are immutable. A Supreme and Eternal Being, abiding in heaven, pre-

Jocasta endeavors to reassure Oedipus. · *Photo Glessner-Morse Co., Berkeley.*

sides over the universe, guiding all things. Sophocles, however, does not entertain optimistic views of man's fate; he cannot shut his eyes to the fact that, while crime brings its own punishment, innocence often suffers, too. The poet admits that there is such a thing as undeserved misfortune, and holds that departures from strict justice must be accepted, though they cannot be explained, as part of the order of things. He teaches that reverence, moderation and humility—qualities the exact opposites of those that modern democracy tends to produce and to honor—serve men best.

"Oedipus the King" is generally regarded as the most typical of all Greek tragedies and the masterpiece of Sophocles. It is at once the simplest and most appalling of all tragic dramas. The story is shortly, as follows: Laius, King of Thebes, married Jocasta, but the couple had no son. When Laius consulted the oracle at Delphi on the matter, the god replied that he should cease to wish for offspring, for if he had a son, he would perish by that son's hand. Then Jocasta bore a son, who was given to a shepherd to be exposed on the hill Cithaeron, that the child might die and render the oracle of no effect. Years passed by and Laius, while on another visit to Delphi, was killed by the wayside by an unknown man. But at that time the Sphinx was waylaying all persons who approached the city of Thebes, and killing those who could not answer its riddle: "What is that creature which goes on four legs in the morning, on two in the afternoon, and on three in the evening?" The answer is man, creeping as an infant, walking upright in manhood and using a staff in old age. The Thebetans were in such terror that they had little inclination to inquire minutely into the circumstances of the king's death; all they wished for was a deliverance from the horrible Sphinx. Then a stranger from Corinth, supposed to be the son of Polybus and Merope, King and Queen of that city, and named Oedipus from the fact that he had a club foot, came to Thebes, solved the riddle of the Sphinx and killed the monster. In their joy and gratitude, the people chose Oedipus as their king in the place of Laius; and Jocasta, the widow of Laius, took him as her husband, Creon, her brother, becoming the chief friend and counsellor of the new monarch. All went well with Oedipus; he became rich and highly esteemed; the father of two sons and two daughters. But the wrath of the gods fell on Thebes, the

The messenger from Corinth tells of the death of Polybus.
Photo Glessner-Morse Co., Berkeley.

city being smitten by a sore pestilence. At this point, the action of the play begins.

In the opening scene, Oedipus is shown at the height of prosperity and power, surrounded by his suppliant subjects. The King and the High Priest of Zeus are discussing the lamentable condition of Thebes and her citizens, the Priest addressing Oedipus as "thou best of kings" and "dearest prince." To them enters Creon, who has been to Delphi to consult Apollo, and reports that the cause of the pestilence, the murderer of Laius, must be driven out. In the second act, Oedipus pronounces a direful curse upon the murderer, and the aged seer Tiresias, forced

Oedipus questions the Shepherd of Laius.

Photo Glessner-Morse Co., Berkeley.

by the taunts and unjust accusations of Oedipus, declares that Oedipus is the guilty one and has called down vengeance upon himself. In the third act, Oedipus tries to fasten the guilt upon Creon, and hot words pass between the two. Jocasta appears and tries to prove the untrustworthiness of oracles and the incredibility of prophets; but in the very act of doing so, relates several circumstances of the death of Laius that terrify Oedipus and force him towards the awful conclusion that he is himself the murderer. In Act 4, a shepherd brings the news from Corinth that Polybus, the supposed father of Oedipus, is dead. Oedipus grasps eagerly at the report of the death of his supposed father by natural causes; but the shepherd, while endeavoring to relieve the king's perplexity, plunges him deeper into woe by telling that he received the infant from the hands of a shepherd belonging to the household of Laius. Jocasta, upon whom the horrible truth is breaking, endeavors to dissuade Oedipus from probing further into the mystery of his birth, but Oedipus, drawn on by irresistible fate, persists. The old shepherd (called "of Laius" to distinguish him from the "shepherd of Corinth") is sent for and his story makes it clear that Oedipus is the son of Laius and Jocasta, has killed his father and committed incest with his mother. The wretched Jocasta, mother and wife of the same man, who is at once her son and her husband, commits suicide; and Oedipus blinds himself with the sharp point of one of her buckles. Oedipus, with blood dripping from his sightless eyes down his face, and the front of his garments, gropes his way upon the stage, "of all mankind the most unhappy." Though

Miss Leigh Stafford as Jocasta. *Photo by A. W. Rice, Berkeley.*

1. Professor James Turney Allen as Oedipus.

2. Harold H. Ashley as Tiresias, the Seer.

Photos by Rice, Berkeley.

we are gazing at the imaginary sufferings of a mythical king, depicted by a dramatist who has been dead nearly 2400 years, when in the last scene Oedipus is separated from his two little daughters, the spectators feel strangely moved.

The introduction of the third actor has been mentioned as one of the chief improvements introduced into the drama by Sophocles. On examining carefully the persons who appear in each scene, it will be seen that at no time throughout the play are more than three actors and the chorus on the stage simultaneously, so that it would have been possible for three persons, by doubling parts, to perform the play. But the awkwardness of having the parts of Jocasta and the Shepherd of Laius, or of Tiresias and Creon (for example) taken by the same actors is obvious, and it is hardly likely that this was done even in the days of Sophocles. In the play as reproduced on the stage of the Greek Theatre at Berkeley each part was performed by a separate person.

The play offers an excellent example of the powerful effect gained by the employment of three actors simultaneously. Orestes and Jocasta listen to the story of the Shepherd from Corinth, and Oedipus, hearing for the first time of his exposure as an infant on Mount Cithaeron, is filled with joy at the prospect of learning who his parents were and of clearing the mystery of his birth. But Jocasta, as the tale proceeds, gradually realizes the appalling fact that Oedipus is her son. Each answer of the Shepherd, while kindling the hopes of Oedipus, plunges Jocasta into deeper despair; until, at last, after a fruitless appeal to Oedipus, she rushes from the stage and is not seen again.

While the central idea of the tragedy, viewed in the cold light of reason, is, of course, impossible, it must be remembered that Sophocles took the fable, familiar to all his fellow citizens, and to every spectator of the drama, as he found it. That being so, he manipulated the succession of incidents so cleverly and analyzed the motives and springs of human conduct so keenly that few of the spectators ever thought of the antecedent improbabilities.

In the recent performance at the University of California the character of Oedipus was taken by Professor James Turney Allen, of the Department of Greek, who had a most exacting and difficult role, especially when it is considered that in a great open-air theatre facial expression as an aid to interpretation is almost entirely unavailable. Only the bold-

est, freest gestures can be used to advantage on so large a stage in so ample a setting. Professor Allen succeeded admirably in his rendition, holding the attention of the audience to the last moment when "fallen to deepest misery" he made his final exit. The character of Oedipus, like that of all the leading persons in the dramas of Sophocles, is strong and forceful, violent in passion and immovable, but with a softer side. These elements in the character of the King were well brought out by Professor Allen.

Miss Leigh Stafford presented a very attractive appearance as Jocasta, Queen of Thebes, and sister of Creon. She displayed much ability in her portrayal of the agony of Oedipus' consort while the Shepherd from Corinth is telling his story, and it is borne in upon her that the aged Tiresias, whose dreadful words she had endeavored to make light of, were, after all, true. George Manship as Creon, Jocasta's brother, was an eminently satisfactory performer, his fine, clear, resonant voice being heard easily all over the great auditorium. He showed us the humane and sympathetic disposition of Creon, who replies in a calm, dignified manner to the cruel accusations of Oedipus, and, when the catastrophe has overwhelmed the unhappy king, shows no sign of exultation, but does his best to mitigate his sufferings. The part involves no such difficulties as that of Oedipus; but Mr. Manship gave an exceedingly satisfying rendition of it. He made the audience like Creon, which was, no doubt, what the dramatist intended the audience to do. The secondary persons in the plays of Sophocles are copies of mankind, swayed by ordinary human passions, but seen through a veil of romance; they are like men, but more beautiful. One slight thing struck me as a little odd. On account of the great length of the stage, it takes a long time for a performer to walk from the center to either of the side portals. At the close of one scene, Creon ran off the stage, a method of progression that seems hardly suitable to the brother of a reigning sovereign in front of a royal palace, though highly agreeable. no doubt, to the actor as abbreviating the time that a slower and more dignified exit would have required.

Space does not permit me to comment at length upon all the actors; but it may be said that Howard H. Krueger, as the High Priest of Zeus; Harold H. Ashley as Tiresias, the aged seer; Clifford W. Jones as the Shepherd from Corinth; Lyman Grimes as the Shepherd of Laius; and Carl A. Phleger as the servant of Oedipus, acquitted themselves well in their respective parts. The Dramatic Director was Charles D. von Neumayer, to whose technical knowledge of stage matters much of the success of the production was due; while Professor James Turney Allen had charge of the costuming and general conduct of the performance. Professor D. N. Lehmer, a member of the Chorus of Theban Elders, sang the solo in the fourth chorus.

As I am not a Professor of Music, praise from me of a musical performance is of little value; but I may be permitted to say that the chorus of fourteen aged Thebans, led by Professor Ivan H. Linforth as Choragus, seemed to me to perform their part excellently. The vocal and instrumental music was by John Knowles Paine, formerly Professor of Music at Harvard, and author of the "Centennial Hymn" for the Philadelphia Exposition of 1876, and of the march and hymn for the Columbian Exposition at Chicago. The Musical Director was Paul Steindorff, who conducted an orchestra of forty pieces. The handsome classical costumes worn by the members of the chorus added greatly to the impressiveness of the performance. The play was given in English, the translation used being that of Thomas Francklin, a Fellow of Trinity College and Professor of Greek in the University of Cambridge (England.) The translation was published in 1759. It is an eloquent testimony to the slight change undergone by the literary English language that a translation made more than 150 years ago of the works of an ancient Greek dramatist can be used to-day, not only with full understanding on the part of the audience, but without even a suspicion that the diction is archaic or any of the words obsolete.

VII. The Passover of the First-Borns

BY C. T. RUSSELL

Pastor Brooklyn Tabernacle

A MEMORIAL of first rank with the Israelites is the Passover. It celebrates one of the most momentous chapters in their history. It stands at the beginning of their ecclesiastical year, as the Day of Atonement stands near the beginning of their civil year. It is associated with their national birth. The Scriptures declare that God at that particular time had brought to the throne of Egypt a Pharaoh of indomitable will. The Scriptures declare that whereas other persons might have been in line for the throne, God specially favored this man's attaining it in order that through his natural stiffneckedness and obstinacy Divine power might be manifested in one after another of the plagues which his course would make necessary and proper. We read, "For this very purpose have I raised thee up, that I might show forth my power in thee." (Ex. 9:16.) The ten plagues sent upon the Egyptians were manifestations of Divine Justice in opposition to their unjust treatment of God's Chosen People. The last of the ten stands related to our subject, The Passover.

The edict sent forth was that all of the first-born of the Egyptians should die, and that the first-born of the Israelites should not die. And the Chosen People residing in Egypt were directed to take special steps whereby to mark themselves as separate and distinct from the Egyptians. They were to take for each family a lamb without blemish and bring it into the house on the tenth day of the first month. They were to cherish it and care for it until the fourteenth day, and then to slay it. Its blood was to be sprinkled on the outside doorpost and lintels while its flesh was to be roasted in the fire without a bone of it being broken. It was to be eaten in the night of the fourteenth with bitter herbs and with unleavened bread. On the morrow, in the strength of this food, they were to march forth out of Egypt to go to the Land of Promise for an inheritance under the Covenant made with Abraham.

The Destroying Angel Passed Over.

The results were as the Lord by the mouth of Moses had foretold. The first-borns of the Egyptians died in that night, but the first-borns of the Chosen People were passed over or spared. This notable miracle was memorialized by Divine direction, and every year at the appropriate season a lamb was taken on the tenth day into each of the houses of the Israelites, one for each family or group. All leaven was put away from their dwellings. Everything representing corruption was burned, and unleavened bread alone was eaten with the lamb. The annual celebration of the Passover was for eight days, the first and the eighth day being high days, or to be specially commemorated. On the occasion of our recent visit to Jerusalem we gauged the time so as to be present in Jerusalem at the Passover season, knowing that it is not only the oldest Jewish institution, but the most joyous festival of the Chosen People. It celebrates one of the earliest manifesta-

tions of Divine favor toward them, and reminds them of the prophecies which declare that at some future time God will manifest himself in their favor still more markedly; as it is written, "It shall no more be said, The Lord liveth that brought up the Children of Israel out of the land of Egypt, but, The Lord liveth that brought up the Children of Israel from the land of the North, and from all the lands whither he had driven them." (Jer. 16:14, 15.) Again, "Behold, the days come, saith the Lord, that I will make a New Covenant with the house of Israel and with the house of Judah; not according to the Covenant that I made with their fathers in the day that I took them by the hand to bring them out of the land of Egypt, which my Covenant they brake, although I was an husband unto them, saith the Lord." (Jer. 31-31, 32.) The intimation here again is that this deliverance from Egypt at the Passover time, the most notable event in the past history of the Chosen People, will be cast entirely into the shade when the due time shall come for establishing with Israel the New Covenant—old in respect to the Law and the Divine requirements, but new in the sense that it will be based upon better sacrifices and have a better Mediator, able to do for Israel exceedingly better things than Moses, the Mediator of the Sinai Covenant, was able to accomplish—noble as he was in his every endeavor to serve the people as their Mediator. It is of this better Mediator and the better Covenant which he would accomplish for them that Moses spoke, saying, "A Prophet shall the Lord your God raise up unto you of your brethren, like unto me (but greater—antitypical of me); him shall ye hear in all things, whatsoever he shall say unto you. And it shall come to pass that every soul which will not hear that Prophet, shall be destroyed from among the people."—Acts 3.22, 23; Deut. 18-15.

The Passover at Jerusalem.

On the eve of the Passover, every Jewish family was in preparation for it. As the tenth day of the first month of the Jewish calendar had passed before our arrival, we did not witness the selection of the lambs for the families. The lambs had already been taken into the homes. We were in time, however, to note the various preparations for the feast. Each householder cleaned house for the occasion and searched every nook and corner for old bones or anything decaying and malodorous, and everything of food containing any corruption; and all such refuse was burned. Not only so, but after the actual cleansing had taken place a ritualistic or formal procedure was practiced. The head of the family, with a lighted candle, followed by the members of the household, made an inspection of the entire house.

The killing and roasting of the lamb was quite a procedure. A stick was run through the entire length of the animal and also another stick crosswise, was used by some, thus *unintentionally* giving the suggestion of a cross, for nothing is at present further from the minds of the Chosen People than that their lamb represents Jesus, the Crucified One.

The family gathered around the common dish, and while many now use knives and forks and spoons, others of the people seem to preserve the custom of early times and use their fingers to a considerable extent. Some had the modern matzos, but very many appeared to use the old style of unleavened bread, which more resembles thick pancakes. These are rather tough and pliable. One of them bent in the fingers serves fairly well as a spoon, which is consumed in the usage, sometimes being saturated in the juices for a specially tasty bite. The eating is supposed to be done in the manner to remind one of the original occasion, when the Israelites ate with their outer garments on, ready for immediate departure for the Land of Promise. In every family the householder, as directed by Moses, explained to the family the meaning of the feast—its origin as connected with the beginning of the Jewish national life. This eating of the lamb, according to the Law belonged to the fourteenth day of the first month. Following it on the fifteenth day began the festival of rejoicing celebrating the grand deliverance from the power of Pharaoh and the Red Sea. It was not our privilege to continue in Jerusalem for the eight days. But the first great day of the feast certainly saw

the Holy City at the time of its greatest exhilaration.

Not only was the occasion one of special interest to the Jews who constituted a majority of the population, but likewise it was a time of general prayer and holiday with the Greek and Armenian Christians and the Mohammedans who together constitute a considerable proportion of the population. The old Christian communions still celebrate the date of our Lord's death and resurrection, after the manner of the early church, according to the Jewish style of calculation, from which the Roman Catholic and daughter systems slightly departed long centuries ago. This accounts for the fact that this year the Roman Catholics, Episcopalians and Lutheran Churches celebrated Good Friday and Easter Sunday—March 25-27—while the celebration which we witnessed was a month later, April 22-24. We therefore had the pleasure of noting the Greek and Armenian celebration of Good Friday and Easter Sunday.

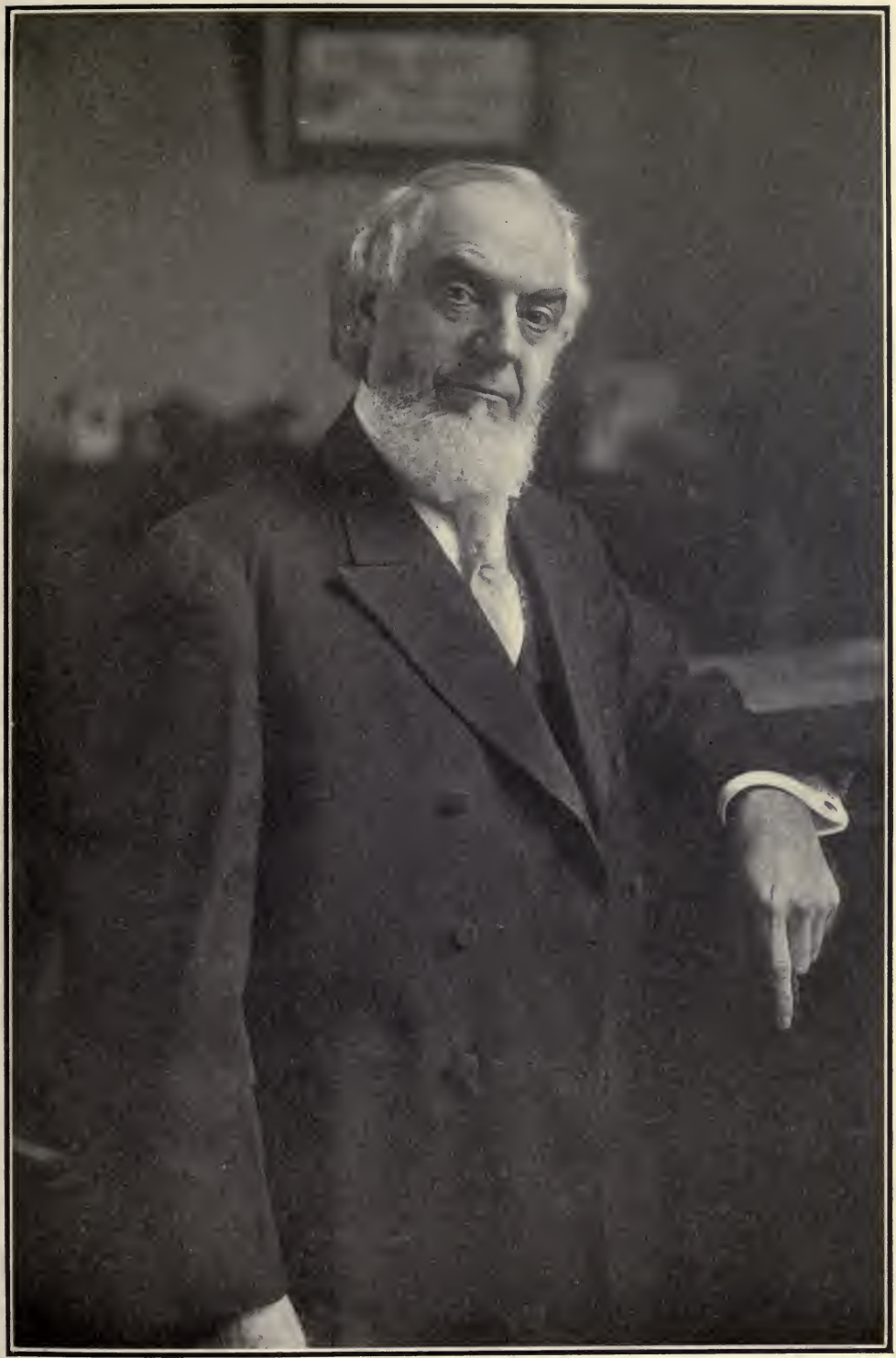
The Meaning and Interpretation.

For thirty-five centuries God's Chosen People, obedient to the Divine Direction, have celebrated the memorial "Passover," seeing merely its outward signification and not for a moment realizing the true significance of the grand fact which they celebrate—that it typified a grand feature of the Divine Program of great value to them and to all mankind. The lamb they slew typified "the Lamb of God," Jesus, whose death constitutes the Ransom-Price for the sins of the whole world. His death was necessary before the promise to Abraham and through him to the Chosen People could possibly have fulfillment. A redemption from sin, to be everlastingly efficacious, must be based upon a better sacrifice than the literal lamb repeated annually. It was not only necessary that Jesus become a man in order to give his life a sacrifice for mankind (Adam and his race), but it was necessary, additionally, that having finished the sacrificing work he should ascend up on High to Jehovah's right hand, to be the Spiritual Messiah, who in due time will accomplish for the Chosen people all the gracious promises made to them in the Covenant with Abraham, in which they trust, and in harmony with which they will be used of the Lord in conveying His blessings to all nations, peoples and tongues. A sin-condemnation was on the world—"The wages of sin is death." Man's penalty must be met before this condemnation of death could be fully and forever set aside—before man could be entirely and forever lifted out of death conditions back to eternal life and into harmony with his Creator.

In harmony with the Divine arrangement, Jesus first offered himself to Israel as their King. But Israel saw not how he could be their Messiah, because he had neither wealth nor armies nor influential friends: they disdained him as a deceiver. When he declared himself the Son of God and their Deliverer, they thought him an impostor and blasphemer, and worthy of death. After sentencing him in their own Sanhedrin Court, not having the authority to execute him themselves, they charged him with the only crime which the Roman Governor would hear—treason to the Roman Emperor. By threatening Pilate that they would associate him with Jesus in treason, they finally effected the crucifixion of the Antitypical Passover Lamb. He was stretched upon the cross much after the manner in which they impaled their Passover lamb for its roasting.

"On the Tenth of the First Month."

Additionally, let us note the fact that just at the appropriate time, namely, the tenth day of the first month, when the Chosen People were taking up their lambs for the Passover, Jesus presented himself as the Lamb of God, and was rejected. His presentation was on the exact day and in exactly the manner prescribed by the Prophet Zechariah, "Behold thy King cometh unto thee; he is just, and having salvation; lowly, and riding upon an ass * * * He shall speak peace unto the heathen; and his dominion shall be from sea to sea, and from the river even unto the ends of the earth." (Zechariah 9:9, 10.) This was fulfilled to the very letter, as we have already seen. It was fulfilled as the Prophet foretold, on the very day that Israel's "double" of experiences began. The Chosen People were blinded with self-satisfaction and repudiated the lowly King and refused to acept him as their Lamb and to receive him into their



Pastor Russell in a characteristic attitude.

hearts and homes. Nevertheless, he proceeded to fulfill this wonderful type. As the antitypical Passover Lamb, he died on the fourteenth day, exactly in accord with the type.

Forthwith, some of the Chosen People received a great blessing through him—the Apostles of Jesus and others of the people whose hearts were in a humble, obedient and faithful condition. These fed upon the Lamb and the unleavened bread of God's Grace through him. These recognized the blood of Jesus as sprinkled upon the door-posts and the lintels of the hearts of the "household of faith." These, very shortly afterward, were enabled to celebrate, and they still commemorate, the death of the Lamb of God as being the foundation for all their hopes and joys and blessings. These have therefore a continual season of refreshing in the favor of the Lord, whether they be poor or rich, whether their honors be many or few as respects earthly things. These were recognized by the Father on the fiftieth day after Jesus became by resurrection "the Sheaf of first fruits"—on the Day of Pentecost. He received them to a higher plane, begetting them of the Holy Spirit and engaging with them that if faithful in following in the footsteps of Jesus, they may be sharers with the Lamb of God in his great triumph and Spiritual Kingdom, through which the *earthly blessings* will very shortly begin to come to God's Chosen People—Israel.

Not only will Messiah be King of the Jews, but, as the prophecy of Zechariah declares, "His Kingdom shall be from sea to sea (world-wide.) All nations shall recognize his power and glory, and unto him every knee shall bow and every tongue confess, to the glory of Jehovah. Israel will receive the glorious Messiah promised to them, when in power and great glory he shall be revealed in the end of this age. They, meantime, will have missed (except the remnant of Isaiah 10:21-23) the honor offered to them first of constituting his Spiritual Bride. (Psalm 45:9:14.) But, then, God foreknew and through the Prophets foretold this. (Isaiah 10:22; Isaiah 1:9.) And, anyway, Jehovah kept *hidden* the fact that Messiah's Kingdom would be a spiritual one. Not one promise of a *Spiritual* Messiah was given either in the Law or the Prophets. Every promise from Genesis to Malachi is *earthly.* Even to Abraham the promise reads, "All the *land* which thou seest, to thee will I give it and *to thy seed after thee.*" Israel has not lost this promise. Not only are the Chosen People represented in the Spiritual Seed of Abraham most prominently, but now shortly Abraham and all their faithful prophets are to be made "Princes (rulers) in all the earth." (Psalm 45:16) —then the seed of Abraham will be uplifted and made the channel of Divine blessings to all peoples. "God has not cast away his people whom he foreknew." He is about to fulfill to them every good promise under his New Covenant of Jeremiah 31:31—under its greater Mediator and grander antitypical priesthood symbolized by Melchizedek (Psa. 110:4) and foretold by Malachi, 3:1-3.

Like Unto Moses, but Greater.

According to Jehovah's Plan, the Messianic King will stand as Mediator between God and Israel—as the antitype of Moses—the antitypical Priest, King, Messiah, long-promised. The fact that he will not be in the flesh, but a spiritual Messiah, instead of decreasing his glory and power, will augment them. Earthly glory the Israelites will have—earthly blessings beyond their fondest dreams, from the hand of him whom Jehovah has highly exalted as "the Son of David the King of Israel." Thus from Israel, under the New Covenant through Israel's Mediator, a way of approach to God will be opened up for all the Gentiles. Thus it is written, "Many people shall go and say, 'Come ye, and let us go up to the Mountain (Kingdom) of the Lord, to the house of the God of Jacob, and he will teach us of his ways, and we will walk in his paths; for out of Zion (the Spiritual Kingdom) shall go forth the Law, and the Word of the Lord from Jerusalem" (the earthly Kingdom of Israel restored.) (Isaiah 2:3.) And it shall come to pass that the nation that will not thus recognize Jerusalem as the Government of God then and there established—upon that same nation there shall be no rain (no special blessing.)—Isaiah 2:3.

Notice how this item respecting the blessing of the Gentiles is mentioned by

the Prophet Zechariah. We read: "Messiah shall speak peace to the Gentiles." But this blessing of peace will come primarily to God's Chosen People and proceed through them to the Gentiles. Not only so, but the same holds good in respect to the selection of Spiritual Israelites. We have already noticed how some of the Chosen People, a "remnant," as the Prophet declares, were ready for Messiah and did receive Jesus and received the Pentecostal blessing.

These, as we have noted, were the Apostles of the Christian Church and the earliest representatives of the same; but after giving the first opportunity for the spiritual blessings to the Chosen People, Messiah favored and spoke peace also to the Gentiles in respect to the Spiritual Seed of Abraham. And so the Gospel of Grace, or invitation to become members or associates with Messiah on the spirit plane, has been, in God's Providence, extended to the Gentiles throughout this Gospel Age—to whomsoever of them has had the hearing ear and the understanding and obedient heart. Thus of both Jews and Gentiles Jehovah has been selecting worthy individuals for association with his Son, the Redeemer. These are but a "little flock" out of nominal millions. To this "little flock" the Redeemer said, "Fear not, little flock; it is your Father's good pleasure to give you the Kingdom"—the Kingdom that is to bless Israel, and, through Israel, to speak peace to all Gentiles—to every member of Adam's race—to afford all a full opportunity of return from sin and death conditions to harmony with God and everlasting life.

Ah, yes, there are precious lessons and blessings in the Passover type, and in its antitype, for God's Chosen People, when God's due time shall come. He declares that the condition of blindness and being outcast from his favor which has prevailed with the Chosen People for more than eighteen centuries is not to prevail forever, but merely until he shall have gathered, first from Israel, and subsequently from the Gentiles, his "elect" associates on the spirit plane. Then all Israel shall be recovered from this blindness, and blessings shall come to them in abundant measure. Their casting off and blinding as a nation are intended of God to work out for them a national blessing. Under adverse conditions they have been held together as a people condemned as a whole, that they might receive mercy as a whole.—Romans 25:30-32.

"The Church of the First-Born."

Be it remembered that not all of the Israelites were in danger that night in which the Passover lamb was eaten—only the first-born of the Chosen People were *passed over*. A little later, God exchanged the first-born of every family for an entire tribe—the tribe of Levi. Hence that one tribe thereafter represented those saved by the passing over of the destroying angel—saved by the blood of the lamb and the eating of its flesh with bitter herbs and unleavened bread.

Two types blend in this.

(1) The spiritual Israelites to whom we have already referred constitute the primary type: Of these the glorified Messiah is the great High Priest—the antitype of Aaron who sacrificed, and of Melchizedek, who sat a priest upon his throne. Aaron's sons typified the saintly few who, through evil report and good report, have followed their Master in sacrifice faithfully unto death. As we have seen, the first of these were called out from God's Chosen People. When not a sufficient number of these were ready, the remainder were accepted from among the Gentiles, because these were actuated by the faith and obedience of Abraham.

(2) Additionally, there is a class of faithful but less zealous followers of Jesus who have done noble work of service, but have failed to some extent of the proper sacrificing spirit. These, who correspond to the Levites, are similarly called from both Jews and Gentiles.

Unitedly these two classes, typed in the Priests and Levites, constitute "the church of the first-borns whose names are written in heaven." They are "a kind of first-fruits unto God of his creatures." (James 1:18.) These, together, selected primarily from God's Chosen People and secondly from the Gentiles, were typified in the first-born of Israel who were passed over in that night, when the first-born of Egypt were slain. Thus we see that this Gospel Age, from the time of the first Ad-

vent of Jesus to the time of the setting up of the Messianic Kingdom, is the night-time when darkness covers the earth (the *civilized* earth) and gross darkness the heathen. The blood of Jesus, the Passover Lamb (1 Cor. 5-7), is sprinkled upon the door-post by the household of faith and they are under its protection and may share in the unleavened bread of Truth, and in the strength and blessing freely provided by the Sacrifice and accepted and incorporated by the believer.

After-Borns as Well as First-Borns.

A great mistake has been made by many of us in the past in supposing that only the first-born passed over by God's Providence—passed from death unto life—during this Gospel night, are to be saved. A glance at the picture or type given to us through God's Chosen People in their Passover shows us clearly to the contrary. Instead of the first-born of Israel being the only saved ones, the narrative shows that following the dark night came a morning of blessing and joy and going forth from bondage—not merely for the first-born, but for all Israel. As in the type the first-born became the Priests and Levites, the religious leaders of the people out of darkness and slavery into emancipation and light, so the Church of Messiah, elected during this Gospel Age from Jews and Gentiles, will lead forth Israel—all the tribes of God's Chosen People, from the power of Sin and Death, in due time—in the morning of the New Dispensation, the Messianic Kingdom. Moses, who led forth God's Chosen People in type represented this great Messiah on the spirit plane, who will shortly lead forth his people Israel and grant to them all the blessings and privileges and favors included in the Abrahamic promise—and more, doubtless, than we have yet appreciated.

The fact that only God's Chosen People were delivered from Egyptian bondage—that only they crossed the Red Sea dry shod—that only they had the special Divine providences of the Wilderness, should not be understood to signify that the Messiah will bless the natural seed of Abraham only. The blessing will come first to God's Chosen People, who for the fathers' sakes are beloved still and who are to be brought into Covenant relationship with God. Other nations are not included in the type because in order to come into fellowship and relationship with God through the great Mediator, the Messiah, they will needs become citizens of Zion, members of God's Chosen People.

This may astonish some noble Christian people, some well-versed Bible students, because many of these have evidently overlooked certain features of the Divine Promise respecting the New Covenant. That Covenant, we are distinctly told, is to be made between God and His Chosen People, and not with any other nation. And thus it will be that according to God's Covenant and oath to Abraham, "All the families of earth shall be blessed" through Israel. The making of the New Law Covenant with Israel will bless the other nations because the opportunity will be granted to every nation and people to come under the terms of that New (Law) Covenant mediated by the Greater than Moses. To come under that Covenant will mean a full subordination to the Divine Law as expressed in the Law of Moses and the high interpretation of the same—Love the fulfilling of the Law.

The Great Messiah, who will thus bless God's Chosen People first, will be pleased to serve all nations and peoples as they shall prove willing to accept his favors and to conform to the Divine Laws. Thus all nations will gradually become of the seed of Abraham during Messiah's reign. And thus in the end of Messiah's reign, the promise of God to Abraham will have fulfillment. "Thy seed shall be as the stars of heaven and as the sand of the sea for multitude." Here the two *seeds* are clearly set forth—(1) The Spiritual or Messianic Seed, the Antitypical Priests and Levites on the spirit plane, symbolized by the stars. (2) Israel absorbing the obedience of all the nations of earth through Messiah's mediation of the New Covenant will swell the seed of Abraham until, at the close of Messiah's Kingdom, all mankind will be in and of God's Chosen People; because all who will refuse to hear, to obey that Prophet, Priest and King, Greater than Moses, will be cut off from life in the Second Death—everlasting destruction.

THE NATURAL PROCLIVITY OF THE HUMAN SPECIES

BY E. L. McCLURE

ALL LIFE, whether animal, vegetable or mineral, is substance and motion, which in the last analysis is one and the same. The 80 known chemical elements from hydrogen to uranium are made up of primordial particles, that are exactly alike in all the chemical elements, and are so infinitessimal that their existence is precisely as incomprehensible as the opposite hypothesis of illimitable space. Yet science has demonstrated that the hydrogen atom contains 2,000 electrons, the gold atom about 394,000, the uranium atom about 480,000. According to this hypothesis the cell formed, when a spermatozoid and ovary coalesce, contains the complete detail of every attribute and element of the parent species together with the potential energy and intelligence to utilize favorable environment and to reproduce by the process of metabolism, every bone, muscle, nerve, lobe, convolution and fibre of the parent species, through the operation of natural law. Every species develops normal individual types by obedience to natural law, but transgression dooms the individual, as well as the whole species, to ultimate extinction, through loss of virility and power of reproduction.

Civilized man alone of all animal species has reversed the natural law of emulation and generosity, and made competition and selfishness the universal rule and custom, through political action, sustained by the power of might. Ninety-five per cent of the total energy of the executive, judicial and legislative branches of all Governments are exerted in creating and protecting special privileges, notwithstanding that every special privilege that does not conserve the common good, subverts the natural law, and there is no remedy for the universal tyranny and oppression by all political Governments, but by the abolishment of all special privileges and giving perfect freedom to every individual to follow the dictates of conscience, which the uninterrupted supremacy of natural law is the desideratum.

But what is natural law and where can it be learned? There is only one who knows natural law, which is the sum of all knowledge—Omnipotence—and He is ever imminent to the conscious personality of every normal living individual—an infallible mentor and guide—and implicit obedience to the dictates of conscience cannot fail in the development of perfect types of any normal individual. Absolute freedom is the desideratum of normal human development, but the private ownership of land, unearned increments and special privileges, subvert natural law, and the universal development of abnormal human beings is the inevitable result, and it is proved to be a fact by the common knowledge that the best man, living or dead, makes a sorry spectacle in contrast with ideal perfection expressed in the Beatitudes.

Roosevelt is reported to have said in the Sorbonne lecture: "Moral principles must inspire the life of men and nations. There can be no economic civilization without morality. Genius is not essential, but only courage, honesty, sincerity and common sense. Men of genius without these qualities are a curse to a nation. They do more harm than good. * * * * With you here, and with us in my home, in the long run, success or failure will be conditional upon the way in which the average man, the average woman, does his or her duty, first in the ordinary every-day affairs of life, and next in those great occasional crises which call for the heroic virtues.

"The average citizen must be a good citizen if our republics are to succeed.

The stream will not permanently rise higher than the main source, and the main source of national power and national greatness is found in average citizenship of the nation. * * * Ordinarily and in the great majority of cases, human rights and property rights are fundamental, and in the long run identical. But when it clearly appears that there is a real conflict between them, human rights must have the upper hand, for property belongs to man and not man to property."

Equality is the natural law of political science, but the elementary human experience has developed only the false standard of political rule by the power of might in monarchies, oligarchies and republics alike. Every citizen occupies rank and wields influence according to his power and patronage, with the universal result that wealth is concentrated in the hands of a few, and the masses are condemned to a life of poverty in the midst of abundance.

A chain is no stronger than its weakest link. The whole is subject to the same penalty of its weakest unit. Microbes of bubonic plague kill the good and bad alike. Life is a contest from start to finish, and every finish contest is won or lost by the capacity of the weakest organ. Nelson chased the French fleet back and forth across the Atlantic Ocean in a race limited by the speed of his slowest ship. Rome made slaves of their own species and transgression deteriorated citizenship to such imbecility that savage tribes conquered the empire. Common sense exercised by any reasonable man will make it apparent that the lowest normal man (and not the "average man") is the measure that decides the success or failure of political government.

The life of every species is the sum of the lives of all the individuals, and the body politic passes through the universal experience of birth, infancy, youth, maturity, decrepitude and death as inevitably as the individual. The body politic of the human species has not discarded the swaddling cloth, and has not passed the infancy or childhood period. The few thousand years of written history is but a day in comparison with geological records of the illimitable past, and observation of practical politics among what we call lower species of animals, that have reached what is apparently the maturity period of development, finds the exhibit of individual perfection that is incomprehensible and surpasses all human attainment.

"Ant Communities," by Henry C. McCook tells the story:

"Here in this strange commune, with absolute law and impersonal but inspired executive, the self-directing power of every individual seems perfect. * * * In one ant city, one sees home-making, home-guarding, home-nurturing, the building of roads, store-rooms, nurseries, vast structures that relatively rival those of the greatest centers of human population. Here one sees the gathering of supplies; the storing of crops; the waging of war; the utilizing of captives from alien tribes for co-operative service; the keeping of domestic herds; the policing and sanitation of habitations and streets; the nurture and care of the young. All the practical results of organized society one sees in the emmet state. Is not this Government?

"Every ant is a law unto itself; and in every individual the self-directing faculty is well-nigh perfect. There is no private property. All citizens are equal—absolutely equals in ownership of the communal property and in the use of the authority over, and the service and responsibility for the same. All serve, save natural dependents; but all apparently are free to choose the quality, the period, and the amount of service. There is no visible head, no representative class or body within which the control of the commonwealth is embodied; and yet by some occult force hitherto unknown to men, all beneficent effects of Government are wrought out with the regularity and precision of an automatic machine. It is true to-day, as when Solomon announced it many centuries ago, that this work goes on without 'guide, overseer or ruler.'

"No trait in emmet character is more interesting than the entire devotion of every individual, even unto death, to the welfare of the community. The uprising of a threatened ant city is a remarkable exhibition. The peaceful commune is instantly transformed into an armed camp. There is not the slightest delay or hesitancy in the response. With utter aban-

don the little creatures hurl themselves upon their assailants; no question seems to arise: Shall we abstain? Shall we retreat? No condition of size or character in the adversary has the least influence on their action. There is no trace of personal fear, no regard for life, no balancing of probabilities as to victory or defeat, but with the most formidable as with the feeblest enemy the ants join eager issue. There is no 'malingering.' None hangs back waiting for others to take the brunt of battle. Cowardice is unknown.

"Man's bulk to his building is as 1 to 12½ millions. The ant's bulk to his building is as 1 to 5,800 millions."

Every selfish act arrests development, deteriorates character and weakens the will, and normal individual development absolutely depends on service for the common good. Yet the fact is well known that selfishness actuates every human organization, and dominates political action throughout civilization, and the secret of its perpetuation is false education—the perversion of reason in immature minds—by which precedent and authority has been established as the standard of truth and justice throughout every political, religious and social organization, notwithstanding the well-known fact that truth and justice cannot emanate from selfishness.

No institution or individual is capable of teaching absolute truth upon any subject, and the only normal education is growth of knowledge through experience, with natural, and not perverted environment, that is attainable only by copying the practice of animal species in the maturity period of development, making the nurture and care of all the young a public duty. We know of no other environment of equality to be possible that would prevent the subversion of natural law. Every normal child is endowed with a distinct personality and a complete outfit of energy, intelligence, and a complete chemical laboratory to utilize environment, provided it has ample sustenance and access to common knowledge, which would develop character necessary to perfect being as inevitably as the growth of body and mind.

There is no infallible mentor outside of individual conscience, and any person or institution pretending to possess Divine authority is unfounded and false, and cannot be tolerated without sacrificing normal individual development. All that any one knows is the result of experience, and the experience of one can benefit others only through descent, or by dissemination through common knowledge, and every individual is unconsciously a public exhibit of his empirical self, influencing others not by what he says so much as by what he does and is.

Freedom to all and special privileges to none expresses the desideratum for the supremacy of natural law. The greatest special privilege in the world is the control of money supply by financiers. It gives them the power to change the value of all wealth by manipulating money supply and demand. Financiers can destroy confidence and credit and produce bankruptcy throughout the body politic at will, by creating demands for money exceeding money supply, or they can restore confidence immediately by increasing circulation, which will raise prices accordingly, in inverse ratio, and produce a boom of prosperity in every business. The power is so subtle that the manipulators can hide their responsibility, and the secret of money power is a mystery known only to financiers, which they keep safely guarded in the financial holy of holies and never reveal it to any one but their own novitiates. Money power is *the* special privilege of all special privileges, invincible and supreme over Government, banks and people, while the law fixes gold as the measure of value.

Scientific money is a perfect remedy for all defects in money. The demonetization of gold and adoption of scientific money would fix the value of the dollar existing on the date of the change, which would remain a fixed and unchangeable standard of value as long as the system maintained equilibrium between money supply and money demand; and that could never be disturbed under the circulation of scientific money, because the natural law of money would automatically regulate the circulation and absolutely prevent stringency or redundancy in money supply.

Scientific money would make credit as constant as gravity, and it would be easier to shut out sunshine from the face of the

earth than to disturb credit and prosperity if there was an unlimited supply of sound money within reach of every one who had wealth to exchange. Unlimited prosperity would make poverty as ridiculous and preposterous as nakedness, and freedom and plenty as natural to human existence as respiration and consciousness. It would place sustenance within reach of all with less exertion than oxygen. Labor is the desideratum to health, strength and happiness, and normal men in the maturity period of human development would be as expert as the ant to plan and execute all the details of every art and science known to the race. Daily labor being indispensible for perfect physical and mental development, men and women would perform every duty including daily labor, and character being the only object of life, the production of wealth by labor would be merely a by-product to the real incentive of character. Proclivity and propensity would be the same, because natural inclination would be identical with developed disposition under uninterrupted supremacy of conscience and natural law.

THE RETURN

BY ALOYSIUS COLL

Here is a rose for the gate to our garden;
Here is a log for the evening fire;
Here is the music that thrilled us in Arden
When you were a seraph, and I was a lyre—
And now we will blossom,
And kindle again—
A spark in the tinder,
A bud in the rain.

Here is a loaf for the shelf of our larder;
Here is the key to our cellar of wine;
Here are the thirst and the hunger and ardor
That burned in your heart when your hunger was mine—
And now we will tipple
And feast in the gloam,
Like runaway children,
Come again home.

Here is my prayer at the wandering feet of you,
Out of a flight that was cruel and long;
Here is the joy of a night that is sweet of you,
Full and forbearing and tender and strong—
Here, while we ponder,
Heart unto heart,
What bitter magic
Kept us apart!

A CLEVER BOOK is "The Illustrious Prince," from the pen of E. Phillips Oppenheim, whose skill as a writer is equaled by his knowledge of international affairs. It is a story of a talented Japanese nobleman, in the diplomatic service of his country, who has been despatched to England to ascertain the real motive of the circumnavigating cruise of the American fleet in 1908. To achieve his purpose, he stops at nothing, and even resorts to assassination to obtain from two special messengers of the United States Government the diplomatic secrets they were carrying from Washington to the American Embassy in London. Intrigue is plentiful in the tale, which is one of absorbing interest throughout, with just enough of love, of social life and of mystery to make it fascinating.

Little, Brown & Co., Boston.

In "The Politician," Edith Huntington Mason enters a rarely trodden literary field, that of fashionable life, accompanied by modern American so-called practical politics. It is well written and holds the interest from start to finish.

A. C. McClurg & Co., Chicago.

Perhaps no one is more anxious to see war abolished than the book reviewer of the Overland Monthly, but he is convinced that its abolition must be brought about by some other method than those adopted by Carl Herman Dudley in a book entitled "And This Is War," which is nothing but a sensational, decidedly "yellow" series of overdrawn word-pictures of the horrors of war. Few of them are true to life, and, on the other hand, the author has omitted some of the worst horrors. War is bad enough, surely, but, like the surgeon's knife and the dentist's tools, it is an existing evil for which the world has not yet agreed upon a substitute. No one but the craven will be influenced by such a book, which is not to be taken seriously by the intelligent, however well meaning the author may be.

Cochrane Publishing Co., New York.

One of the best works on the subject that has yet appeared is "Golf," by Marshall Whitlatch, which is a cleanly written, well printed and admirably illustrated book. The author deals thoroughly with balance, the follow through, getting the ball up, making the swing, the midiron shot, the use of the mashie, and many other important details of this popular and healthful game.

Outing Publishing Co., New York.

"A Cycle of Sunsets" is a gentle fantasy by Mabel Loomis Todd, who in this neat volume gives expression to the sentiments aroused by the contemplation of a series of affecting sunsets.

Small, Maynard & Co., Boston.

The mysteries of life, the creative forces, evolution and the soul life are viewed and considered from a strictly Godly standpoint in "Problems of Your Generation," by Daisy Dewey. It suggests an orthodox sermon.

The Arden Press, New York.

A delightful volume is "The Excursions of a Book-Lover," in which Dr. Frederic Rowland Marvin leads the reader through a pilgrimage into the realm of bookland. It is prepared and written in a most attractive way, and has high literary merit itself. Dr. Marvin presents his subjects in a manner at once genial and

highly instructive. The chapters are devoted to such subjects as books in general, literary fame, book dedications, authors and publishers. "Ethan Brand," "The Man of Genius," as set forth by Lombroso, and other literary details, many of which are here intelligently and entertainingly analyzed for the first time.

Sherman, French & Co., Boston.

No one is better equipped to write upon the subject of bears than William H. Wright, a talented author who has spent long periods in the wilderness and is familiar, from personal experience, with the habits of many wild animals. He is at once a sportsman, naturalist and entertaining writer.

Charles Scribners' Sons, New York.

In "The Sheriff of Dyke Hole," Ridgwell Cullum tells a strong story of love, adventure and stirring times in a rough Western community, the chief figure in which is the Sheriff himself, a type of the brave, resourceful, chivalrous kind of man to whom the young communities in the Far West looked for execution of the laws and protection of the weak.

George W. Jacobs & Co., Philadelphia.

The best book yet published on the Yosemite Valley is that written by Galen Clark, the noted pioneer of the valley, just before his death at the age of 96 years. It is a fine collection of data concerning the valley, its animal, floral and mineral features, its Indian legends and the origin of Indian names, all well illustrated. In the introduction to it, written by Major Ben C. Truman, the book, which is entitled "The Yosemite Valley," is described as being a series of answers to the numberless questions asked by tourists in the national park, containing the correct name and a brief sketch of every flower, shrub, fern, falls, domes and other details of the locality. The Major refers to the volume as "the gem of books on the Yosemite Valley."

Nelson L. Salter, Yosemite, California.

No. 1, Volume I, of the Journal of the American Institute of Criminal Law and Criminology has made its appearance none too soon. For ages we have been floundering in darkness and confusion in the matter of our treatment of criminals. In many respects and in many parts of the country our penal institutions and our attitude toward criminals have been anachronisms. The new journal contains a wealth of wisdom on this subject, and its contributors show themselves to be broad-minded, thoughtful and far-seeing men of the highest ability. The journal is published by the American Institute of Criminal Law and Criminology, Chicago.

"To the north stood the far-flung Hermit Range."

The Asulkan Glacier in British Columbia.

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MOUNTAIN CLIMBING IN CANADA

BY JULIA W. HENSHAW

PHOTOS BY HENSHAW.

ONE GLORIOUS July evening, when the silvery processions of the moon across the snowy crests of the Selkirk Mountains left a lambent light in the sky, and the jeweled lances of the stars pricked a million holes through heaven's canopy of blue, we three, the Swiss guide, my companion, and I, sat on the veranda of the Chalet Hotel at Glacier and discussed the weather; not from any mere motives of making conversation, mark you, but with deep earnestness and the heartfelt wish that the morrow might be fine, for we were planning an expedition over the great Asulkan Glacier, the most beautiful ice-field in all British Columbia, a vast expanse of green crevasses and glittering seracs, of deep moulins and wide white snow-slopes stretching up to the top of the Asulkan Pass, from whence at an altitude of 7,716 feet, we hoped to gain a glorious view of Fish Creek Valley, with Mount Dawson (11,113), Mount Donkin (9,694), and Mount Fox (10,576) beyond. Given sunshine, it promised to prove a magnificent trip, none grander in the Canadian alpine world, and hence our anxiety about the weather.

"It will be fine," said Edouard Feuz, at last, and we gladly accepted the dictum of this veteran from Interlacken, whose many years' experience as guide in the Rocky and Selkirk Mountains has rendered him a reliable prophet.

True enough, the following day dawned with a cloudless sky, and having breakfasted at five o'clock, we set out upon the trail in the best of spirits; I mounted on a long-eared Pinto, wise in his generation as Pintos (piebald cayuses, or Indian ponies) invariably are, prepared to ride some five miles up through the forested valley to the foot of the terminal moraine, while my companion and the guide trudged ahead. My outfit consisted of a thin flannel shirt, tweed knickerbockers, a short, wide skirt comfortable either to ride on a Mexican saddle or to climb in,

"We set out upon the trail."

"A short halt to rest."

strong, nailed boots reaching to the knees, a soft silk tie knotted round the throat, a pair of Indian buckskin gloves to protect the hands from mosquito bites, and later on from the sharp rocks and ice-pinnacles, and a broad-brimmed felt hat fastened with my Strathcona Horse badge, of which I am inordinately proud; and this style of clothing I have always found eminently suitable and serviceable for mountaineering, except when bent on great ascents, when, of course, a skirt must be dispensed with altogether. Slung from the horn of the saddle was a woollen sweater, a folding Eastman kodak easy to manipulate on a climb, a pair of field-glasses, and blue goggles to protect my eyes from the glare of the ice. Some of these things were transferred to Edouard's "rucksack" when the edge of the glacier was reached, and the real work of the day began; meanwhile, he carried our rope and ice-axes.

It was a wonderful experience to watch the dawn proclaim her coming to the hills. Cool and clear-eyed she stretched out her golden fingers and touched with tender light the snow-crowned head of Mount Sir Donald, softly she suffused the crystal surface of the glaciers with a rosy glow, while at her bidding the hosts of day sprang to life full-armed and fought the fading stars. Then with joyous steps she swept down the mountain-sides, the sunbeams beating in her veins; flowers came to birth as she folded the valleys in a close embrace, and at her smile the great sleeping world awakened to listen to the wooing of her royal splendor.

Our trail lay up the Asulkan Valley beside a brawling creek, the grim crags of the Rampart and the Dome, and the icy crests of Castor and Pollux which rose on the right hemming in the ravine, while on the left Glacier Crest reared its bleak bald head, and to eastward the snow cornices of the Illicilliwaet névé were visible crowning the rocky ridges. On the timbered slopes hemlocks, firs and pines swayed at the bidding of the breeze, their dense gloom cut athwart by slim shafts of sunshine, and at our feet a hundred globe flowers lifted up their cups of malachite and gold. In some places the ascending path clung to a steep bank where ferns and blossoming shrubs found a precarious foothold; in others it dropped down onto sun-smitten flats, gilt with buttercups and arnicas, where the river ran in shallow runnels encircling islands gay with alpine plants, red and yellow mimulus, saxifrages, willow-herbs, columbines and late-lingering anemones; and then again we entered forest aisles flanked by bilberry and rhododendron bushes, devil's clubs and dogwoods forming a thick tangle where sunshine and shadow were interlaced overhead and the air was heavy with the aromatic odor of the balsam pine.

Every turn in the trail brought new beauties into view. About three miles from the Chalet the river entered a narrow gorge where the rock-walls contracted the waters into a seething, foaming torrent and the pathway was a mere ledge on the cliff's face. Looking across the stream up to the opposite hills clothed in a wonder-

ful variety of greens, the conifer, willow, poplar and alder each distributing a different hue, we saw a septette of exquisite waterfalls, named "The Seven Sisters," gleaming like silver threads as they fell from the snowfield on the Rampart to be lost in the valley below. The vistas of majestic mountains wearing helmets of eternal ice were fascinating beyond description, each range of glittering peaks possessing an individual charm unexcelled in the alpine regions of Canada, and the massive crags in the foreground seemed fitly designed to guard the haunts of the mountain goat after which the Indians originally named the valley "Asulkan," because so many of these fine animals are found there. Twice on our way up to the glacier we espied snow-white herds browsing on the tufted ledges a thousand feet above us. A little farther on an avalanche which had swept right across the valley and covered up the creek for a hundred yards barred our progress, and my pony speedily sank knee-deep in the soft mass at whose margin yellow adder's tongues grew in great profusion. The stream, hidden for a space beneath the ice and snow, soon tumbled in steep cascades from out beneath the frozen weight with an accellerated rush of waters. But look which way we would to admire the scenery, always the wonderful glittering beauty of the Asulkan Glacier lay ahead of us, the goal of our desires.

At one spot where we crossed a slide of avalanche debris, rocks and tree-trunks piled up in inextricable confusion, we heard the shrill whistles of the hoary marmots and presently saw one of these little brown animals sitting on a stone regarding us with great curiosity and apparently unafraid, a rather unusual circumstance, for they are very timid creatures and generally instantly disappear among the rocks at the approach of human beings. Porcupines, too, crossed our path from time to time, great, fat, lazy beasts, the worst camp-thieves in the mountains, always ready to eat a side of bacon or chew up a leather saddle with unbounded gusto.

After about two hours and a half of steady going, the snout of the Asulkan Glacier came into view, and soon we reached the head of the valley, 2,000 feet above the Chalet, where red and white

Crossing great crevasses on the glacier.

false heather carpeted the mossy ground and bands of stunted fir trees grew at an altitude of about 6,000 feet; here we crossed the creek, and having unsaddled and tethered the pony where the "feed" was good, Edouard put my kodak into his "rucksack" and I donned my sweater as a precaution against the cold wind which now began to blow off the ice-field. After a short halt to rest and to enjoy the scenery about us, we began a long scramble over the moraine and up a rocky ridge, a most tiring and tiresome performance, until we gained the edge of the ice and there proceeded to "rope up."

This was the beginning of the most wonderful and enjoyable part of the trip. Securely roped between the two men, the guide leading, I found no difficulty in negotiating the "bergschrund," and was soon gaily attacking the steep slopes of the glacier. Here and there it was necessary

for Edouard to cut steps to put our toes in, but frequently a strong pull on the rope brought me safely up to the top of some stiff bit of ice-wall, for the confidence inspired by the intrepid courage and reliability of our guide minimized many difficulties.

What a wonderful journey that was over the ice and snow! Some of the great, green crevasses cleft right down into the heart of the glacier were thirty and forty feet wide, and these we were forced to circumvent; others were sufficiently narrow to admit of a jump across their yawning depths, while a few were spanned by snow-bridges strong enough to bear our weight. The exquisite seracs, fantastic pillars of intense brilliancy, the curious moulins or deep circular holes formed in the ice by the action of some glacial stream, the crystal obelisks, minarets and turrets which we encountered by the way, all these added to the supreme interest of the trip and to the glory of a happy day spent on the shining heights of the world beneath the benediction of a blue sky, with the clouds and the winds for comrades and the mountain peaks for rest.

At eleven o'clock we had reached the top of the Pass, a snowy "col" lying at an altitude of 7,716 feet between Mount Leda and the ridge of the Illicilliwaet Glacier, from whence the most enchanting panorama was visible. To every point of the compass, range upon range of diamenté peaks were piled up to heaven; to the north stood the far-flung line of the Hermit Range, its great bastions blued by distance and softened with the silver sheen of untrodden snows; to the south stretched a dolmitic gorge terrible in its gaunt desolation, yet gemmed by tiny lucent lakes, each one a burnished jewel strung on the chain that lies about the cool white throat of the snowy hills; to the east gleamed the Illicilliwaet Glacier, thirty miles long and ten miles wide, the largest ice field in Canada, with the peaks of Sir Donald, Eagle and Avalanche "en queue;" to the west rose the range comprising Mounts Abbott and Afton; and at our feet, where the snow-slope fell steeply away, affording a good "glissade," lay the Fish Creek Valley 3,000 feet below, across whose gloomy depths we saw the grand group of Mounts Selwyn, Dawson, Donkin and Fox adorned

Mrs. Henshaw and her guide on the Asulkan Glacier.

with wonderful hanging glaciers, their rugged sides riven by snow filled "couloirs" and swept by streams of sparkling ice. On every hand a sea of mountains, unclimbed and unnamed, towered up in endless sequence, and so clear was the air that peaks fifty miles away were plainly visible. For a few moments we stood on the knoll of rocks which marks the summit of the Pass, and in silence drank our fill of the glorious scene, realizing as never before the infinite grandeur of Canada's alpine world, so vast, so beautiful and so white.

Soon, prompted by genuine hunger after the arduous climb, our thoughts turned to luncheon, and how excellent the sandwiches, fruit and chocolate, brought by Edouard in his "rucksack," a veritable Pandora's Box, tasted at the high altitude, washed down with melted snow and a dash of cognac in a collapsible cup. It seemed a meal fit for the gods. But meanwhile the wind was blowing a hurricane across the exposed "col," and so, after taking some photographs, we began the descent with all possible speed, for the cold was intense, and had numbed our hands and feet.

Little remains to tell of the return journey. It was delightful, if uneventful, save for the finding of some "Red Snow" on the névé, a phenomenon due to the presence of a tiny plant called "Protococcus nivalis," and which is a certain state of the "Protococcus viridus" seen as green slime on old wood. The plant called "Red Snow" derives its peculiar name from the fact that it turns the snow a bright scarlet; it is unicellular, an "alga" related to seaweeds and belongs to the lowest form of plant life. It grows on the surface of the snow, and is a most remarkable treasure-trove to alpinists who have not previously encountered it at high altitudes.

Towards five o'clock in the afternoon we reached the Chalet, well pleased with our expedition, for truly:

"The joy of life is steepness overcome,
And victories of ascent, and looking down
On all that had looked down on us."

WHEN ARE THINE EYES MOST BEAUTIFUL

BY CLARENCE H. URNER

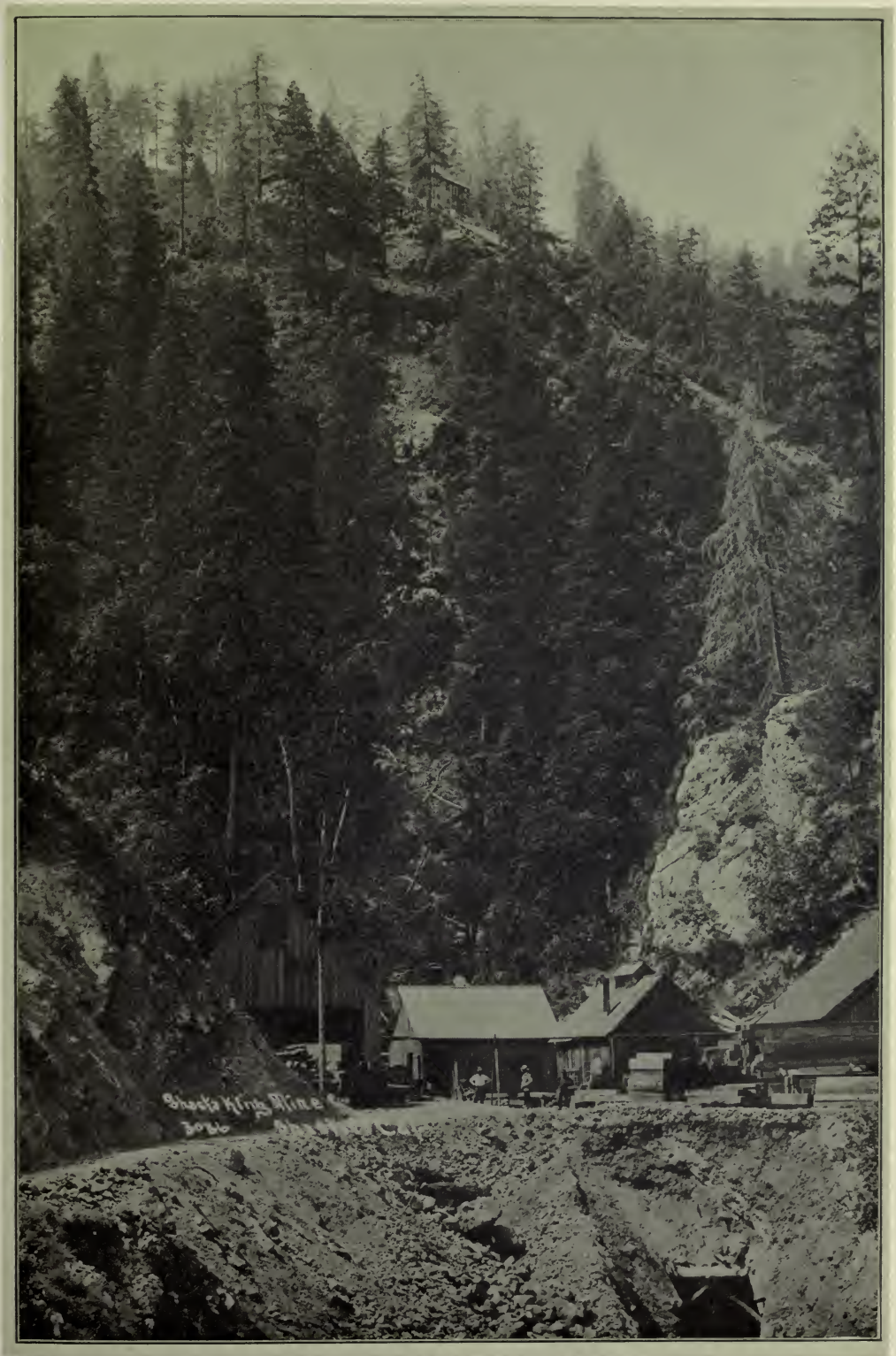
When are thine eyes most beautiful, my dear?
When little merry imps play hide-and-seek
Within their depths? When growing softly meek
To sympathize with those that shed the tear?
Or when they flash and coldly look severe
On other eyes too bold? Or when they speak
In subtler language than of brow or cheek,
That earth is far away and Heaven is near?
"Not then, not then," my selfish heart replies:
Yet are they lovely, roused or lost in dreams:
But when they look their kindness into mine,
I see most brilliance in those heavenly eyes:
Imparadised within their radiant beams,
My spirit bows to Beauty's peerless shrine.

THE COPPER INDUSTRY IN SHASTA COUNTY

BY ELIZABETH GREGG

THE IMPORTANCE of Shasta County in the copper world is shown by the fact that whereas, during the eighties and early nineties, California occupied a wholly insignificant place on the list of copper producing States, by 1900 it ranked fourth, with a production of 28,511,225 pounds, valued at $4,478,242. Of this amount, Shasta County had produced $4,166,735, so to Shasta County belongs the credit of bringing the State into prominence as a producer of copper. Furthermore, it was through the development of one mine that this record was made, for it was not until the Iron Mountain mine, near Keswick, was bought in 1895, by a large English syndicate, known as the Mountain Copper Company, Ltd., that copper smelting was begun in this region, and that copper mines were considered of any importance. Now there are five large smelters in the county, and copper has in consequence become the second mineral product of the State. A recent mining bulletin issued by the California State Mining Bureau says: "While gold is still the leading mineral product, its yield no longer puts the greatest gold producing county in the first place. The copper of Shasta County, together with the other mineral products gives it the leading place as a mineral producing county." The latest statistics, for the year 1906, show Shasta's total mineral output to be worth $5,745,843, with first place in silver as well as in copper. Her silver, valued at $434,483, for that year, constituted half the silver produced in the State. There are no silver mines in the county, but the silver is found in the copper mines, and is obtained through smelting the copper ores which are almost invariably rich in gold and silver.

Since 1846 Shasta County has been yielding mineral wealth, for it was in that year that the second gold discovery in California was made on Clear Creek by Major Pearson B. Redding, for whom the town of Redding was named. In 1852 the old town of Shasta was larger than San Francisco, and every gulch for miles around was filled with prospectors. Much gold was taken out by placer mining, but quartz mining, tried later, was less successful. In fact, the loss of large sums of money in quartz mining put a taboo upon Shasta County for many years, and it was not until the development of copper properties was proven profitable that the county was able to take her rightful place. The discovery of copper was almost simultaneous with that of gold, but no regard was paid to it, partly because of the low price of the metal and the distance from ore markets, and partly because the refractoriness of the ore, due to the presence of baser metals, made its handling difficult and unprofitable. Langley's State Register for 1859 says: "The ore from the vicinity of the Pitt and McCloud Rivers, Shasta County, is said to excel in richness the celebrated Arizona mines, and to contain in addition a considerable quantity of gold." This reference is to the claims at Bully Hill and Copper City, where copper had been recognized as early as '53. In 1862 there was a rush to that vicinity to locate gold and silver claims, and the town of Copper City sprang up. In '63, two hundred and fifty tons of copper ore were shipped to San Francisco, and were found to contain 8 per cent copper, about $40 in gold to the ton, and $20 in silver. It was shipped to Swansea, Wales, but the profit made was small. By 1866 only six voters were left in the place, the mines having been abandoned because of unsuccessful attempts to separate the precious



Shasta King mine, showing Balakalala mine at top of hill.

Dumping slag at the Mammoth smelter at Kennett.

metals from the base. Even in the past ten years that problem in the same mines has led to much expensive experimenting, but a large furnace and hot blast have made pyritic smelting possible, and the General Electric Co., under the name of the Bully Hill Copper Mining and Smelting Company, now operates the mines successfully.

It is notable that not only the Bully Hill, but also the Iron Mountain and Afterthought properties were worked for years as gold and silver mines before it was realized that wealth lay in the copper they contained. Even up to 1893, two years before the development of the Iron Mountain mine as a great copper property, copper was not listed among the county's mineral resources. It is said that when Hugh McDonnell, the promoter who sold the Iron Mountain mine to the Rothschild and Fielding interests of London and New York, later incorporated as the Mountain Copper Co., Ltd., took the company's representatives through the mine he constantly called their attention to the gold and silver ore which could be seen in the top of the tunnel, and tried to hide the copper sulphide in the bottom, whereas the company cared little for the gold and silver, and were secretly on the watch for the copper. The deal was consummated, and $300,000 was paid for the mine, which soon became known as the sixth greatest copper producing property in the United States, and the eighth in the world. The company was capitalized for $6,250,000, and it had soon spent a million dollars or more in erecting what was then an up-to-date smelter, and in further developing the mine. This was in 1895, an important year for the county, because it marked the arrival of capital, without which copper production was impossible. The vast resources of the copper belt were now to be developed, and their development was to result in a general revival of interest in copper throughout the State.

The copper bearing ore bodies in Shasta County lie in a crescent-shaped belt, which crosses the Sacramento at about the point where the Pitt river flows into it, twenty miles north of Redding. The length of the belt is approximately thirty miles, and it ranges in width from one-half to four miles. The ore is not continuous throughout the belt, as it is intersected by various gulches and canyons, but some geologists believe it was originally one formation. It is interesting to note the difference in character of the

formations on the east side of the river and those on the west. On the latter side the ore is found in lenses and blankets, or flat bodies, while on the east side it is in veins ranging from twenty to forty feet in width. Silicious ores are necessary in smelting the western ores, but those on the east contain sufficient silica to need no fluxing ores. This advantage is offset by the presence of more base ores, such as zinc, antimony and $BaSO_4$. On the west side of the river there are three smelters, the plant of Mountain Copper Mining Company at Keswick, the Balakalala at Coram, and the Mammoth Copper Mining Company at Kennett. On the east side are the Bully Hill smelter near Copper City, and the Great Western Gold Company's plant at the Afterthought mine at Ingot.

The pioneer smelter at Keswick, when at its height, ran five furnaces and had a daily capacity of 1500 tons. The company erected a refinery at Elizabeth, New Jersey, and for five years sent its matte there. Then it erected converters at Keswick and produced blister copper which was shipped to Eastern electrolytic copper refineries. It is estimated that this mine has produced $30,000,000, and vast amounts of ore are yet in sight. The Mountain Copper Company also owns several adjoining claims which are very rich, the Hornet mine being said to show 6,000,000 tons of low grade copper ore. As pioneers, this company had much to contend with, for the people in the southern part of the county, having previously relied upon their farms for support, now rebelled as they saw the sulphur smoke from the open roasters which were then used destroying their trees, as it did the native vegetation for several miles around. The company was, in consequence, constantly harassed with law suits in which the damages called for were almost invariably many times the taxable value of the property. While the people generally upheld the company, they did not take an active part in defending it, because the company had shown only indifference to them and their interests. The Government, evidently urged by private land owners, then began a suit for damage of timber land, and the lower courts issued an injunction against the company. This injunction has only been dissolved by the United States Supreme Court within the past few months. Partly because of these difficulties, and partly because there ap-

Mammoth mine.

peared to be a great field around the bay for the production of chemicals and especially of fertilizers through the sulphur contained in the ore from the Iron Mountain mine, the company erected a smelter and sulphuric acid and fertilizer works at Martinez, and in 1905 closed the Keswick smelter and commenced shipping the ore to the new plant. In 1907 some work was resumed at Keswick, but was stopped later. It is now rumored that the company, under Manager Lewis T. Wright, intends to begin the erection of a modern plant on the old site. Two hundred men are constantly employed at the mine, and with public sentiment now awakened to the value of a smelter to the community, and with the Government injunction removed, it seems most probable that at least part of the ore will be smelted in the more convenient place, Keswick.

The second smelter to be blown in was that of the Bully Hill Company, near Copper City. After a varied history, and much changing of hands, the property was bought in 1900 by Captain J. R. De La Mar, who erected a small smelter which was operated for several years. Converters were installed, and the matte was reduced to blister copper before being shipped East to a refinery. The General Electric Company later purchased the mine and smelter from Captain De La Mar, and are now operating under the title of the Bully Hill Copper Mining and Smelting Company, with D. M. Riordan of New York as President. Bully Hill is thirty miles from Redding by wagon road, and it had been necessary to haul the blister copper to Redding for shipment. Upon purchasing the property, the General Electric Company decided to build a broad gauge railway to the nearest point on the Southern Pacific, at the junction of the Pitt and Sacramento rivers eighteen miles away. During the course of construction of the road, during 1906-7, the smelter was closed for extensive improvement, but work in the mine was continued. The road was completed in January, 1908, and the enlarged smelter was blown in in March. The furnace in this smelter is larger than those of other smelters in the county unless it be those of the Balakalala recently completed. Converters have been done away with, and the matte is shipped to the Mammoth Company's plant at Kennett, where it is converted into blister copper about 98 or 99 per cent pure. When refined, the General Electric Company makes use of the copper in its own work or places it upon the market. The capacity of the Bully Hill smelter is 300 tons daily, and about two hundred and fifty men are given employment, in both mines and smelter.

The third smelter to be erected in the county was that of the Great Western Gold Company. It is located twenty-six miles northeast of Redding and six miles from Bully Hill by trail. The nearest shipping point is twelve miles away at Bella Vista, the terminal of the Terry Lumber Company's standard gauge from Anderson. The Great Western Gold Co. is now contemplating building a railway to Bella Vista, and will then make extensive improvements in its smelter, for the bad roads for hauling during the winter have heretofore been a serious drawback. The Afterthought mine had an early history similar to that of the Iron Mountain and Bully Hill mines. It had been worked in pioneer days for gold and silver, and a small reverberatory furnace had been erected in 1875, but with no success. Considerable money was later spent by other parties in putting in a small water jacket furnace, which likewise failed to separate the base ores. This mine contains more zinc than any other mine on the copper belt, and it is little wonder these early attempts at smelting failed when the ore has since resisted more rigorous methods. The operations of the present company date from 1902. The Great Western Gold Company is composed of stockholders from the Mississippi Valley, mainly from St. Louis, and it is the only company in the county which has depended upon the sale of stock for its funds for development work. While the company has the smallest plant on the belt, with two furnaces and a capacity of 200 tons, it is expected with further development to be one of the big mines of the future.

Until recently the largest smelter operating in the county was the one at Kennett, a town on the Southern Pacific, 18

Mountain Copper Company's smelter at Keswick.

miles north of Redding. This property is owned by the Mammoth Copper Mining Company, a subsidiary company of the United States Mining, Smelting and Refining Company, and was purchased by them from a Redding stock company in 1904. The mine, which is now claimed to surpass the famous Iron Mountain mine in value, lies about two and one-half miles west of the smelter, at an elevation of three thousand feet above sea level, and 2300 feet above the smelter. An aerial tram first brought the ore from the mine, but proving unsatisfactory, a combination of gravity tram, electric and steam railway has recently been installed. Five blast furnaces, with a daily capacity of 1700 tons of ore and fluxes, are in operation. Two converter stands, with eight converter shells, have been added to the plant this year, and the blister copper for at least three other smelters in the county will be made here. In April, over three million pounds of blister copper were produced. Limestone for flux is obtained at the Holt & Gregg quarries near by, and quartz from the Old Diggings mines supplies the needed silica. Much Goldfield and Tonopah ore was smelted here a year ago, but now the ore from the Centennial Eureka mine, a Utah property of the United States Company, is being shipped here, and Nevada ore is not handled.

The Mammoth Company, since its advent into the county, has done much in setting a standard for good treatment of employees. The first innovation was the eight hour shift in mine and smelter, which has since been adopted throughout the county. By voluntarily raising already good wages when copper rose in price and not cutting them when it fell, the company has won the good will of the entire community, and several attempts of the Western Federation to organize in the camp have resulted in the organizers being led out of town by the business men, although the union movement had met little support from the employees. During the financial stringency of November, 1907, work went on in Kennett just as before, and it was generally considered one of the best towns in the State at that time.

Public interest is at present centering around the newest smelter, which, with its four furnaces and 1500 ton capacity, is generally conceded to be the largest and most up-to-date of the smelters in the copper belt. It is the one recently built at

Coram, four miles south of Kennett, by the Balakalala Company of Salt Lake and Boston. The Balakalala group of mines was at one time under a bond to the Mountain Copper Company, but due to a lapse in payment the company was forced to give them up, and about three years ago the present company, in which are associated the Guggenheim interests, Joseph Coram of Boston, the McCornick Bros., of Salt Lake, and other capitalists, purchased the claims. Considerable attention was attracted to the company last year when a shortage of funds made it necessary to stop construction work on the smelter. As the Balakalala Company could not levy an assessment on its stock, the National Copper Company was organized, with Thomas Lawson at its head, and this company took over the Balakalala stock, and levied an assessment of two dollars and a half per share. It seems to have been Lawson's plan to get control of the stock, as he offered to underwrite all shares that were not paid up, but the stockholders came forward with 97 per cent of the funds needed, and Lawson got only 3 per cent of the stock. The Balakalala mine has always been closely connected with Lawson's mine, the Shasta King, run under the name of the Trinity Copper Company, with A. H. Brown as superintendent. As will be seen in the accompanying cut, the mines are near together, the Balakalala being at the top of the hill and the Trinity at the base. A contract has been made by which the Trinity Company will furnish not less than one hundred tons of ore daily, and not more than five hundred, to the Balakalala smelter, and the aerial tram has been extended to the Shasta King from the Balakalala mine, to carry the ore to the smelter, a distance of six miles. When this smelting began last fall, with two hundred and fifty men at work in the Shasta King, the first actual production of the Trinity Copper Company commenced; for while about half a million had previously been spent in developing the mine, nothing had heretofore been taken from it. While no doubt overcapitalized, at $6,250,000, the mine is considered rich, and undeserving of the scathing criticisms it has received because of the manipulations of its stock by its president, Thomas Lawson.

The six properties which have been mentioned as Shasta County's, and also California's greatest copper producing mines, represent an investment of approximately eight million dollars, which is divided among them as follows:

Mountain Copper Co.	$2,000,000
Mammoth Copper Mining Co.	2,000,000
Balakalala Co.	2,000,000
Bully Hill Copper Mining and Smelting Company	1,000,000
Great Western Gold Co.	500,000
Trinity Copper Co.	500,000

In all, these mines employ about 2500 men, and have a monthly pay roll of $200,000.

In the past twelve years capital has developed the above mentioned mines and proven the wealth of the copper belt, and there are many more properties which may in the near future prove as productive. A copper mine cannot be developed without an investment of at least a million dollars, and there are few individual owners who can handle such a large proposition. The history of the successful mines in this region is that they have been worked by individuals until some value has been proven, and then they have been bonded to different large corporations until at length purchased by one; for only corporations are able to invest several millions in order to get out a few more. There are at least fifty other copper mines already located on the belt, some of them considerably developed. The most important ones are the Golinsky mine, under bond until recently to the American Smelting and Refining Company; the Summit Group, owned by the Stauffer Chemical Company; the Friday Lowden, Vulcan, Shasta May Blossom, Spread Eagle, Keystone, Graves Group, and the Sugar Loaf.

There is a striking contrast between the mineral regions in Shasta County and in Nevada, for the mining towns which have grown up about these California mines and smelters are in no sense boom towns, though rough in many ways. Strange to say, these towns are not nearly so substantially built as the Nevada camps, yet they are by the presence of the

smelters guaranteed to last fifteen or twenty years, whereas Goldfield has already boarded up many of her brick and stone buildings. Kennett, the largest town to grow up around a smelter, has about 2500 inhabitants, and six hundred of them are employed in the smelter. No stock in these copper companies is advertised for sale, because it is so good no one cares to dispose of it. If more of our Californians who have rushed to Nevada to locate claims or to go into business in the mining camps had looked about at home, they would have found perhaps less glaring but more assuredly substantial opportunities.

PRISONER

BY GRACE HELEN BAILEY

Drunk, insolent with life's red wine, was I.
Nor Pasha's splendid lures could make me rue
The greater wealth that I had saved for you.
The treasures of the heart put idly by,
With just this portent prized—a woman's sigh:
Its hints of loves unknown make lovers sue.
So, toying with the chains I scarcely knew,
Denying all, I saw my freedom die.

Triumphant midst white lilies of the field,
Fain daring all, with never thought to yield,
I waited you, unreckoning of the fate
Which comes to all, too soon, or over late.
A prisoner fettered fast while life shall hold,
You broke my pride upon your shield of gold.

A SEAPORT OF SINALOA

BY MINNIE ROSILLA STEVENS

A SEMICIRCLE of blue ocean, inside a semicircle of blue mountains, with a band of white buildings between the two, such is Mazatlan. Landward, the mountains seem slipping away and away till they blend with the sky in the distance; seaward, the water, likewise, slips away and away to blend with the sky in the distance, leaving the town the only fixed and tangible portion of the landscape for the eye to rest upon, as it gazes from the rocky heights behind the town and sweeps the lovely panorama from the dancing waves of the Pacific to the foothills of the Mexican Cordilleras.

The ports of Eastern Mexico have always been but poor affairs, mere roadsteads without extensive shipping, their climate hot and sickly, their towns squalid. Not so with the Western coast, though, comparatively, so new in the point of development, and so much less generally known. From Acapulco to Guaymas, the many indentations of the shore line form a series of magnificent harbors, perfectly adapted to all the demands of commerce, and so many in number that some of them, as yet, are scarcely frequented at all. But with the present rapid development of the Mexican Republic, the day is not far distant, especially after the opening of the Panama Canal, when these fine ports will fill an important place in the water traffic of the Pacific, and one or more among them, perhaps, has it in its future to rise to a place among the leading ports of the Western world.

Probably no town is better fitted to become this future leading seaport than Mazatlan, midway up the coast, at the entrance of the Gulf of California. Mazatlan

General view of Mazatlan, Sinaloa, Mexico.

"Its crowning glory is its old Mission Church." Mazatlan's cathedral.

is already a thriving town, claiming twenty-five thousand inhabitants, and, when the railroad, which is building from Guaymas to the City of Mexico, and which has already passed Mazatlan, is completed, the latter town is sure to take on new life and grow after the manner of the modern metropolis. Its location is ideal for such a growth. Though that part of the State immediately adjacent is somewhat sandy and barren, the interior of Sinaloa is very fertile, producing heavy yields of sugar, tobacco, cotton and tropical fruits, much of which finds market in Mazatlan. But the chief occupations of Sinaloa are stock raising and mining, the surrounding mountains being very rich in gold and silver. Mazatlan is the natural outlet for the wealth of the mines and range, and already has quite an extensive trade by water with various nations. It imports considerable quantities of English goods, and the ships of all lands can be seen, at any time, anchored on the broad bay, while visitors from as many countries continually frequent the wharves and pass up and down the picturesque narrow streets.

Out-of-the-way places always have a charm to those unfamiliar with them, and perhaps it is for this reason that it seems so out of the way to us, though a busy, well-known place in its own locality, that Mazatlan possesses a peculiar fascination aside from its other attractions. With its quaint, flat-roofed buildings and many courtyards and plazas, filled with palm trees and all the luxuriant verdure of the tropics, it greatly resembles some old Spanish town or a suburb of a Moorish city minus the minarets. The crowning glory of the place is its old mission church, one of the oldest and finest ever built in America, by the early Spanish priests. It stands in the heart of the city, not far from and facing the sea, and has a magnificent facade marked by a triple doorway and twin towers of noble proportions, while a dome or two breaks the horizontal lines of the roof with harmonious curves. Sculptured stone figures of the saints stand in appropriate spots about the exterior, while the interior is decorated in that rich if somewhat showy style common to the old missions. The building is in a state of fine preservation, and is Mazatlan's central point of interest to visitors.

Mazatlan Bay is supposed to be fortified and is guarded by a garrison of Government troops, and a fort built on a high ledge of rocks overlooking the sea. The

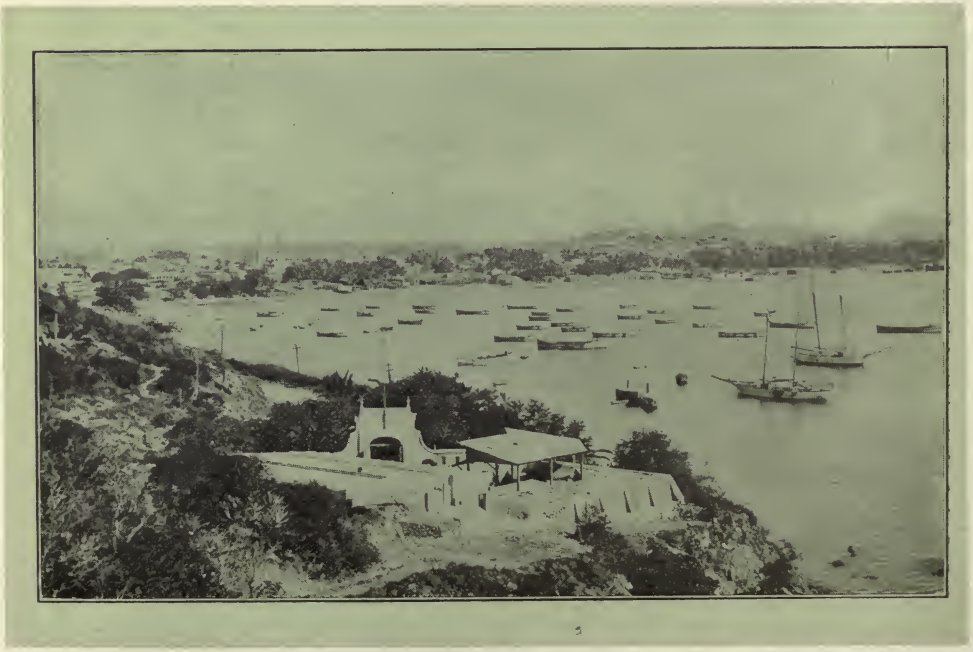
fortifications are neither extensive nor formidable, however, and do not inspire an over-degree of confidence in their stability before a fleet of modern gunboats in full action. But the fort is an interesting spot, for all that, and commands a fine view of the bay and the vessels that float in such numbers on the glassy bosom of the harbor.

Between the fort and the town, upon another rocky ledge, is the lighthouse, from whence, at night, bright beams shine out to light the incoming vessel safely into port. From the lighthouse tower is obtained another fine view of the city, with the beautiful cathedral prominent in its midst, the picturesque buildings smothered voluptuously in flowers and feathery palm groves, and a line of boats drawn up on the sandy beach. It is a scene of languid beauty of a peculiar style to be seen only in tropical America.

Like all Spanish-American towns, Mazatlan sleeps during the heat of the day and awakes to life as the cool of the evening comes on. The plaza is the common center of activity at all times, and at night that activity rises to its highest state. The whole population seems out on parade. Round and round the promenaders go, dignified men, matronly women, young girls and children, laughing, chatting, singing, till the evening is far spent. The evening at the plaza is the daily recreation of Mazatlan in general, and the mild climate, with scarcely ever cloud or shower, makes it possible for the promenade to continue each night, almost the year around.

As yet, although promising wonders in the future, and developing and progressing to a great extent in the present, Mazatlan cannot be said to be exactly up to date. For instance, the nearest trolley car is in Tucson, Arizona, about fifteen hundred miles away, and the best substitute in this Mexican city is small street cars, drawn up and down at a leisurely jog by mules, while, in place of express wagons, one sees ox carts delivering packages from door to door. The inhabitants, however, seemingly get along with these facilities just as well as if supplied with others more modern, and waste no energy in pining for the change.

The bull-fight is still a popular sport, and many an afternoon in Mazatlan is spent in excited appreciation of these exhibitions of combined bravery and cruelty. Strange to say, the visitor from lands of



"The fortifications do not inspire confidence." The harbor and fort of Mazatlan.

One of the wharves of Mazatlan.

milder tastes and customs attends the bull-fights almost as generally as do the citizens of the town, and, however the former's superior scruples are outraged, he does not allow them to shut him away from the pastime which, at home, he might brand and be inclined to consider as a barbaric custom.

One does not remember the bull fight, however, when, some balmy day in mid-winter, one sits down upon a rock, high on a ledge, and looks out at the splendid harbor and mountains that so fondly enclose the town, as if drawn near to love it for its beauty. And when one laughs, for a time, at the antics of monkeys in the cocoanut palms above him; or catches frequent sight of bright-winged paroquet or cockatoo, flitting through green leaves; or listens to the splash of fountains and the song of mocking-birds in cool court yards, or drinks his fill of heliotrope and jessamine scent beneath a tropical moon; he forgets, not only the bull-fight, but every other cruelty and barbarism, and can almost believe that the world is all beauty and kindness, with the heart of that beauty and kindness at Mazatlan, amid music and flowers and fragrance, beside the shimmering waves.

Dennis Driscoll, a frontier hero.

A FRONTIER HERO

BY F. H. BARROW

THERE WAS NOT a braver deed done in those old frontier days than Dennis Driscoll's," said Brigadier General Andrew S. Burt, retired, in officially reporting how Driscoll had saved the members of two companies of infantry from certain massacre by Indians. There were many heroes in those stirring frontier days, most of whom received no laurels save the grateful thanks of those for whom they risked life and liberty. Such a hero was Dennis Driscoll.

But to see him in his unpretentious little home in a Northern Wyoming coal mining camp, still hale and hearty, one would never suspect that this white-haired, mild-mannered and modestly unobtrusive man had furnished the world with an example of true heroism seldom equaled in the annals of American history. It was during the strenuous days of the Indian campaigns—the days when Fetterman, Carrington, Crook and Miles were making their last great struggle to subdue the proud spirits of Red Cloud and his host of subordinate chieftains from the Sioux tribe. Driscoll was then a member of Company K, Twenty-seventh Infantry—formerly Company K, Second Battallion, Eighteenth Infantry. The company was at that time—June, 1867—engaged in taking supplies, under command of Captain E. F. Thompson, from Fort Smith to Fort Kearney, Wyoming, both forts being two of the early posts established for the protection of the old "Bozeman Trail," the first route through the Northwest to the Columbia River. That particular section of country was then a perfect hotbed of Indian rebellion, teeming with hostile redmen under the direct command of old Red Cloud himself. The latter post—Kearney—was located near the site of the memorable Custer massacre.

Companies A and K were returning from a trip to Fort Smith, when they were suddenly surrounded at Trout Creek by a large body of hostile Indians. The first move of the savages was to stampede the soldiers' stock, the which was accomplished in such a successful manner as to leave the two companies in possession of only one blind white mule which came straggling back into camp after dark. The little handful of white men fought desperately to withstand the attack of the Indian forces many times their number, and the soldiers were just able to keep the reds at bay. With the obstinate persistency of their race, the Indians, however, surrounded the little band of whites so as to completely hem them in and cut off all possible chance of escape. The fortunes of the soldiers were rapidly approaching a crisis, and unless help could be secured within a very short time, death seemed inevitable. Whether it would come from starvation or the Indians' tomahawks they were as yet undecided. The only chance for them was to get help from Fort Smith, about forty miles away by wagon road. But how could help be secured unless the fort could be apprised of their plight?

Some one must carry the message! Captain Thompson called for volunteers. There was a moment of hesitancy, silent and intense with feeling, for not one of those brave fellows but realized to the full the frightful danger which such a trip entailed. Then Dennis Driscoll offered himself for the relief of his comrades. His services were accepted amid the cheers of his fellow-soldiers, and the thanks of his superior officers.

"Do you think you can make it without getting scared and turning back?" asked Captain Thompson.

"I'll get through or die on the way. No man could do more," replied the un-

daunted Dennis, who at once set about preparing for his hazardous undertaking.

Although Fort Smith was but forty miles away by wagon road, there was no chance of reaching it by that well-known trail, the trip must be made in a round-about way, dodging over rocky hills and mountains and through heavy underbrush, that the attention of the Indians might not be attracted. Taking the precious despatches from Captain Thompson, Driscoll put them carefully in an inside pocket of his coat. and mounting the blind white mule—the sole steed of the company,—started forth on his perilous mission. Before he left, Jack Reshaw, a half-breed French-Canadian Indian, presented Dennis with his field glasses and a brace of Colt's revolvers. Driscoll took no food with him, believing he would reach his destination—if at all—before the pangs of hunger began to be too manifest. So much for his courageous and optimistic anticipation.

Reshaw advised Driscoll to follow the creek under cover of darkness until the Big Horn mountains were reached. "For," said he, "the Indians will be surely watching every known trail, knowing that our only chance of escape is to secure assistance from either Smith or Kearney. It will be longer, but it's the only safe way."

It was about 3 o'clock on the afternoon of June 3d that Dennis started out. Taking a southerly course along Trout Creek, he traveled all night without being molested. This, however, was due to the fact that a rain had started in shortly after he left camp, which afterwards developed into a terrific downpour. Despite the coldness and discomfort induced by the storm, Driscoll was devoutly grateful, for it enabled him to cover a fair amount of his journey before the redskins became aware of his departure.

Early the following morning, after a night of hardship and fatigue, Driscoll, upon reaching the base of the mountains, dismounted and went to the top of a small hill to reconnoiter. Away off in the distance he discerned several small black specks. Thinking these to be nothing more than buffalo, Driscoll lay down for a rest before resuming his journey. But a vague presentiment of impending evil seemed to possess him, and arising he mounted a higher hill for better observation. Adjusting his field glasses, he gazed long and earnestly at the small black spots. What he saw then sent a sickening thrill of fear through his whole being. The supposed buffaloes were Indians.

"There were about fifteen in the party," said Driscoll in telling the story, "and they had evidently discovered me and were making for my vicinity as fast as their ponies could carry them."

There was no time for reflection with death approaching at so fast a gait, and the lonely white man knew that there was no use in trying to get away on the poor old mule or on foot. Either way would only hasten the impending danger. With a courage born of desperation, however, he rode the mule as high up the rocky hill as he could; then dismounted and sought the shelter of the rocks. Knowing that his chances of escape hung by a mere thread, Dennis nevertheless determined that he would not be taken without a desperate struggle. But his experience was a frightful one.

"I believe if I should live to be a hundred years old," said Driscoll, "I shall never forget the sensations of that moment, as one by one the red devils approached my hiding place and began circling around, as is their custom, like so many demons."

Ambushed at the foot of a protecting rock and armed with a new Springfield rifle, the white man opened fire on his pursuers, resting the gun across the back of the mule. The Indians were all the while yelling like crazy men and waving their hatchets and rifles to further terrorize their victim. But their lone adversary was game to the core, and made up his mind to make every shot tell, realizing that if they once thought him a poor marksman they would become bolder, make a rush upon him, and complete their fiendish work.

There was a shot from Driscoll's rifle and one of the Indians' horses went down. A second shot at the Indian nearest him, and another Red Man was gathered to his fathers, his head-feathers nearly reaching the ground as he tumbled from his horse. Hardly had the two Indians fallen before a well-directed shot from the enemy laid low the poor old white mule. While the

animal's legs were still twitching in the death agony, Driscoll laid his rifle across its body and opened fire once more.

"And right then is when they might have gotten me had they been better marksmen," said Driscoll; "the jerking of the dying mule's legs spoiled my aim, and I had to stand up several times to shoot. But for some reason or other they missed me every time."

This skirmishing continued for several hours, until Driscoll decided that if he were to get away at all, he must make a break before any more Indians came on the scene. With this idea in mind, he retreated cautiously to a small grove of quaking-asp nearby. The Indians soon perceived his move, and again surrounded him. Driscoll's situation at this time may be better imagined than described. Through it all, and supplementing his singular courage and daring, he seems to have been surrounded by a particularly kind fate, for upon several occasions he missed death by the merest chance. Once as he turned quickly he beheld a big buck Indian not more than six feet from him. Speaking of the incident, Dennis said, dryly:

"My 45-Colt soon finished him, and I had an insane desire to take his scalp, too. But as neither he nor I had a knife, I was obliged to forego that pleasure."

By this time the man had lost all semblance of fear, and entertained only a savage desire to kill every Indian he saw. His courage seemed to impress even his blood-thirsty foes, and they resorted to a last method to bring him forth into the open. Accordingly they set fire to the brush to burn him out, but again a kind fate intervened, for the green brush refused to burn well, and while it made a great deal of smoke, it did not blaze. The smoke really proved a blessing in disguise, for by its density, Driscoll was enabled to make his escape from the trap—crawling away on his stomach, unperceived by the Indians.

In this snake-like manner he followed the brush and small trees, and dropped down the side of the ridge, holding to one pine tree and another until he reached the bank of a small, swiftly-running stream. Here he paused to draw breath, and found that he had eluded the Indians at last. He followed the stream for several miles, staying under cover until dark. All night he traveled, going, as he supposed, in the right direction, and making several miles through the rough country.

In the morning he again sighted Indians, but this party seemed to be a much larger one. Their camp came unexpectedly into view as he rounded the top of a little hill, and so near were they that he almost ran into their campfires. It was now another case of getting into an advantageous position. The Indians opened fire at once, and this time succeeded in giving Driscoll a slight wound in the right foot. With this new impediment, and more than half of his 200 rounds of ammunition exhausted, affairs were becoming very precarious. With indomitable courage, however, Driscoll stuck firmly to his entrenchment, and suddenly the Indians withdrew, unable to force their victim from his point of vantage without too great a sacrifice.

Hardly had they disappeared when Driscoll emerged from his position and struck out for what is known as "Backbone mountain," from which place he knew he could see Fort Smith. Much to his consternation, however, he found that the flag was lowered, and as he had never before approached the post from that direction, he could not even be sure of its identity. Bewildered by this new danger, he started circling it, and to his joy soon came on to a well-beaten trail he knew to be a wood road to the fort.

But the discovery that help was so near proved too much for the sorely-tried body, and it was at this juncture that the brave man fainted away from exhaustion and loss of blood.

The remainder of Driscoll's exploit is a matter of the cherished history of the Indian war of 1866-8 in Northern Wyoming and Southern Montana. The essential features of it are that shortly afterwards, a wood train from Fort Smith, returning from the pineries, came upon the apparently lifeless body of Driscoll lying in the road. The officer in charge asked if any of his men knew him, and one of them identified the fallen man as Corporal Driscoll of Company K. Driscoll's body was searched, the despatches were found, and the wounded man was taken at once

to the hospital. The despatches were opened by Major A. S. Burt, now a retired brigadier-general, who was then in command of the post. Reinforcements were sent immediately to the relief of Captain Thompson's party, and arrived on the scene in time to save the distressed companies from annihilation.

When Driscoll regained consciousness, his first inquiry was as to whether Major Burt had received the despatches. On being reassured, he asked:

"Where am I? Has the relief party gone?"

Being told that the party was already en route, Driscoll said feebly:

"Then I wasn't too late, thank God!" and again relapsed into unconsciousness, remaining so for many hours. At the end of six weeks he left the hospital and returned to Fort Phil Kearney. Almost the entire command came out to welcome him, and he was carried into the fort on the shoulders of his comrades. For his valiant service, he was presented with a gold medal —the personal gift of Captain Thompson —but the honor was as nothing compared to the gratitude forever enshrining him in the hearts of those whom his bravery had saved from death.

THE WITCH OF THE AUTUMN

BY ALOYSIUS COLL

Little brown witch of the autumn—
  Listen!—her feet in the leaves,
Here, where the ghost of the summer
  Sits in her shadow and grieves!
Brown is the wealth of her tresses;
  Scarlet and golden her feet—
Little brown witch of the autumn,
  Wistful and airy and sweet!

Every leaf is a-tingle,
  Every berry a-blush,
Kissed with the fire of her fingers,
  Rapt by her voice in the hush;
Warmed by the breath of her whisper,
  Thrilled at the touch of her feet—
Little brown witch of the autumn,
  Winsome and careless and sweet!

Yellow as gold in the burning
  The path of her mad desire;
Red as a polished ruby,
  Shot with a glance of fire,
Crimson and gold and scarlet
  Follow the dance of her feet—
Little brown witch of the Autumn,
  Reckless and cruel and sweet!

Dead of her anger the flowers;
  Hidden away in the grass,
Berry and leaf of the bramble
  Wait for her anger to pass;
  Mad with the dance of her feet,
But glad with the breath of her whisper,
Cometh a maid and her lover,
  Into her golden retreat.

L'Envoi

Now we have guessed your magic,
  Little witch brown and sweet—
You are the call and the answer,
  When a maid and her lover meet!

MR. PONDICHERRY AND THE SMUGGLERS

BY JOHN H. WALSH

MR. PONDICHERRY, amongst other things, gave long John Foote and me about as thorough-going and hair-raising a fright as either one of us can stand. Also we read a moral in what we learned of his life. These things happened over in Mr. Pondicherry's cabin on Vashon, which is an island that lies northeast of Seattle in Puget Sound.

Big John was probably not so much frightened as I was, but his hand trembled a good deal nevertheless, and he dropped a match before he intended to, although not before he had taken time to grow as white as new snow. It is queer how white a man's face can become and how quickly the whiteness arrives. Big John's white face as a phenomenon was only slightly less interesting and less horrible to me that the head, arms and shoulders of Mr. Pondicherry, which lay on the table quite still, with a dried, reddish black stain on the table there at his elbow.

Big John and I had been lost in the woods during the earlier hours of a cold, drizzling night in November. We had hunted for shelter in a not very well considered way. In the end we found it by running into it pretty hard with John's face, he being ahead. Thus you see, it was a very dark night.

The day had started out with probably an inch of wet snow. We had early in the morning, as we prowled about with our guns, found the fresh tracks of a mule deer. We had followed them all day long, disregarding the vicissitudes of brush travel and feeding our hunger on hope. We must often have walked very close to that deer without ever seeing it, for at times when it back-tracked us, it lay within ten feet of us, and rested. Twice we found the ground still warm and smoking. About four o'clock the snow finished melting, and after that, tracks were invisible to us. We stopped for a smoke, and having time for reflection, we soon saw that we were lost in the woods, with night coming on.

When this realization came to us, it was already half dark in those melancholy woods, and it was still drizzling rain. It looked very much that we must hungrily tramp about or shiver by a fire of wet wood for all of that night. We decided, however, to first have a try at reaching the beach, for near the beach we might by good luck stumble into a cabin. We tried, I leading off on a guess at the direction. We went slashing through sal-lal, greasewood, huckleberry and blackberry, making the noise of a herd of stampeding rhinoceroses. The trees overhead now shut out almost every particle of light, so we bumped our heads on low branches, we scratched ourselves, we got soaked to the skin, and we battered our shins till they ached like a frozen ear. I don't know whether we kept direction well or badly.

We came to water unexpectedly, so unexpectedly that I fell over a bluff into the water, and was like to have drowned for the beach went off very abruptly. I got out after a swim, but my rifle still rusts in that pool. At the time, however, I congratulated myself on getting out with my life.

The whole situation was not without its humorous points, and I think Big John saw them, but he kept very quiet about them, which was considerate. He suggested that we stop and build us a fire, but I had a wild fancy that we were near to our own hunting shack, and I promised to indicate the way to it. I was mistaken by eight or ten miles as to our whereabouts, which shows that we really were lost.

We found, mostly with our feet, a trail which for a while followed the beach in the direction which I believed we ought to travel to get home. We moved pretty fast,

John leading. We had to move fast or I should have frozen to death, for every particle of my clothing was wet. It continued to drizzle dismally, and the darkness was profound, muffling, disconcerting. It seemed to clog the motions of our arms and legs, to stick to us and to pull us back even. We felt our way along the trail with our feet, and it is singular what facility we developed. After a time the trail turned back from the beach, and climbed a small hill, but we still followed it—we could do no better.

I remember now that, as we climbed the hill my foot struck near the side of the trail something soft. It shocked me someway, and I drew back from it with an instinctive shrinking, not guessing what it was, only fearing it as if it were a snake. Had I been of the female sex, I should have been warranted in shrieking. Had I been warmer, I should have stopped and lighted a match. But as it was, I pushed on, and temporarily forgot it. We were getting into Mr. Pondicherry's place.

Big John discovered Mr. Pondicherry's house much as I had discovered the water. He rammed his face into the side of it, and fell back, cursing, upon me, almost bowling me over. I besought him to be calm while I found the door by a process of feeling, for we could see nothing. When I found the door, I pounded it lustily, and as it opened not, John put his shoulder against it, and shoved until with a crash of the lock, it yielded. He struck a match and I had the pleasure for the first time of seeing Mr. Pondicherry, lying, as I have said, with his arms, head and shoulders on the table, and with the dark stain near his elbow.

Big John dropped the match and we went outside to have a talk. Afterwards, we returned, lighted a candle and examined things. I here give you Mr. Pondicherry's manuscript. It lay under his arms when we first saw him, and we pulled it forth and read it before we even started a fire. I see it all distinctly yet, I shivering by the candle and listening to Long John's sombre voice, Mr. Pondicherry's head, shoulders and arms on the table, his body stiff as though frozen.

My Cabin, Vashon Island, Nov. 19, 1905.

I am very tired now, very, very tired. I pause between words, so great is my fatigue, and my pen is as heavy as a troubled conscience, but I think I must write certain things down for the clearance of my own thoughts. In a way I am at peace now, for I know what I shall do. I am tired, however. I know I am tired, yet my mind gallops along at a charge, and my memories sweep by me in companies, battalions, brigades, at a long, space-devouring trot. All the yesterdays of life pass in review; it is strange how sharp the edges of those memory figures are. Sometimes they go by me so fast that I grow dizzy, and that is why I stop to hold my hands over my eyes. They go slower now; it is much better so. Just now Herr Stutzer bid me good-morning on a small street of Berlin—that happened twenty years ago, yet I see the gold in his teeth shine in the sunshine. But other figures replace him. Then there is Louisa; she is there always; her neck is like a stem of a flower, her hair is the color of ripe honey, and it shimmers and undulates like a field of ripening grain. I am——

I must have been asleep for a few moments. Well, I wish to get the thing written down before the night is gone away, for the light of day irritates me; I could not write in the day time. Here is the first thing I must write: "I am an opium eater."

The words look very mild as I contemplate them—"an opium eater." I say them over and over again, for I never permitted myself to say them before. I wonder should I not presently lose my abhorrence of them if I repeated them ten thousand times. An opium eater, an opium eater, an——

You see, a man does not become an opium eater at once. It is a matter of years, a matter of habit and use. It was those headaches in the old student days that started the thing. I learned then that opium could relieve me from pain, and I used it in increasing doses, thinking nothing of the danger of it. Long, long afterwards I learned that a simple operation on certain muscles of the eye would have cured me, but it was too late then. I remember well my first taste of thee, thou accursed, treacherous queen drug! And ever since that first of thy embraces I have loved thee lecherously. The col-

lege yard in Cambridge was never lovelier than on that morning when I awakened from my first free sleep with thee.

Louisa—Louisa has never known. Oh, I have fought for my freedom and I have never surrendered. One last protest, the protest of protests, I shall make to-night —and this stroke, Louisa, is as much for you as for myself. "Opium eater!" And that is not a tithe of my sin. To-night I have been down into Hell! Louisa——

The first part of my journey to enslavement was in a lovely land, a land twice lovely because behind lay the black forests of the pain I had suffered, amongst whose roads there was eternal night—yea, thrice lovely, for it was about then that I first saw Louisa, she with the pale blue eyes and the breasts of snow. But the last of my journey has been down a precipitous road. I cannot climb my way back—and at the bottom is the pool of death.

Oh, I have tried to reform. But I think there is no reformation possible to me—I know, indeed, that none is now possible to me. I think I have essayed a thousand times to reform, and Louisa has never known. She has seen me grow daily less master of myself; she has seen me sink to decrepitude, and she has grown used to my long and unheralded absences —debauches, if she but knew. But she does not know. She ascribes my falling off to overwork, to worry and to failing health; and indeed my health did fail. I have promised myself by the light of her pale blue eyes that I would reform—and you see I have yet written myself an "opium eater" within this hour. And I wish that were all of my sins—ugh, how ugly it all looks! Now have I given up the fight, or perhaps it were fairer to say I have chosen a new battle-field, one as wide as infinity.

Six months ago I left Boston desperately determined to free myself from this habit. I gave it out that I intended to go to the Far East to write a book about Chinamen—the irony of it! And then I came here into the wilderness to fight a long fight with myself. I built me this cabin, I worked with my hands, I gained in health, and muscle had commenced to gather on my gaunt limbs. Oh, I fought joyously with the thing, sometimes, and sometimes I fought with a sickening sense of suffocation in my throat; but I fought and fought, and I thought I was winning. My voice had grown resonant, as resonant as a youth's, and I could sing at my work.

Three hours ago I sat here where I now sit, and I thought I was a man and master of myself. I had suffered—can any one know what tortures had been inflicted upon me? Can any one even guess, or try to guess, at them? And I thought I was free—and such deeds have since been performed! You see, it was like climbing the highest cliff in the world that one might fall the further when his hold slackened.

I sat here three hours ago. I was alone in the night, and I was rejoicing and praising my God. Soon I should go back, back to Louisa, back to the company of men, back to the things I loved and enjoyed all my life.

For long I sat hearing no sounds save those natural to the forest, the wild laughter of an owl, the clangorous cry of the blue heron; then silence, a silence so heavy that it rang in my ears. As I sat there I seemed to be waiting for something, and as I waited I thought my senses grew preternaturally keen. I thought the spicy fragrance of evergreens painfully intense. My eyes outlined each shadow draped tree trunk as though it were daylight, and the silence rang rhythmic calls, whole harmonies, even, into my ears, and my ears magnified them until my brain was filled with weird airs and with catches of unthinkably beautiful songs.

I do not know how long I sat here, but after a time a breeze commenced lightly and fitfully to blow amongst the tree tops, moaning, laughing and whispering gently to all living things of "surcease from sorrow." I sat enchanted, listening, when a hoarse creak from real life came to me, and then a man's voice came muffledly through the forest. Even then I hardly moved. I knew the creak, it was that of an ill-oiled pulley-block. "It cannot concern me," said I. However, I directed my eye glances out of that window that looks upon the bay, and as I watched my gloom accustomed eyes saw indistinctly the loom of a schooner's hull and sails slowly entering my harbor. No lights burned on her, and she came as silently as an eclipse, som-

berly, like a shadow, like a part of the mechanism of night.

And then half unconsciously I rose from my chair, sidled to my berth, buckled on my hunting knife and walked out into the night. I think I made no sounds, yet my hands moved deftly, surely, and my feet instinctively avoided leaves that would rustle and twigs that would creak. I, also, was part of the mechanism of night. I moved swiftly, not stopping to debate the path which seemed chosen for me by another will than mine. Indeed, I do not know by which path I traveled, but I must have skirted the beach, for presently I stood as near to the schooner, which was hove to, with idly flapping sails as the water could let me get.

A hammer on the schooner struck a pin, the anchor dove from the billboard, the cable roared through the hawse pipe, and fired a salvo of harsh echoes. The schooner was anchored. I was shaken by the noises, my hands trembled and my heart swelled and contracted sickeningly. I crawled into the alder coppice, waited and looked to seaward towards the schooner. On her decks a few men were swiftly and silently moving about. They lowered a boat; two men entered it and a package was handed to them.

As the package was passed into the boat, I became aware—almost instantly the consciousness came, and I cannot say how it came, perhaps through some hideous, disease developed sense, I do not know—how can one know?—that it contained opium. My throat tightened—it was very horrible—and a strong, gnawing gust of desire swept all through me, down to my finger tips, I think. My hands twitched, and a rotten limb crushed in my grasp with a noise that to me was magnified thunder. The men in the boat heard it, and paused momentarily to listen, then shoved off for the shore.

More than ever I crouched into the coppice, but never were eyes so keen as mine to-night. I can recount each movement of the figures in the boat, the rhythmic swaying, each swift, silent stroke of oars, each turn of head, twist of hand, roll of eye. The moon had not then risen, and the water was dark save for the narrow, lambent pathways of stars, but I saw clearly, as clearly as though my eye glances carried a light of their own.

The boat came swiftly in to where my path and the water flowed together, and I saw that I should not be thirty feet away when the boat landed. I wanted to flee, but I could not get away. All my senses, I think, were watching that drug package; it was to me the pole of all things, all things else were subsidiary. I strained frantically lest the sea open and swallow it up; I feared lest it should be stolen; I wanted to fondle the wealth—yea, to taste of it, above all else to taste of it. Other things I did not see except as adjuncts to the package. It was so that I heard the boat grate upon the beach with a noise that rattled my nerves like loose strung wire, and it was in such wise that I watched the bowman awkwardly leap to the beach. Also I listened to his harsh foot noises in the sand, and, although they tortured my frantic ears, I accepted them as the penalty of delights.

When the man in the boat tossed the package to his mate on the beach I almost gibbered and shrieked at the horror of such needless endangerment of treasure. But it was now closer to me and I felt faint from the excitement of its presence, and desire heaped desire atop of itself when I thought of it. And when I had recovered from faintness, a wild, mad strength seemed to have flowed into my emaciated carcass.

The men did not speak to each other even a low good-night after the package was transferred. It was evident that all their plans were pre-arranged. The boat shoved off immediately and made for the schooner, while the man on the beach tossed the package to his shoulder and picked his way cautiously up a rugged path that led, close by my house, to the interior of the island. I followed as silently as the shadow of death follows us all. The smuggler moved more awkwardly, stumbling over the fantastic tree roots that crossed my black sylvan trail, brushing his face on low-branched madronas and falling sometimes on fallen trees. I could see by the faint star light that he was strong, sturdy and alert, but I cared for his drug beyond prudence, beyond decency, and though I knew that I was destined to rob him, perhaps to kill him even, yet I rejoiced. I must have been mad,

though I remember it all very clearly.

I followed him carefully and patiently. I made no sound, but I remember that my lips twisted and laid bare my clenched teeth, and that I carried my hand on my knife handle. I was tense, yet I was cool. As I followed him I drew gradually closer and I drew my knife. I drew close, so close that he might have felt my hot breath on his neck, and even while I continued to move, I was crouched ready to spring. I drew so close that my hand could have touched him; then he suddenly turned about with an oath. Before the sound was out of his mouth I threw one arm around his neck, and with the other I stabbed and stabbed and stabbed him. Once he cried out, and then he grappled me, and, strangled and wounded as he was he wrenched the knife from my hand—and then he fell dead.

I hardly noticed that he had fallen. I was fumbling at the package of opium. Five huge balls of it there were—I ate of them. And now only ashes of desire remain.

Out by the path lies the body of the dead smuggler. I am a murderer now—another epithet for my grave-stone, if one were needed. I am very tired. I must cease to live, and I am glad. Dawn fires the hilltops again, and casts her purple robe about the shoulders of the mountain. No further purple robes shall weary this pair of earthly eyes. The schooner tacks at the harbor entrance—bootless to wait, oh, schooner, if you could but know, for the night has reaped a harvest of transgressors,—thy smuggler chief and me.

PONDICHERRY.

And driven firmly to the center of his heart we found the knife that had killed a doughty smuggler. And in the cabin's corner were five acrid balls of opium, swathed in their beds of poppy leaves and wrapped in paper of a fantastic Oriental design. And in the pathway close outside lay the body of the "smuggler chief."

Long John and I did not bother to sleep that night, but we sat there with Mr. Pondicherry and waited for day.

AT NOON

BY LENORE PETERS

Into the parching noon-time heat
  Forth I go,
Seeking a pleasant, cool retreat
  That I know.
O, the wharves and the water!
  O, the ships of the sea!
And the gentle wind that stirs the air
  Is balm to me.

Onto the breast of a river boat,
  Broad and low,
Breathing a soothing mother-note,
  Soft and slow,
O, the gulls that come flocking!
  Forming her diadem!.
And the cradling swell of the water
  Is home to them.

Back again through the parching heat
  Of the noon,
Leaving my pleasant, cool retreat
  All too soon!
O, the spell of the water!
  O, the scent of the sea!
But the clamorous voice that I must obey
  Is bread to me!

FROM NAPA TO NIPA

BY FRED A. HUNT

ON A DUSTY ROAD in the beautiful Napa Valley, California, stood a distraught, unkempt man, whose face and raiment were in keeping with the road whereon he paused uncertainly. The morning carol of the meadow-larks awoke no responsive note in his accusatory breast, but the discordant shriek of the blue-jays seemed to him a fitting girding at the world and its people. The rugged mountains skirting the valley, with their seamed crevices and uncouth ravines, crowned by the fleecy mist, appeared to his distempered mind like the frown of God.

No misfortune that can be thrust upon a man is so hard to bear or so difficult to overcome as one that has been created by his own vices, and culminated by his own crass foolishness; the latter was the plight of the uncertain wayfarer. Traveling the so-called primrose path, along which are the Dead Sea apples so enticing to the yearning eye, so bitter to the palate, misappropriation of funds to palliate the craving of his perverted taste, he had averted the gathering storm only to have it burst in increased intensity when the final crash came. It had come and tossed him a ruined and disgraced man upon the turbulent waves of the world. Born of good parentage, reared in comfort, having the advantage of a liberal education, he was further blessed in the love of a beautiful and accomplished girl, and the vistas of the future appeared pregnant with happiest promise to him. But the evil nature that is active or latent in all human-kind —the original sin of the theologians—assumed dominance, and in its augmenting force dashed him, a stranded wreck, upon the rocks of adversity and poverty. To those who loved him, the blow came with crushing force in the defacement of the career they had so jubilantly and with so much reasonable promise of its fulfillment, mapped out for him; the actuality of the dismal present standing out in such intense blackness against the brilliance of the aurora of Hope. He knew and felt this; he appreciated the unhappy fact that wrong-doing always falls with irresistible weight on the innocent who are allied to the miscreant by ties of affection, and the sombre reflection but made his misery more poignant.

Whither should he go and what should he do? It was incumbent on him to go to some place where his follies and crime were unknown and where he could, upon the oblivion of the unknown personality, reconstruct a fairer and purer life. To his mind recurred the lines of Alfred Tennyson's "In Memoriam":

"I hold it truth with him who sings
To a sweet lyre of diverse tones,
That men can rise on stepping-stones
Of their dead selves to higher things."

Thus he realized the advantage of education in that when his numbed mind fails to adjust his thought to disaster, the invigorating ideas of master-minds come to his assistance and replenish his hopes with new ambitions. Just how this was to be done was the dilemma that he was endeavoring to solve; his finances were at a low ebb, and he was aware that he was without character, reputation or friends.

From his business association in the Napa Valley he was acquainted with many people, and should he obtain employment in that locality, his abhorrent and disgraceful past might be recalled with deserved contumely for himself and his resultant discharge as an unworthy employee.

Again the query recurred: "Whither should he go?" He debated energetically as to the possible destination where his identity would have the least prospect of

discovery, and sensibly decided that in the seething maelstrom of a large city, a worthless chip like himself would have a very slight chance of being discovered amid the multitude of other fragmentary humans cast upon the seething billows. Therefore, San Francisco should be his destination. His penury being an unpleasantly prominent factor, he further deliberated whether he should walk or reduce his petty stock of money by taking the train. To walk meant that he should ally himself with the army of undesirables turned hoboes, and to this he was averse; to take a pedestrian tour and pay for his meals and lodgings would be to exceed the cost of a ticket on the railroad; to beg for his subsistence would be to diminish still further his small capital of self-respect. Also, he might be unsuccessful in the role of mendicant, and to his disordered mind came the story of a wayfarer who had solicited something edible at the back door of a farm house. The charitable lady retired from the portal and returned with a large piece of bread and gave it to the suppliant with the annotation that she gave it to him "for Christ's sake." Scanning the donation, the hungry man responded: "Well, ma'am, then for Jesus' sake, put some butter on it." The dividing line between pathos and bathos is often imperceptible.

He decided that if mendicancy were thrust upon him, it were also more desirable that his fall thereto should take place where his incognito might be preserved, and he bought a ticket to the city by the Golden Gate. He was there submerged and absorbed in the human flotsam and jetsam, and instantly realized that nowhere is a person so alone and so unnoticed as in a large metropolis.

What to do was the next problem he had to solve. He knew that any attempt to obtain the kind of work whereto he was accustomed would adjust inquiry as to his competence, previous experience and reliability, and to satisfactorily answer these would be impossible. Manual labor he was unaccustomed to, and in that endeavor he would have to compete with those whose indurated muscles and practiced hands would display him incompetent. Decision as to the course he should pursue was an instant and urgent necessity; to aid him in that solution of the problem he followed the usual course of distracted humanity and walked the streets; as if some beneficent genii would come to his help and point the goal toward which his vagrant and errant footsteps should proceed. After discursive wanderings he attained a portion of Market street, and above a doorway, saw Old Glory waving in the misty air. No matter what condition of plenitude or paucity an American may be in, the Flag will always attract his attention and admiration. He strolled to the doorway and descried a placard announcing the need of the United States for soldiers to go to the Philippines. That way lay oblivion and the prospect of a career—or death—and to his jaundiced and regretful mind the latter might not be the worst fate that could befall him. He entered the doorway, and, directed by the orderly on duty, attained the presence of the recruiting officer, and, after the requisite formalities had been gone through with, became Thomas Manning of the United States Volunteers.

Of the intermediate course necessitated by his inexperience, whereby a raw recruit is transformed into a skillful cavalryman, and the hand that had wielded nothing more formidable than a pen flashes a sabre in the whirl of the right and left moulinet, it is needless to recount; the crude material speedily becomes the finished article under the competent tuition of the drill sergeants and the compulsory discipline of the army. He was sent to Manila, where his martial education was completed and where the temptations of the Luneta were powerless to thwart his purpose to "make a stepping-stone of his dead past" whereon he could achieve a new and estimable career.

Under the gallant Henry W. Lawton he received his baptism of fire, and with that competent and brave commander partook of the forced marches through the jungles and torrid bamboo fields; participated in the skirmishes, battles, sieges, charges and ambushments of the virile campaign, and discovered the wide line of demarkation between fact and history, as it is fancied.

He was in the rapid and fatiguing descent upon slumbrous Filipino villages,

where the soldiers penetrated the nipa huts in the dense darkness and groped around amid the natives huddled together on the floor until a male Filipino was found, when he was dragged from the hut and incontinently made a prisoner. He escaped both the malicious bolo and the deadly bullet, and came out of the frequent Filipino ambushes unscathed. He also acquired about as fair an average of loot as any of his compeers. He forded rivers, swam streams and wallowed in the rice fields and swamps, where the tenacious marasmic mud came to his horse's girth. He realized the fact that whereas the chivalrous Lawton was apotheosized after his death, and painted as but a few degrees lesser than a saint, while living he had the military habit (possibly acquired in the old Sixth Cavalry, where they were desperate fighters and as desperately addicted to profanity during their contests) of using staccato language that shivered the surrounding air into blue streaks. On one particular scout, when the objective was the surprising of a Filipino stronghold, and the scouts and guides had been instructed to follow the trail and identify the topography, they failed to properly do so, and got themselves and the command astray in a jungle-swamp, reeking with tangled thickets that bore thorns nearly as long, and quite as sharp, as porcupine quills; when the language of Henry W. Lawton—the command was forbidden to disturb the quietude of the night by speech—was almost superior to that of the "army in Flanders." Serious doubt was cast upon the scouts' ancestry, and the guides were similarly stigmatized. At the time when the brave officer's life was sacrificed on the altar of his country's fame, he found that romance transmuted his dying words, and after being shot through the heart was alleged to have made quite a verbal epilogue to his stormy army life; he really only swore in angry tones: "—— —— it!" So the prismatic hues of imagination faded before the searchlight of fact. In his own personality, however, Manning was endeavoring to obscure the unpleasant and bitter facts of his unhappy past by the glamour of military service.

He performed that duty as a soldier should, participating in the entire campaign, and without hurt from the Filipinos, but the exposure and the inoculating mosquitos laid him low with a pernicious fever, and he was invalided and sent home to San Francisco and the Presidio general hospital. There he received all the attention and care that medical skill and careful nursing could bestow, but without avail, and the physicians feared that the dreaded nostalgia (a disease that pharmacy is powerless against) would supervene. He was therefore recommended to transfer to the Napa Valley, where his environment would be that whereto he was accustomed. Accordingly he went to the Veterans' Home at Yountville.

At the Home, he developed some little physical improvement, but he appeared to have no ambition to assist the treatment toward his recovery, and "who can minister to a mind diseased?" So he languished until the query was providentially answered. One day some visitors came to the hospital, and, looking at the patients, one of them paused at the foot of Manning's cot and inspected the bed-card whereon his name was written. He once more critically looked at his features, and remarked: "That man Manning is the image of an old friend of mine named Ernest Walthour." At the mention of his own proper name, Walthour flushed a deep red, and, in a shamefaced way, stretched out his hand and said: "If you are not ashamed to do it, George, I should like to shake hands with you before I die." "Die! Nonsense!" said George, as he firmly grasped the proffered hand; "we want you to live and come back home, and show that you are as good a man as you have been a soldier." Ernest smiled a wan smile and shook his head despondently. George again shook Ernest's hand, promised to call again, and, after consultation with the physicians, the visitors left the hospital.

On returning home, George Salter sought the home of Ernest's former fiancee, and told her of Ernest's deplorable condition, with the result—what result could occur when the divine compassion that dwells in every good woman's heart is aroused? She agreed to visit the hospital and the unhappy man, and try and incite in him the desire to improve and be improved in health. The interview took

place, and she learned that amid the wild life of the soldiery and the temptations engendered by reckless companions, Ernest had maintained his integrity, had overcome the seductions of evil, and had continuously thought of her in her virginal purity as the idol of his life and the phantasm of his ideal hopes. Could she forget the misery and degradation of the past, and, realizing that he was rebuilding a fair edifice on its ruins, trust her future in his keeping?

Her answer was more demonstrative than verbal, and after it there was a new light in his eyes and a new hope in his heart. His recovery was rapid and effectual, and on the day of his discharge from the hospital, She was there to congratulate him on his convalescence, and as, together, they went into the brilliant sunlight, redolent with the delightful perfume of flowers and musical with the songs of the meadow-larks, as he looked into her beautiful and compassionate eyes he saw no shadow, nor could he conceive of there being one, of parting from her.

PSYCHE

BY CHARLES WAEHLTE

She came by love's ethereal way,
  Alone in Eros' arms—
She came from out the heaven world
  With shining Venus charms.

I gazed into her love-lit eyes,
  Ah! Many years ago,
And there I saw a soul divine
  In sweetest virtue glow.

A sweeter blossom never grew
  In springtime's verdant May;
A dearer cherub never came
  To kiss my tears away.

She stood beside my tired soul
  Like guardian angels stand,
When dark, forboding evils rose
  To mar the dreams I'd planned.

All through the burdened years that came
  She bade my fears subside,
And led the way to calmer peace
  Where tranquil waters glide.

And now we blend our throbbing hearts
  In love's ennobled thought,
For here in distant Arcady
  We found the dreams we sought.

LUKE HANSCOM'S BIRTHDAY

BY ARTHUR M. ALLEN

THE BROAD overhang of the station's eaves kept the rain out of the open door and protected Luke Hanscom, the agent-operator, from a drenching as he slouched in the portal.

There was no reason to suppose that he would have changed his position even if not thus sheltered, for he had earned the reputation of one who did not have enough sense to come in out of the wet. His lanky form was not coupled up for quick movement, nor was his face strong enough for decision. It was plain that the railroad's representative at Dulce, while he would not plow through a storm to adjust a sputtering switch lamp, would neither disturb himself to escape a wetting if his position was otherwise comfortable.

Just at the time nothing seemed left to be desired, as to comfort in position, for the post supported him nicely and he was so intent on thoughts of his coming dinner that he gave only tolerant heed to the rain dashing, with the force of a southeaster behind it, against the canary colored station and running in streams down the face of the semaphore. It was his birthday and the dinner was to be something exceptional.

His eyes were aimlessly fixed on the long stretch of sandy road that trailed off towards the fruit ranches in the foothills, and the tiny gullies with which the midwinter torrent was scoring it. Between courses in the dinner vista he was thinking of other birthdays, some as lean as Pharaoh's kine; others terminating in a wild night with the boys, but none as perfectly rounded out as this—his first as head of his own house! the first where he had a house where he could be the head; the first, in fact, since he had married pretty Laura Clifton and brought her to Dulce.

She had laughingly pronounced it the most appropriate place in the world for a honeymoon, its name was so suggestive, and ignoring the lack of everything to which she had been accustomed—except love—made their home so cozy that as a rule Luke forgot that a woman cares for gaiety, more especially, perhaps, when she has left a home which was gaiety itself.

Strange as it might be, his mental eyesight became clearer on this, his birthday. The care which she had taken to make this day something he would remember had much to do with it, and the thought that in exchange he could encourage no hope for a brighter future clouded the agent's lean face for a moment. Truly he had been much of a failure. Younger men had been promoted over his head, and now he was dumped out here at this little station, a hint that his superiors had given up the idea of expecting him to develop. In fact, it seemed to him just then that he had made a mess of life and that the most unforgivable act of all had been taking Laura from her home to share his failure.

Yet he knew that she did everything in her power to make him forget that there was a difference. Why, even now she was getting ready such a wonderful dinner! He had not even been allowed to step inside the kitchen for a week, much less ask any questions as to the dishes which would compose the delightfully mysterious spread.

Homing thoughts drew his eyes lovingly to the roof which marked the white cottage a quarter of a mile away; then, having let them travel as far as dinner quite an hour before dinner time, he began to take notice of what was going on around him, for self-condemnation was not a regular tenant of his mind.

How the rain did come down! It was

quite the hardest storm of the year, and had been at it since early morning. Not a soul had come in from the ranches. Now that he had thought of it, he had not seen a human being around the station all day except the crews of two freight trains which had stopped for orders an hour before. He was getting lonesome.

Under a car of lumber standing on the grass-grown side track a bedraggled figure was worming around for a dry spot. Success was doubtful, for the rain had driven under the car so fiercely that a strip a scant foot wide at the lee side was all that could by any stretch of imagination be called dry, and this would not be dry long if the rain kept up.

Childishly pleased at the thought of some sort of company, Luke resented the idea of the stranger's exposure.

"Hey, there!" he called. "Come in here out of the rain and get by the stove. Might as well be comfortable when you have the chance. It's my birthday and I'm good humored," he added, coaxingly.

Due to the fact that California station agents and the vagabonds of the road are, under ordinary circumstances, bad friends, suspicion made answering movement from the tramp somewhat cautious. Then it suddenly broke upon his mind that these were not ordinary circumstances. Had not the big mutt announced that it was his birthday? It would be a pretty mean man who would try to do dirt at such a time. This thought encouraged him, and before he was half way to the station door his sodden shoes were "squelching" in quickstep time.

"Get in behind the stove and dry out," and Luke nodded to a chair standing in a corner which was guarded by one of those fat-bellied cast-iron cylinders—the principal furnishing of most country stations.

"Put on more coal if you like. But I guess you will find it hot enough back there to take the dampness out of you," he added, as he stalked into the little office, where an instrument was chattering.

No thanks seemed expected and none were spoken, but as the steam began to rise from the tramp's moisture-soaked clothing, and envelop him in a halo of fog, he sighed to himself:

"This does sure look good to me."

It was a bare little waiting room, like thousands of others of its class, with iron-framed settees along the walls, the stove set in a rectangle of sand like a brooding hen, a couple of framed time cards on the walls to keep the "No Smoking" sign company, and a cubby-hole office partitioned off in the corner diagonally opposite the stove.

Blinkingly the person behind the stove saw this all through his veil of steam, and, having found nothing of interest either in color or form, hunched up in his chair to enjoy the drying-out process.

Not a trampy looking tramp was he as the Spartan fortitude of his face, lined with the perils of his wanderings, softened and mellowed in the genial warmth of the fire. His fifty years, more or less, had treated him kindly, and his eyes were as bright as a boy's. Twinkling, fun-loving eyes that could on occasion stare as fiercely as might be without flinching; lips that had a laugh ready or could pinch into a straight line above the square, rather heavy chin, now rough with a week's growth of beard; a good head set on good shoulders, and a short though muscular frame. No, he was not a trampy looking tramp by any means.

The office clock tick-tocked fussily as Luke pottered around over his books and papers, trying to fill in the time before the dinner hour. The single telegraph instrument chattered away, and the humorous gray eyes of the tramp quizzically counted the flies on the ceiling though his attitude was rather that of a listener.

"Guess it's near enough to dinner time to tell that dispatcher I'm going. I don't want to keep Laura waiting," Hanscom said to himself, and presently his key clicked off: "Vn Vn Vn Du."

"I I Vn," answered the power at the other end.

"Guess I'll go to dinner now. Back in an hour. H."

"Guess you won't do anything of the sort. Stay where you are," mimicked the dispatcher snappishly.

"But it's my birthday, and my wife is waiting dinner for me," remonstrated Luke, aghast.

"Dinner will be a fat dish for you—when you get it, and you'll have more birthdays if you're in luck. Stay where

you are; I may want you," said the dispatcher, dyspeptically.

"That's just my measly luck," stormed Luke, as he slammed the office door behind him. "Stuck out here in this hole, no chance to do any good work; promotion nowhere in sight; can't take Laura to a theatre or any place; can't do anything but eat and sleep when some darned fool train dispatcher gives me permission; can't do anything but grow old. Dulce! Dulce! Oh, yes, a sweet name for a sweet job, this. Been better if they had called the place Pickles; 'twould have been a blamed sight more appropriate."

Then, as if half-ashamed of his disgusted outburst, he added: "Well, I'm going to chance it and go to dinner anyway. I can see if anything comes in from either way and skip over here in time to get orders for them before that dispatcher gets onto me.

"Say," he went on, turning to the person behind the stove, "I'm going to dinner. I ain't going to let any smart Aleck spoil my birthday for me. You stay here if you like, and when I get back I'll fix you out for a good feed."

He shook himself into his mackintosh and splashed into the storm, with no more thought of his responsibility to employer or public than a child, for Hanscom had worked long enough for the railroad company to regard his services as a favor rendered which had no connection with the pay car's monthly visits, and not long enough to learn the necessity of discipline and absolute obedience.

"Good-hearted sort of a fool," muttered the tramp. "I like his immaculate nerve in skipping out on the dispatcher that way. Sounded like Shorty Harris sending, too. There he goes now, piling it into some other poor ham. Wonder what the amiable beast would say if he knew I was sitting here making remarks about him!"

What Shorty Harris was saying just then had no reference to the person behind the stove; at the same time, it was unfit for publication. In his anxiety to get a fast stock train over the road, he had given it a meeting order with No. 4, the Los Angeles Express, at Pinnacle, and had let No. 4 get away without giving it the order.

The situation now stood: No. 4, humping along with time card rights of road, in ignorance of the stock train or its meeting order; the stock train hitting the high places to make Pinnacle without delaying No. 4, supposing, of course, that No. 4 had the meeting order.

In the natural course of events, unless something was done, and that quickly, they would meet, head on, in a rock cut about five miles north of Dulce, and there would be a lovely wreck.

The something had to be done at Dulce. It was the only telegraph office between the two trains, and the stock train must be side-tracked there.

Here Shorty Harris cut short his profane tirade, and made the sounders along the line rattle with "Du Du Du," but there was no answer from "Du," for Hanscom was waltzing his wife around the dinner table, and the person behind the stove was enjoying the apparent angry agitation of his old enemy, Shorty Harris.

"From the fact that telegraph superintendents usually take the first two letters of a station's name for the office call, I expect that excitable gent is calling for the gent who is now eating a dinner from which I have a promise of the crumbs," soliloquized the tramp. Then grinning broadly, he continued in glee: "Lord! how hot that little squirt is getting. He will sure say unkind things to that 'H' man when he gets back. Why, he's ripping that call out in a scandalous way, and the poor kid is only just getting his first mouthful."

Then the dispatcher's speed slowed, and if ever a sounder ticked despair, it was the one at Dulce. Every second the picture of the wreck was plainer and plainer to Shorty Harris, for every second lessened the chances of his catching the stock train at Dulce. To an operator the sounder has human tones. Anger, sorrow, pleasure—the sender's mental attitude is told by his "Morse." To the person behind the stove, Shorty Harris appealed without words, but in a manner quite as effective.

"Can't hear him go on that way," he commented, jumping out of his chair. "I don't look like a certificate of good character, and if some of these yaps come in and catch me, they will probably shoot me first and arrest me for burglary afterwards —but here goes," and he braced his broad

shoulders against the office door, which only resisted the pressure for a fraction of a second; then gave way, locks, hinges and all.

Jumping clear of the wreck, he seized the key and broke into the dispatcher's despairing monotony of "Du Du Du Du" with a sharp "I I Du."

"Drop your order board and say quick when stock special north is coming," rattled the dispatcher.

"Special's coming now," answered the hobo, as a far-away whistle sounded from the south.

"Copy this for them and get them on the siding quick: 'To Yancey & Engineer, Engine 2411, Du. Yancey stock special north engine 2411 and train number four (4) engine 3842 will meet at Dulce instead of at Pinnacle. Yancey take side track. S. F. J."

Rapidly he had sent the order, but as rapidly the begrimed hand of the hobo traced the words on the tissue sheet in rounded characters that looked like copper plate, and when he repeated it back ready for the signatures of the conductor and engineer, Shorty Harris forgot his fright and demanded peremptorily:

"Who are you? 'H' never sent 'Morse' like that!"

There was no answer, for the hobo was out herding Yancey in on the side track, and not pining for identification nor compliments, but the repartee exchanged with the train crew as the train struggled in on the siding like a snake hunting its hole, proved that tramping had given him a forcible and uncensored vocabulary.

Only when the switch was safely set for a clear main line did he cease his verbal bombardment, and lead the conductor and engineer into the station. The orders were signed, and after he had ticked off the signatures and received the dispatcher's "Correct," he wrote a few words on a sheet of paper, and impaled it on one of the binding posts of the sounder in plain sight.

The conductor, viewing the wrecked door with knowing eye, had the grace to blush when he caught himself looking at the locked ticket case.

"Which way, stranger?" he asked, as the hobo tore off the orders and handed them over.

"North," was the laconic answer.

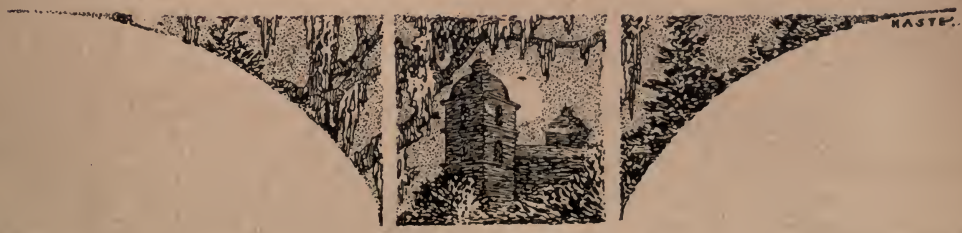
"Tuck yourself away in the caboose, then. We are going to have a feed there as soon as we get going," said the conductor with a hospitality born of his understanding.

Hanscom hadn't finished his dinner when he noticed the stock train on the siding in one of his occasional glances through the dining room window. He started for the station as fast as his long legs would carry him, but before he got within a thousand yards of the track, No. 4 rushed by with a rumble and a swish. He could see the cinder-chewer of the stock train throw the switch to the main line; heard the engine "toot-toot," and saw the rings of smoke go shooting up from the stack as pin kissed link with the taking up of the slack. There was nothing left for him to do but report the trains out.

To this day, Luke Hanscom, with the memory of that wrecked office door as a spur, has been the avowed enemy of tramps. His slow mind could see no other interpretation to the message left by the hobo operator:

"May you gather more sense with every succeeding birthday."

Even the near-kindness which marked his treatment hereafter by Shorty Harris failed to give him a clew or put him on the right track.



WHERE THE PENAL CODE ERRED

BY HARRY N. MORSE

UNDER THE LAWS of the State of California, any person declared punishable for a crime by imprisonment in the State Prison for a term not less than any specified number of years, when no limit to the duration of such imprisonment is declared, the court authorized to pronounce judgment upon such conviction may, in its discretion, sentence such offender to imprisonment during his natural life, or for any number of years not less than that prescribed.

Section 213 of the Penal Code of California reads as follows:

"Robbery is punishable by imprisonment in the State Prison for not less than one year."

These are simple words, yet with all their simplicity they wrecked for all time the lives of three persons—a father, mother and a little girl.

John Langdon was a charcoal burner. In the year 1868 he had located a claim of 160 acres in the Sierra Nevada range of mountains near the central portion of the State. There was about twenty acres of flat, the balance being rugged mountain land. A clear, sparkling stream, fresh from the snow above, ran through the place, which Langdon had diverted from its regular course for irrigation purposes. A neat little cottage large enough for John's wants had been built here by the charcoal burner. Langdon was not satisfied with his home. He was a bachelor, and though of a rough nature, had a soft spot in his heart and longed to have some one to share his home with him.

Some distance from Langdon's home lived a farmer named Ashton, whose family consisted of himself and an only daughter named Mary—a girl just growing out of her teens. Langdon had often noticed the Ashton girl when passing her father's house, and at times he would halt at the farm and gossip with the old gentleman. In this way he got to know and like Mary Ashton. As time passed, he grew much attached to the girl, and would often picture in his own mind what a pleasant life would be his could he only have Mary as a companion for life. In this frame of mind, one day while visiting the Ashton house, he proposed marriage to Mary and was accepted. They were soon married, and went to live at the coal-burner's home in the pineries.

A year passed, and there was born to the couple a baby girl. John's wife was a timid little blue-eyed woman, with flaxen hair and rosy cheeks, and her baby was very like her.

Mary was supremely happy in her new home, and went merrily about her work, laughing and chattering to baby as though her existence was one earnest, confiding love for the whole world; and if ever a man loved and respected his wife, that man was John Langdon.

In the bright sunlight of the early morning Mary would take the child out into the wild woods, and together they would watch the pine cones fall from the trees, and the industrious little bees working among the wild flowers which grew along the arroyo. The world was fair and sweet to Mary then, with her big rough John and her little pearl of innocence, living there amidst the warm, fragrant breezes of their forest home.

Langdon himself was a great, brawny fellow. His shoulders were broad, and the head that was set upon them had nothing particular about its appearance except the jaw, which was a firm one, and the eyes, which were of a steel gray and always wore a steady, firm, yet good-natured expression. His disposition was inclined to be a happy one, and under ordinary circumstances one which would have been easily satisfied, but he was of an ambitious

turn of mind, and often while at work in the woods he would build castles in the air and picture to himself an entirely different kind of life from that of a poor charcoal burner. He longed to see his wife and baby domiciled away from their mountain home, where she could have the society of her own sex and see and know something of the outer world.

Day after day he would ponder over this, trying to think out some plan by which he and his family could be benefited in their condition in life. The more he thought the more he became convinced something must be done, even if at great hazard to himself.

Among the many schemes thought over by Langdon was one to which he scarcely dare give a second thought, but it entered his mind in some unaccountable way, and in spite of his anxiety to forget, it would constantly recur to him until at last he began to give it serious thought, and before he fully realized it, he became a criminal in thought, at least.

One day, coming home earlier than usual, he told his wife he had business in the valley that would detain him a few days. Langdon packed up a few necessary things for the trip, took down a double-barreled shotgun, kissed his wife and baby good-bye and started off down the mountain trail.

John Langdon never returned to his wife and child again, nor was he ever heard of by any living person.

* * * *

It was on a dark, gusty morning in the autumn of the year 1873 that a stage-coach was driven swiftly up to the door of Wells, Fargo & Co. The driver of the coach was Bill Anderson, an old-time knight of the reins.

There were no passengers to go on the stage that night, and as Anderson swung his whip into the leaders and drove up to the express office door, he gave forth a whoop which quickly brought out the express agent.

"Blustering night, Bill," remarked the agent. "You'll have a tough ride of it down the grade, old boy."

"Well, there have been tougher ones that I have driven in," answered the driver.

"Come," he continued, "hurry up with the mailbags and express matter, as I want to be off as soon as possible. Have you got your packages in the box all right?"

"Yes, the box is O. K., Bill, and you don't want to get 'stood up' on the road either, as there is a big bar of bullion in the box to-night, the last clean-up from old Hawkins' mill."

"Never fear," said Bill. "I am light-loaded and will boom along down the grade and be out on the valley before day-break. All set?" asked the driver.

"All set!" echoed the agent, and Bill, sending his lash into the sides of his leaders, was off like a flash.

About three miles down the highway taken by the stage coach there was a sharp turn and an up-grade, and here the road was quite narrow.

Against a large boulder which stood in the brush near the side of the grade stood a strangely muffled figure. It was that of a strongly-built man, who stood perfectly still, with his eyes fixed in the direction from where the stage from ——, which was then due, was expected to come in sight around the bends of the road.

This lonely figure was clad in a long duster; over its head was what seemed to be a flour sack with holes cut in it for the eyes and mouth. In his hands he held a double-barreled shotgun. Across the road, near where this man was hiding, an old log had been rolled to impede the way; there was also stretched across a rope, which was fastened to a tree on either side, and at about the height of a horse's breast.

In a very short time the rattle of the coach was heard and in a moment after the lamps on the sides of the stage blazed forth their reflected light, now in full view, then again lost to sight in the turns of the road. As the coach came bowling along, the muffled figure grasped the short gun tightly in his hands, sprang lightly over the brush directly into the road, and waited for the approaching stage-coach.

Anderson, unconscious of impending danger, drove swiftly along down the hill. As he came near to the up-grade he drew his horses down to a walk and slowly ascended the hill. When the team reached the summit, Bill got his whip ready to start them at a lively pace down the grade. Just then the leaders shied sud-

denly to the outer edge of the road, and at the same moment the muffled figure standing in the middle of the road directly in front of the horses, pointed his gun at Anderson's head, and in a calm, steady voice, said:

"I want the express box, pard! Be quick about it, too. Throw it out and drive on."

"I can't throw you the box," answered the driver. "It's secured to the bottom of the coach."

"Well, get down, pard, and unhitch your team. I'll get the box, without much difficulty."

Under cover of the gun, Anderson obeyed the orders, and in a few moments the team was unhitched and driven to the foot of the hill, there to await developments. By the time Bill had gone a safe distance and quieted his horses, the robber had begun work. Anderson heard the sound of some heavy instrument being struck against the iron express box. This was repeated several times. Then came a sound as of the breaking or wrenching of wood and iron, and finally all was quiet.

Anderson waited fully half an hour before he ventured back to the coach. When he did, he found the express box torn open, the treasure gone, and the masked man nowhere in sight.

The driver hitched his team to the stage, mounted the box and drove as fast as his horses could run to the next station where he lost no time in reporting the robbery.

The telegraph was soon ticking away, and in a few hours a dozen or more men were scouring the mountains in search of the highwayman. Detective Stone was telegraphed for. He came at once and commenced a vigorous search for the robber. Taking up the pursuit of the man at the scene of the robbery, he traced him for a short distance along the main road, thence up the mountain side to the summit, along the summit for half a mile, then in an easterly direction down the mountain to a deep canyon, where, looking over the edge of a rocky precipice, he saw the object of his search stretched out on the sand beside the swift water of the mountain river. Approaching the man by a circuitous route, Stone covered him with a pistol and ordered him to hold up his hands.

"I give up, Mr. Officer. I am helpless and have a badly broken leg. In my efforts to escape, I got bewildered and lost my way in the dark. I stumbled over the bluff you see there, and fell headlong over the rocks to where you now find me. Would to God the fall had killed me. The evidence of my crime is here beside me."

With the aid of an improvised stretcher the captive was carried by Detective Stone and his assistants to the county jail, where he lay for several months before his broken leg became knitted, and well enough for him to limp about upon.

At the time of his arrest, the robber gave his name as Frank Thomas, and under that name the Grand Jury found a true bill against him for the crime of highway robbery. When brought into court to plead, he was asked if he was indicted under his true name, also if he were guilty or not guilty. He answered:

"As to my true name, no one shall ever know it, for I have disgraced it, and those who bear it. As to my guilt, why should I attempt to deny it? Was not the evidence of my crime found with me? I plead guilty and can only say that I am sorry for what I have done."

The judge then proceeded to pronounce the judgment of the Court upon him. He reminded Thomas of the enormity of his offense, and spoke of the frequency of stage robberies; he said he was sorry for the prisoner, but that in this particular case he deemed it his duty to make an example as a warning to others, and added, "The judgment of the Court is that you be incarcerated in the State Prison for the term of your natural life."

The prisoner trembled visibly when the sentence was pronounced; otherwise he showed no emotion. He was quickly led away by the Sheriff, and a few days thereafter, Frank Thomas became an inmate of the State Prison, known as convict No. 20406—a life-timer.

Some sixteen years afterward a party of ladies and gentlemen made a visit of curiosity and inspection to one of our State Penitentiaries. Among the party was a sad-faced, blue-eyed woman, with flaxen hair, through which could be seen streaks of gray. Accompanying her was

a blue-eyed girl of about twenty, evidently the lady's daughter, as she very much resembled the elder woman.

After the workshops had been visited, the guide turned to the party and said: "We have a large gang of convicts in the stone quarry. You will find some interesting specimens of humanity among them."

Taking a winding path down the hill, they were soon in the vincinity of the working convicts. The guide pointed out a number of the most notorious celebrities, and finally pointed to a prisoner at work superintending the moving of a large stone. He said: "That man is a mystery to all here. He is a patient, hard-working prisoner, known to the prison authorities as convict No. 20406, and among his fellow convicts as 'Old Mystery.' He was committed to this prison about sixteen years ago, having been convicted of highway robbery. During all the time he has been here, he has never been visited by a friend or received a letter or communication of any kind from the outside world. No one seems to know or care anything about the old man, and nothing about his previous history can be wormed out of him by his fellow convicts. He was committed under the name of Frank Thomas. But that is evidently an alias to hide his true name and conceal his identity. He is a sadly broken man. When he first came here he was of strong physique, with hair and beard of a dark, sandy color, and although he is yet in the prime of life, he now has the appearance of a decrepit old man."

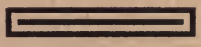
As the party moved past the old convict, he looked up. His eyes rested for a moment on the little blue eyed woman, and then moved toward the daughter, whom he eagerly scrutinized. His face flushed, his breath quickened a little, a half-sob escaped him. Then he turned his back toward them and went patiently on with his work.

There was an inexplicable something in the face of the old convict that seemed like a dream to the little blue-eyed woman—where had she seen that face before?

"Poor fellow," she remarked to the guide. "It seems very sad for so old a man to be chained for life to this hard work."

"The poor soul," said the daughter.

"Yes, it is sad indeed," said the guide. "He is buried for life under Section 213 of the Penal Code of California."



THE VISION

BY HERBERT ARTHUR STOUT

I had a vision in the city streets
  Of hills that rose behind the dawn,
Dim-towered where the gold of sunrise fleets
  In magic streamers pale and wan.

I saw sweet fields in vision lie,
  And flowers and hills and stream
Had caught a dappled radiance from the sky,
  And stood like figures in a dream.

My soul then saw the wonder of the gold,
  And stood enraptured in the hush
To see the beauty of the dawn unfold—
  I only heard the singing of a thrush!

THE SPOTTED DOG'S BRIDE

BY WILDER ANTHONY

SPOTTED DOG sat stolidly in front of his tepee, and gazed gloomily out across the brown, sun-baked prairie. All around him the village was wild with excitement, for the hunters had just returned laden with game, and there was to be a great feast that night.

But there was no joy in all this for Spotted Dog. His heart was very heavy. For many moons he had loved Yellow Lily, the fair young daughter of Chief Fire Bear, but from the very first his love had been hopeless. He found favor in the eyes of Yellow Lily, but she dared not tell him so. Her father had said that she should not marry, and his word was law. Therefore, day after day, she went listlessly about her duties while her lover sat eating his heart out in sullen silence.

At length Spotted Dog arose, and with the air of a man who has made up his mind, walked to where his pony stood, ready saddled. Mounting it, he rode off into the gathering darkness. He was going to ask the advice of Sam Harris, the agent in charge of the reservation, who had, among the Indians, a reputation for wisdom that surpassed even that of old Storm Cloud, the aged medicine man.

Harris was alone in his little store when the young brave entered.

"How!" he greeted, pleasantly.

"How!" grunted Spotted Dog in reply, and then coming directly to the point: "Me love the Yellow Lily. Fire Bear no let marry; what do?"

The agent scratched his head. He knew Indian ways, and he realized that Spotted Dog had made him, in this odd way, the recipient of an unusual confidence. During his ten years in charge of the reservation he had straightened out many a tangle, matrimonial and otherwise—not always without profit to himself. For several weeks he had guessed how matters were going, and he had been expecting a visit from Spotted Dog. Like most Indians, Chief Fire Bear was an inveterate gambler; if he could be induced to——

He unlocked his little safe and took out a greasy pack of playing cards.

"You savvy poker?" he asked, turning to the Indian.

"Mebbyso," answered Spotted Dog, noncommittally.

"Listen," continued Harris, "Fire Bear is a great gambler and he's plumb loco about poker. 'Spose you could get him into a game and win all his ponies and blankets; then you could make your own terms. Savvy?"

"Me no win," said Spotted Dog, sadly. He had played poker with Fire Bear before.

"Oh, yes, you can. That is, with these cards and my help you can. Look here!" He explained sundry little marks and spots on the paste-boards to the Indian.

Spotted Dog grinned. "Huh!" he grunted, "me savvy. Heap a good!"

For over an hour the agent explained and illustrated the manipulation of the marked cards. At the end of that time the young Indian carefully concealed the pack beneath his blanket and stalked out into the night.

Next morning, as Fire Bear sat before his tepee smoking his long stone pipe, he was approached by Spotted Dog.

"Huh!" grunted the old chief contemptuously in Crow. "What do *you* want?"

"Listen for a moment, great chief. In the night I dreamed a dream, a most wonderful and curious dream. The Great Spirit himself appeared before me and ordered me to play a game of poker with Chief Fire Bear. As proof," he held out the pack of cards, "I have here a pack of cards that the Great Spirit left in my tepee. Oh, Chief Fire Bear, well we know

fireside, of his home, and the great development which he had noticed during his long and active life had increased to even a greater extent. Even society had changed. Somehow, there were no longer any of the very rich to oppress mankind, nor yet did he see any of the very poor. Society seemed to have progressed so far as to reach a common level. Science and invention seemed to have kept pace with social development, for on every hand his eyes beheld suns and his ears heard sounds which almost bewildered him with their immensity and their grandeur. How he got there he did not know. He simply knew he was there, and glad he was to contemplate the wonderful development of conscience and invention over that of our present day.

Holding to the arm of a venerable guide he was shown the wonders of his own American continent, and after having viewed its various phases he was led to a subway station. On the platform emerged seven large tubes. In the front of some of these a car was seen, and as Mr. Johnson entered one of these cars in this elaborate station in New York, the guide gently closed the door, and as he walked to the other end of the car a distance of perhaps thirty feet, he remarked: "Now that we have seen America, let us take a glance at England." With that he opened the door at the other end of the car and to Temple's surprise he found himself on the streets of London. Real as this feat seemed, Temple was inclined to doubt, and with considerable pains he began to investigate the methods of construction and the details of this wonderful pneumatic tube. He found the construction under the Atlantic had been effected by a wonderful series of ice machines arranged in stations twenty miles apart across the ocean. These stations were connected with ammonia tubes arranged in circular form with the pipes close together and stretched across the entire expanse. When the water was frozen around these tubes it formed a solid casing of ice in the shape of a big pipe reaching the entire distance. The water inside this big pipe of ice was then rapidly pumped out. In its place were built seven nickel steel tubes surrounded by re-enforced concrete. When this cement was hardened the ice machines ceased to operate and this immense re-enforced concrete subway with its seven vacuum tubes remained intact. The ice plants remained, however, just as they had originally been placed, so that at any time a break occurred the water would be frozen around the exterior of this tube and stop the leak, while necessary repairs were made.

So quickly, silently, and wonderfully had their car started and passed over three thousand miles of space and stopped without a jar, that the old man was compelled to ask his guide who he was, and what was the meaning of it all.

In reply he looked at Temple with a smile and said:

"These are 'the times of restitution' as spoken of by all the holy prophets since the world began." (Acts 3, 19. 21), and my name: Well, my name is Melchesidec, the architect and builder of the great pyramid."

THE PROBLEM OF THE MILLIONAIRE

BY HENRY WALDORF FRANCIS

THE INDISCRIMINATE denunciation of the millionaire solely and simply because he is a millionaire, and without regard to his personality or the use he makes of his wealth, is as senseless and without justification as it would be to rage against dynamite or strychnine because they *can* be employed in illegal, dangerous and nefarious operations.

This is the era of the railroad, the steamship—even the aeroplane—not of the stage coach, the brig, and the gas balloon. It is the era of "big things." Modern enterprises require large capital, and the corporation, and it is well to remember that but for corporations and capitalists we would not have the Railroad, the Trolley, the Telegraph, Telephone—any of the wonderful mediums of communication and transportation that have revolutionized life and thought, and compared to which the marvels, as we once thought them, wrought by Aladdin's Lamp are mere commonplaces. Since we are—or the majority of the public is—opposed to the Government (the Nation), engaging in enterprises of a business character, the Panama Canal excepted, we can look nowhere but to private sources for improvements and progress not only in business matters, but in such scientific and eleemosynary lines as great hospitals, colleges, for research into the causes of disease, crushing diseases out and a hundred other benefits to humanity. Under our system of Government and with our jealous limiting of its powers, the United States would never have reached the remarkable state of development it has, and individually we would in many important respects be helpless indeed, and certainly would not be enjoying the fruits of modern inventive genius. For these things we are indebted to aggregations of private capital, their development being beyond the means of any single individual, even if any single individual had been or would be willing to assume the risk that always attends a new departure from beaten paths. To accept the benefits which aggregated capital confers and then to not only denounce it but seek to destroy it—*not its results*—oh, no, we will keep them!—simply because it *is* capital, certainly looks like the heighth of ingratitude.

The choice is between Capitalism and Socialism, and beautiful as the theories of Socialism undoubtedly are, until Socialism can formulate some better scheme of distribution than is comprehended by "from every one according to his ability, to every one according to his needs," it will never win the majority of people to its support. The tendency is to "bear the ills we know rather than fly to those we wot not of." Admitting the possibility of being able to tell whether one *is* always giving "according to his ability," needs are changing things, largely imaginary and born of contrasts—and who is to determine what *my* needs are—why I should be satisfied with a cotton suit instead of an all-wool one, and do not need the latter as much as the next man? Etc., etc. Plainly, for any man or body of men to impose their ideas of my needs upon me without regard to my own notions on the subject would be exercising *despotic* power. This is the question—the question of the willing subordination of the individual, of envy and Self—with the aided solution of Distribution—that Socialism will have to offer some better, more explicit, commend-itself-to-the-reason answer before it is likely to be adopted to the extent its ultra advocates preach and urge it. The writer is not opposing Socialism *in toto,* because in a very large measure he believes in it, and that it is practical, and he realizes as every one with eyes and a modicum of sense and feeling must, the

terrible inequalities prevailing under our present social system, and that there is something, *somewhere,* radically wrong with it, becoming daily more and more intolerable, and which *being wrong* cannot *endure.* Only the Right can defy time; nothing that is Wrong can, although its righting may be slow and tedious, and its seeming triumph often. It is probably true that all of us are more or less, consciously or unconsciously—that is to say, all of us who have to struggle for existence and earn it by the sweat of our brow—prejudiced against the possessor of wealth. We do not forget what the old copybook of our school days sought to impress upon us that "money is the root of evil." The copybook, however, was misleading. It is not the use, but the *abuse* of money that is the root of evil; and the copybook would have been more accurate if it had said "GREED is the root of evil."

But while the ambition to acquire wealth is laudatory rather than condemnatory, it is entirely plain that the millionaire can and often does, use the power it gives him to oppress the people, and that the public should be protected against the wealth it creates being employed for purely selfish ends, and mere accumulation—against, for instance, such ways of using it as "cornering" or attempting to "corner" any of the necessaries of life—a crime in every civilized country of the world except the United States—corrupting public officials or private persons, or for any purpose detrimental to morality and the public interest. It is entirely within constitutional legislative domain to accomplish this; in other words, it is within the power of the public itself, whenever it becomes wise and united enough to assert itself and subordinate the individual to the community.

The greatest danger lies in the inactive increase of wealth—that is to say, its *continual compounding* in the mere course of time without any labor on the part of the owner or any return to the community. This results from the privilege of disposing of property by Will and creating trusts thereunder—a privilege that should be greatly limited. It should not be possible for a millionaire to so tie up his estate that when his unborn or infant grandson comes into possession of his legacy it will amount to twenty, thirty or fifty times the original amount. This is only another system of Primogeniture, and in its effects is even more pernicious to society. Prevent this and one of the great evils of millionaires—the dead in effect dominating the living—will disappear. Let the millionaire enjoy *honestly* every dollar he earns while living, but limit the amount he may devise or bequeath to heirs or individuals or for other than public purposes—which can be done among other ways by death and inheritance taxation—and absolutely stop *the now common practical suspension* of ownership. Let him divide his wealth while living if he pleases—divided wealth returns ultimately and comparatively quickly to the public—but prevent his making money for others when he is in the grave. It will be necessary, of course, to guard against the evasion of laws made to this end. *This can be done.* Contrary to the generally prevailing idea, there is no constitutional right to make a will. It is wholly a statutory privilege, and any State Legislature could revoke it altogether any day it saw fit, and oblige all property to pass under a Statute of Distributions—a fact every lawyer is or ought to be fully aware of. Other safeguards against the millionaire acquiring too great or oppressive power are a progressive income tax, progressive inheritance taxes, progressive taxes upon him generally on the correct theory that he requires and receives greater public protection and *should pay a higher rate.* In taxing we should follow the Fire Insurance companies dividing into Ordinary, Hazardous and Extra Hazardous risks and increasing the premium or rate according as the individual has more at stake and more requires public protection. Coming to Corporations, while they should not be hampered or their usefulness impaired or restricted by unwise or prejudiced legislation—and should not all be set down as sinners and public enemies, because some of them have been and are, any more than we should all be regarded as thieves because we have jails—they should be under strict Government supervision, limited as to the amount of dividends they may pay—allowance being made for improvements and depreciation liberally—and any surplus earned beyond fair returns should go into the Govern-

ment treasury as a tax upon the franchise. In the case of railroads and other corporations of similar character, where the earnings exceed a fair return upon the investment after deductions for maintenance, depreciation and improvements, and the surplus has been taken as a tax in the manner stated, the toll charged the public should be reduced, and in the event the reduced toll should fail to prove sufficient then the Government should refund out of the surplus theretofore taken as a tax enough to make good the loss. In this way stockholders as well as the public would be protected and there would be no more "melon cutting" at the community's expense. All "watering" of stocks—and let it not be forgotten that a *"stock dividend"* is "water"—upon the dividend stock the public is expected to pay dividends, and it is used as a pretext against any demand for a reduction in fares and rates—it would be "cruel to the widows and orphans" into whose hands the stock has been unloaded by the "melon eaters" to reduce rates and the paltry six or ten per cent dividend, all that is earned *now* upon the capital in which the "water," since it was allowed to be injected, must be included—all "watering" of stock, directly or indirectly, should be made impossible. That this can easily be accomplished, New York State has demonstrated. There a Public Service Commission now controls the issuing of new stock by public service corporations, and there is no complaint from even the railroad companies.

Money is like everything else: it can be used and it can be abused. It is for the public, which has the power whenever it sees fit to apply it, to enact such legislation as will prevent individual wealth from being oppressive, and it is not necessary to "kill the goose which lays the golden egg" to control the goose. France, England, Germany, by old age pension, accident and other compulsory insurance, tenement and labor legislation, progressive income, death and inheritance taxes—and the new English Budget, will even cover the "unearned increment" in land—have been and are pointing out the road of progress—the road, if he would but see it, in which lies the security of the millionaire, the safeguard against violent revolution, the allaying of that "class prejudice" in which there is so much danger. This legislation is beyond question "socialistic" in its character and nature, but it is practical socialism that benefits society, and to which no one not entirely dominated by Greed and Self can with reason object. It is the United States—the United States that we have proudly held up as an example for the world—"the refuge for the oppressed"—that lags far, far behind in guarding and promoting the welfare of its citizens every civilized country except Russia! (*If* Russia can be classed as civilized!) How long is this condition to last?

AN EVENING VISION

BY WALTER PRESTON

Ho! Westward through the Golden Gate,
  Apollo drives his flaming car;
Diana comes, in royal state—
  Her crown, a burning star;
With queenly grace she mounts the throne
And claims Night's Kingdom for her own.
Peace, like a dream, enfolds the bay;
Avaunt! ye carking cares of day!

A TRIP TO THE REDWOODS IN AUGUST WITH THE ICE-MAN

BY MARTHA JANE GARVIN

"HOW WOULD you like to be the ice man?" is a question of about as much import as the one asking, "How old is Ann?" But to be asked to be a *companion* of the ice man upon a trip into the heart of the Santa Cruz Mountains was a question put to the woman in this case, and to which she readily answered in the affirmative.

The "gude mon" of the house, who was destined to become the ice man for a day, remarked the evening before that he had to take a load of ice to Brookdale on the morrow and that the "gude wife" could accompany him if she so desired.

Now, why will people be so impulsive *the evening* before as to promise to do a thing next day when they know full well that the doing of it begins before five a. m.?

When the man left the house next morning to prepare for the trip, he casually mentioned the fact of its being just four o'clock.

The woman yawned sleepily, soliloquized "unseemly hour," "to go or not to go, that is the question," etc. She finally temporized that if she were ready when the man came for his breakfast she would go, and if not she would take it as an omen *not* to go, for it was *Friday,* anyway.

However, she dressed for the trip when she arose, but saying she would not hurry with the preparation of breakfast and the lunch, though the nearer the time came the more frantically she found herself hurrying, for she reasoned that a load of ice could be as impatient at waiting as time and tide.

To ride on a high-seated, spring transfer wagon, heavily laden with four thousand pounds of ice, and drawn by a span of heavy draught horses, does not mean a picnic of fast locomotion by any means. Oh, no! But for sight seeing, it is the only proper way.

Seated high above the broad cushiony white backs of old "Dan and Toby," the woman feels a qualm of dizziness and comes near showing the white feather. She swallows her fear, and mentally concludes that if she can't do the trip she will take the down train for home at the first railway station. However, she never thinks of it again. * * *

We leave Santa Cruz immersed in a heavy white fog. Immediately on clearing the city limits we commence the ascent of the canyon of the San Lorenzo river. We conclude that the wild grandeur of this royal gorge must be seen early, yes, *very* early in the morning, to be thoroughly appreciated. The white fleecy cloudlets of fog far down on the river bottom drift upward among the tops of the redwoods, there to soar off and join the parent clouds higher up, leaving the air deliciously pure, and so much of it that we want to fairly drink it, eat it, breathe it by the mouthful and lungful. To glance back for a final look—as did Lot's poor wife—is not to be turned into the proverbial pillar of salt, but to be entranced with the grand panoramic scene, the fog lying—a fleecy white mantle—over the City of the "Holy Cross!"

The view across the canyon is sublimely magnificent. The redwood forests on the opposite mountain show amethystine and purplish colorings under the slant rays of the sun, now climbing slowly toward the zenith.

This incomparable mountain wagon road! We can see it far ahead of us, winding like a huge tan-colored serpent, semi-circling the ravines and steep ridges of mountain, hundreds of feet above the

Southern Pacific Railroads and the river below—the slope of mountain in places being of almost vertical steepness. The engineering and grade percentage have been so skillfully managed as to make the climbing upward almost imperceptible. Nearly the whole road is wide enough to permit of two rigs driving abreast, though with the additional wider places—built purposely for the passing of teams—a strongly built fence, protecting the outer edge nearly all the way, and the dust question effectually *settled* by *oil* and *sprinkling* carts, it is a delightful pleasure to drive along this grand mountain highway, whatsoever way one may choose, there being absolutely no danger from accidents, if proper caution is used.

trot, fast! No; not trot at all, for they *may* manufacture dynamite down there below, too! But the desire is to *glide* along as fast as horses can go with a load of ice aboard; for memory harks back to the old childish fear of the *brimstone* factory—it also was *far, far below!* Strange coincidence! We cast a sly glance down the almost straight up and downness at the little white village of the employees' houses, nestling along the river bank, while across the canyons on the mountain top almost, are the houses of the officials of the Powder Works.

Soon the scenery begins to take on a wilder look; the mountains become more precipitous. The river in places roars and rushes around huge granite boulders. Then

As blue as are the famed waters of Loch Katrine.

The first place we pass after leaving Santa Cruz proper is the Kron Tannery. And if it were not in sight our olfactory sense would apprise us of its nearness.

Very soon we are passing something enclosed with a high board fence. A sign over a gateway reads, "Keep Out." Another says, "E. I. Dupont and De Nemour's Powder Works." Well, we feel that we want to "keep out," and keep on, too. Farther along we seem to be swung among giant redwood tops, far above the "Works." But the rumbling sound of the machinery down there causes the weaker part of the *we* to have an awesome feeling, and a mental wish that the horses would

again it flows along in smooth deep pools, as blue as are the famed waters of Loch Katrine. The ice man looks longingly down and calmly wishes, audibly, that he were "down there with a rod and line."

After feasting our gaze upon the grandeur across and down into this magnificent canyon, noting the changing shades of purplish colorings in the sunshine and shadow of the forest clad mountains, we direct our attention for a time to things nearer by. Now a little brushy tailed animal—a chipmunk—scampers across the road in front of "Dan and Toby," then whisks along the little weed bordered bypath, to drop into a hole under a tree root

with a "catchook!" His doing so establishes a precedent for dozens of others to follow suit. We see and hear numerous mountain blue jays, crested headed fellows, their whistling calls, echoing from the high tree tops! A whirr of wings, and a "look-right-here," means quail, but not on toast—for us, at least!

The trees along the way are changing in appearance. The madrono, which was only a scrubby bush in the beginning of our journey, is a tree up here. And there are grove after grove of these beautiful trees. You look at their pale green, oval leaf, foliage, and vivid, terra cotta colored boles, and wonder if they are prettier in the terra cotta color or in the delicate olive green their branches and boles are now taking on, with the shedding of the former hued bark.

Just now a vehicle overtakes and passes us. The iceman remarks that "two of the men are chained together by the feet." We think of captured bandits, but they are headed the wrong way for that!

We continue looking at nature. The road bank next to the mountain seems a continuous bower of vines and ferns. Even the crimsoning leaves of the despised poison oak add to the beauty of scene with all other growing things. Now and again little rivulets babble down the ravines and gulches, nearly all being supplied with spouts for drinking purposes. Some, more pretentious than others, rush under culverts, in mighty haste, noisy with great effort for notice; and here are always watering troughs for stock.

Another family of trees we notice, and which appear equally as clannish as the madrono, is the chestnut oak, or, in the vernacular, "tan oak." Clumps of these beautifully slender, gray and white barked trees we see in twos and threes and more, but seldom alone. They resemble the laurel or bay family so closely that the ice man plucks a sprig of the tan oak, upon which is a big acorn, to prove its identity; while the woman *tastes* a leaf of the laurel, that acts muchly like raw mustard, and she says she prefers the taste of bay leaves when it is adulterated with soused mackerel. or with soup. We decide, there *is* a marked difference between tan oak and laurel! (bay.)

A characteristic of the redwood—the king pin of all the trees is that where a parent tree has been cut down; immediately a family of saplings have sprung up, and are fringed around the stump, forming little round groves. We notice, if they are near a house, that the stumps have been hewed off flat and seats are built around the edge. Again, hammocks are swung across the flat space of stump from sapling to sapling, the bright Oriental colors in the hammocks serving as a foil to enhance the beauty of the dark green foliage and the soft brown barks of the saplings. With steps leading up into these rustic bowers—little summer houses —which for novelty and naturalness far surpass the altogether man-made kind—drowsy, dreamful comfort is invited!

We overhaul the vehicle which had the chained men in it. The men are out and are at work on the road, digging rock from the mountain side. We now know them to be prisoners from the jails in town, brought out to work on the road, with two men to guard them. It is the one black blot on the day's journey of pleasure. We wonder sadly why any one of God's creatures should be prisoners along this great free road!

We pass the Cowell Lime Plant, traveling along a flat ridge for a distance, then on a grade again, and around a bend we get to looking at a queer spectacle a long distance ahead of us—a great, dun-colored gash up and down the mountain side, almost perpendicular to the road. As we near it, it reveals itself.

In April of 1906, A. D., the mountain became tired of its location and thought to move. A part of it did, leaving the main mountain standing! One can readily see where the mountainous point separated and settled from the mountain proper, thereby leaving the gaunt yellowish wound. We are led to speculating upon what the consequence would have been had it all slid into the canyon and river. A lake, on the Tahoe order, we concluded.

Soon we round a big point and are in sight of the Fremont grove of sequoia sempervirens, or mammoth redwoods, across the canyon. "The Giant," the tallest tree in the grove, rears itself into the sky 310 feet! We can see and distinguish it from all the others for a long distance,

and as we look at the big fellow, we are reminded of this couplet, from a poem to a redwood by one of California's gifted poets:

"In every great trunk an epic lies,
A psalm in every branch that scales the skies!"

We pass a cluster of red cabins, on a little plateau, and see a white lettered sign on a red background of board. "Tanglewood" is the mystic legend. The woman wants to add, "Tales," for very near by is a real "Sleepy Hollow." The iceman facetiously remarks, "Tangle*foot,*" yet he knows full well there is nothing around this neck o' woods but the purest of Adam's ale to drink. He should also take into consideration our prominent positions upon the water (ice) wagon! We can also see there are no *flies* on Tanglewood. Consequently no use for *fly traps* (tanglefoot)!

The little hamlet of Felton is next in order; which looks smart and important from the fact of its being the junction of two mountain railroads.

After a few miles of gazing across country at some queer, whitish-looking, jagged peaks, which, so the iceman says, are of pure silica sand, the kind glass is made from, we come to a place which exemplifies the broadmindedness and large heartedness of men toward their fellow kind. Swinging over a gateway is a sign, written on a slab of redwood. It says, "Weinstock and Lubin Resort," a pleasure place these philanthropic men have created for the recreation of their employees. A very new place, but started in the right way to become all that is intended it shall become. Already there is a park in miniature, with a pole in the middle, from the top of which waves the Stars and Stripes, and in this case—aptly enough—waves "o'er the brave" magnanimity of men who made this beautiful vacation ground possible, "and the free" beings who are vacationing here!

"Rowardennan Redwood Park Drive" on a board points to a road leading off the main one. We look longingly, but ours is to stay with the ice and keep to the main road. We get a glimpse through; all the underbrush has been cut out, and our vision ranges, angling up the mountain through one continuous grove, of all kinds of trees. The wild lilacs and azaleas are cousining lovingly together. Now and then a peerless redwood reaches above all the others, seemingly to say, "I am king of this realm of wonderland!"

Before long we are dropping into beautiful Rowardennan and Ben Lomond. The two places are merged into one charmingly beautiful little village of quaintly built, shingled bungalows, and cottages of more pretentious designs. Lawns and flower gardens are in front, and kitchen gardens in the rear, with the orchards of apples. In the little meadows we can see cattle, and we know that the guests at the quaint English-looking inn are served with real milk and cream. Yes, and with chicken and eggs, for a mighty cackling and crowing reaches our ear!

We drive through and out of Ben Lomond and are soon in a tangle of vines and groves; beside babbling rills grown thick with be-whiskered bullrushes, which sway in the rippling water as it dashes and splashes down from glens—made dark with shadow of redwood—in true Lodorian style!

The poetical names upon the private homes we pass, strike us with a musical chord, such as "Kadir Idris," "The Highlands," "Bella Vista," "The Dickenson," "Ben Venue," and many others we only glimpse as we pass. The Scottish names are altogether suggestive of the locality, for in these dark-looking glens one can almost imagine some doughty Highland clansman rising from out the shadows and hallooing, "Up! Up! Glentarkin, rouse thee, Ho!"

The iceman points with his whip, saying, "Around that point is Brookdale." We creep steadily onward, and are soon there among groves of madrono, laurel and tan oak, redwood and all other growing shrubs and trees and vines peculiar to the San Lorenzo river canyon. We waive temptation as we see a sign, "Fish Hatchery."

Wildly beautiful is our sum-up of Brookdale! As we cross a bridge over the rush of water, which gives it its name. We wind our way around and through the —shall we say habitat, town or what? Any way *around* until we are halting be-

Sleek brown and red hided fellows, picturesque and primitive.

This incomparable wagon road semi-circling the ravines and ridges.

side a tiny ice house, built against a little cabin of a grocery store; here, a second iceman comes out to help unload the ice.

Dan and Toby munch their barley from their nose bags. The icewoman climbs down from her airy perch and is ushered around upon the cutest little veranda—opening off a redwood bungalow—by another woman. A *tea* woman, we will call her, for she brings us a delicious cup of tea and a plate of wafers, chatting pleasantly all the while, by which she will ever be remembered for her kind hospitality.

The ice unloaded and horses fed, we climb aboard for the homeward-bound trip. With only halting beside a watering trough—to let "Dan and Toby" drink, also to eat our own lunch and to drink eagerly of the pure, cold water from the little wooden penstock—we are soon on our way again.

All day long we have been passing every kind of vehicle and turnout in existence apparently, but the downward trip appears to invite increasing numbers and kinds. "Dan and Toby" are not of the stuff which *scares,* so neither are we. Fortunately, our side and the right-hand side of the road is next to the mountain, which slopes steeply upward.

Automobiles galore, from the tiniest runabout to the great touring three-seaters! One great car—the one exception—coming suddenly around the point of mountain, Mr. Mahout forgets to toot his honk, which forgetting brings "Dan and Toby" to an almost right-angled stop toward the bank. We pass a few smart English traps, nicked horses and all that, "don't you know." Light buggies follow farm wagons. A rattling sound brings into sight a "one hoss shay," which looks ready to go down and out of existence. A distant tinkling of many bells warns us to hug the bank to allow an eight mule team to pass. At a gallop, down a long stretch of grade, comes a stage coach drawn by six horses and driven by a Jehu, describing eccentric curves with his long, plaited, buckskin whip, and who, from the standpoint of fearless driving, does credit to the memory of Brete Hartian days of stage coaching in early California!

Hark! What do we hear? Strange and unfamiliar shoutings! "Whoa! Haw! Gee there, Buck!" We soon see. Coming out from a dim wood road is a four yoke team of oxen, hauling an immense load of wood. Sleek, brown and red-hided fellows, wide of horn and suggestive of Texas. They amble slowly along into the main road, the driver prodding their broad flanks with his long-handled goad, *Whoaing* and *Hawing* as he walks alongside! We think: picturesque and primitive! A direct antithesis to the elegant stanhope with the high-stepping, thorough-bred horse, not far behind! We are glad we are on the ice wagon, which is a few degrees faster of progress than the ox wagon!

We have rounded the big point and are above the railroad tunnel—near Big Trees—the mouth of which we can plainly see far beneath us. Here we have a clear and unobstructed view down the canyon for miles. We comment upon the wonderfully constructed masonry and trestles of the Southern Pacific Railroad, which appears in the distance, not unlike a narrow, metallic ribbon, fluttering around the undulating walls of the canyon!

The river, far below the railroad, seems a tiny creek, now eddying along between banks fringed with alders and maples, willows and sycamores. Or again, it flattens out and is purling along upon its gravelly bed, like a little noisy brook.

We are dropping down so gradually that we can scarcely realize the fact that we are nearly down the mountain and home. Also that the sun has been dropping likewise. The shadows are climbing the opposite mountain, and already it is twilight on our side of the canyon. As we leave it all for this time, we glance upward against the mountain side, where towers stately redwood and laurel—soon to be wrapped by Morpheus in slumber robes of night—soft, salt zephyrs from the bay fan our faces, and, mingling with the resinous scented breezes of the forest, toss the tree tops! We gaze upward and wonder:

"Who flung ghost goblins 'top o' trees,
Ensilhouette 'gainst twilight's gray,
To sway and dance weird phantasies—
Didst Zephyrus, necromancer—pray?"

SOME FACTS ABOUT LOCUSTS AND THEIR ALLIES

BY R. W. SHUFELDT

MOST PEOPLE in this country who have never paid any attention to the study of insects, confuse what is a true locust with an entirely different species, that is, with the cicada. Especially is this the case in the Northern and Eastern States, where cicadas are abundant, and flights of locusts are unknown. Over most of the Western country, although species of cicadas occur there, such an error is rarely made, for in most regions they have very good reason to know the locusts, though they do not always call them by that name. As natural groups of insects, the cicadas and the locusts are very widely separated; they do not even belong to the same orders, and as a matter of fact, the former, as a sub-order (*Homoptera*), are properly included in the *Hemiptera* or the Half-wing, while the latter belong in the order *Orthoptera,* or the Straight-wings, associated with the well-known praying "beetles," the cockroaches, crickets and other familiar forms. Several species of cicadas are found in the country, and when not called locusts, they are recognized as the Dog-day Harvest-fly, or Lyreman; that is, the common Northern species is, though it is no more a "fly" than it is a locust, it being one of the bugs. In the same genus occurs the famous Periodical cicada, or the seventeen-year "locust" of the Northern States, and the thirteen-year "locust" of the South, which formerly used to appear in immense numbers per-

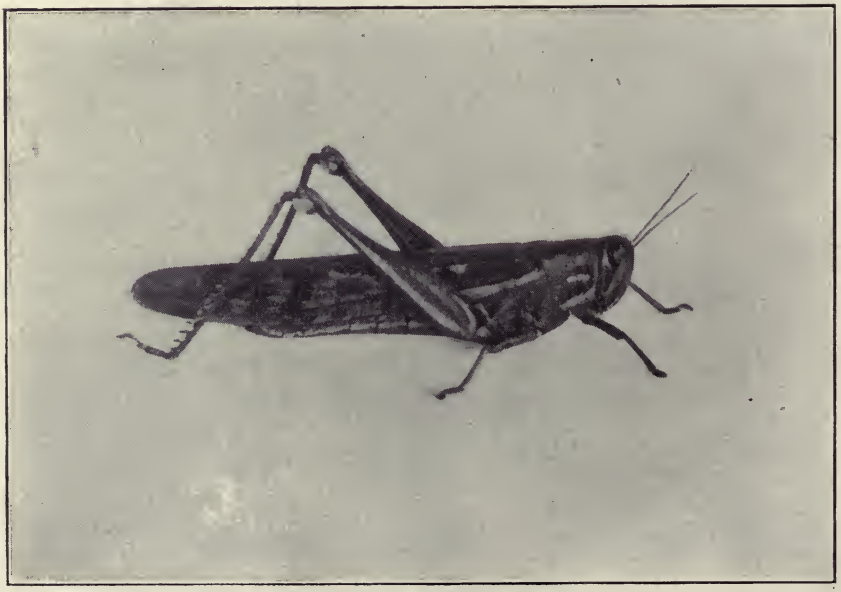


Fig. 1. The American locust (natural size.)

Fig. 2. The American locust (natural size.)

iodically at the intervals stated, and doubtless it was due to this fact that the term locust was applied to the entire family. They are not nearly so numerous now, owing to their destruction by the English sparrows. Cicadas give vent to their loud humming song in the trees and elsewhere during the hottest parts of July and August. Though a big insect, they are only occasionally seen, while its resounding hum is familiar to every one in the places where they occur. These facts are here set forth simply to impress upon the reader, should it chance to be necessary, that those big fellows that make the loud humming noise up in the trees during the "dog days" every summer are not locusts, but are cicadas. The true locusts, on the other hand, all belong in the grasshopper group, numbering an enormous array of most interesting species and found in nearly all parts of the world.

Grasshoppers are of two fairly distinct kinds, and are known as the long-horned grasshoppers (Fig. 5) and the short-horned grasshoppers (Fig. 1-4). Most of our American entomologists apply the name locust to the first-named varieties, while the British scientists, and not a few of our own people, speak only of the short-horned species as locusts. In any event, all of the insects of this kind belong to the family *Acridiidae,* that is, the short-horned grasshoppers or *true locusts* make up this family, while the long-horned grasshoppers make up another family, the *Locustidae* (!) to which no locust belongs. The way this came about has just been referred to in the last paragraph.

Before entering upon the life histories of the true locusts, let me have a word to say about their near allies, the long-horned grasshoppers. As has already been stated, there are a great many species of these in our country, and if one be at all observing, that can easily be recognized. A very common form is shown in Figure 5, which is known as the Meadow Grasshopper. It will be observed that its antennae or "horns" are slightly longer than its body, not including the sword-like ovipositor projecting from its body behind. This is much shorter in the male, and the one shown is a female specimen. When these insects possess ears, they are situated in their forelegs, instead of on the abdomen, as in the true locusts. The males make a loud noise in the summer time by rubbing their wing-covers together, and they all die at the end of the season. Usually they are of a pale green color, with brownish shadings on various parts of the body. This green color pervades the entire insect, just as though the whole grasshopper had been dipped in some dye of that tint. Most of the species live in swarms, but others occur singly, and we frequently meet with them in low, swampy meadows and in the fields. The notes of some of them are really musical, and very pleasing to the ear. This is the case with the common Katydid, an insect which belongs to this group. One species of the long-horned grasshoppers has one song it sings in the day-time, and an entirely different one it gives vent to in the night-time or during cloudy weather. This is also true of the Katydid. Doctor Scudder, of Harvard College, has paid great attention to this part of their life histories, and has reduced the songs of a number of these long-horned grasshoppers to scale. Their feeding and egg-laying habits are very interesting, but would require too much space to render even a brief description of here.

Passing now to the short-horned grasshoppers, or the true locusts, we meet all over the world with insects representing a family with truly remarkable histories to consider.

We have many typical locusts in this country, and the appearance of one of them is well shown in Figures 1 and 2 of the present article. This is the American locust, a species which sometimes becomes abundant in the Southern States, where it often does a great amount of damage to vegetation. This insect gives us a good idea of the famous locust of Egypt, the terrible migratory flights of which have been so graphically described in both biblical and ancient history. There is a good reproduction of a photograph of this locust (life size) given us in the British work, "Living Animals of the World," now found in many of our public libraries. It closely resembles our American species shown in Figs. 1 and 2, though it is somewhat larger. Observe

Fig. 3. Two species of common grasshoppers feeding on goldenrod in the fall. (Washington, D. C., natural size from life.)

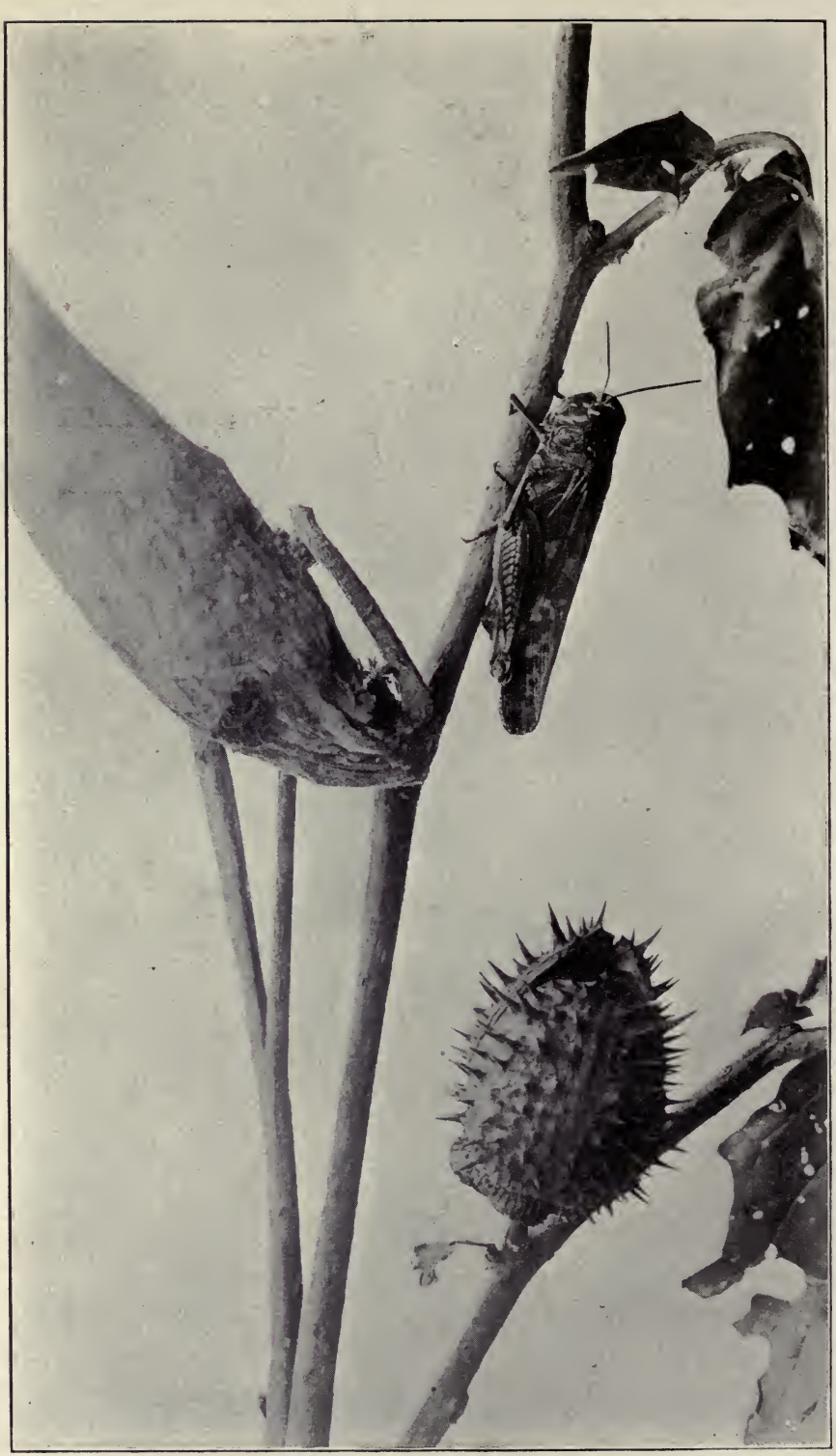


Fig. 4. A common locust or grasshopper of the Eastern States. (Washington, D. C., photo natural size, from life.)

that these insects are nothing more nor less than big grasshoppers, and in no way, shape or form resemble cicadas.

When locusts are of the migratory kind and swarm over the country, they literally eat up the crops to the very last bit in their path of general vegetal devastation. This has occurred in many countries in history, as in Southern Europe, in Russia, over Algeria, through India, in South Africa and lower South America, as in the Argentine Republic. Our country has by no means escaped these terrible locust flights, but they have been confined principally to the West.

For example, our Western grasshopper —or migratory locust, also with good reason called the "hateful grasshopper," out West—swarmed in untold millions over a large part of the Western country during the years of 1874, to include 1876. The States of Missouri, Colorado, Nebraska and Kansas were the chief losers through the fearful damage that these locusts committed, which amounted to over $200,000,000 during those two years alone. They had by no means all disappeared in 1877, for in the summer of that year I was attached as surgeon to the Fifth U. S. Cavalry in the field against the Sioux Indians, and on one occasion, when riding at the head of the column and marching through the territory of Wyoming, I noticed in the far distance an enormous dark cloud arising. It was on the horizon of the prairie, and I remarked to the commanding officer, at whose side I rode, that the prairie appeared to be on fire, at which remark he simply smiled, and retorted "locusts, and a little later you'll appreciate it." In less than an hour we were into them, and I shall certainly never forget the experience. The sun was practically cut out entirely, and I could only get glimpses of it by shooting through the dense swarm of insects with my shot-gun, loaded with "dust shot." The reader may imagine the curious effect of that experiment. One would hardly believe that there were so many insects of one kind in the entire world. They literally covered everything, ate nearly everything, filled our tents, stripped off every vestige of the prairie vegetation, and finally we were obliged to eat them by the scores, for they fell by hundreds into everything we undertook to cook in the open air. They were, however, not bad eating; indeed, rather ahead of the usual camp fare at that time, and I must say many of the command regretted leaving them behind us, as we took up our march over the

Fig. 5. Meadow grasshopper (Xiphudium.)
Nat. size; photo from life (Washington, D. C.)

country. That was the famous Rocky Mountain locust, and about that time it took our Government, at an immense expense, several years to investigate it, and many elaborate reports were subsequently issued upon the subject.

In those days I knew the Chief Entomologist of the U. S. Department of Agriculture very well, the late Professor Charles Valentine Riley, who, according to an account he gave me years ago in his enthusiasm secured permission to ride on the "cow catcher" of a Kansas express with his net and collecting box, "in order that he might closely study the locust swarms" as the train passed through them. This it did at the rate of fifty miles an hour at first, with the effect on the Professor of pelting him till he was black and blue all over, covered with the remains of thousands of locusts, blew his net all to bits, carried away his collecting box, hat and note-book, and, in short, soon put him up so his best friends would not have recognized him. Fortunately, however, the locusts at last became so dense in numbers that the tracks became so slippery with their crushed bodies, that the train was obliged to come to a halt, and Professor Riley took to the freight car to remodel himself as far as the circumstances would permit. There was no reason for me to doubt this story in the least. Their numbers have been known to extinguish prairie fires, and in passing over a stream of water they will crowd into it until millions of them drown and form a bridge for the remainder to escape upon. Cases are on hand where they have covered square miles of country to the depth of two feet, or, being carried out to sea for a thousand or more miles, perish by the millions when overcome by the wind, and then are cast upon the beach in immense heaps, some forty or fifty miles in length. The swarm I witnessed was fully a mile or more broad, and it required some seven or eight hours to pass us, while the depth of this immense host was at least 300 feet. No wonder the ancients dreaded the coming of one of these fearful swarms of insects, as such an invasion meant only ruin and devastation for the entire country, circling for miles and miles around.

There are locusts in South America that have an expanse of seven or eight inches, and a fat little species in Northern Europe, which the Swedes use to eat warts off where they occur on the body, especially the fingers and backs of the hands. Some tropical locusts exhibit beautiful colors, with their red and blue wings, while others make the funniest crackling noises when they fly, and are as silent as the night at all other times. In England the locusts are small and are practically harmless. Other species only sing when resting on the ground or the grass or elsewhere; some have strange crackling notes as they fly, or sharp, snapping sounds, that are to me always very pleasing and interesting.

The mating and reproduction of locusts is a large subject and would make a big chapter by itself. In the South and Southwest we meet with the great black lubber grasshoppers, elegant shiny fellows with very short black and red wings, which I have elsewhere described and figured. In fact, the literature and illustrations of locusts is very extensive, contributions having been made to it by all the civilized nations since the first days of printing and illustrating. No wonder, for often both famine and the plague have followed in the train of their march and flight of annihilation and destruction.

THE DISOBEDIENCE OF DON EMILIO

A Story of Early California

BY REV. JOHN AUGUSTINE CULL

"MAN WITH the eyes of a hawk, what seest thou?"

"Nothing, Don Emilio, except browsing horses and cattle with a few lazy peons attending them."

"Then the time is at hand, Dario," said the first speaker. "It is the siesta hour, and all within the hacienda Aguas Calientes are giving themselves to sleep. Even the sentinels on the outskirts are drowsy and stupid when it is mid-day and warm. Well have our vigils taught us that, my Dario! Come, let us be going. Soon shall we wake the noble Senor Escandear from his slumbers."

The speakers were lying on a high ridge of the Coast Range overlooking the magnificent Santa Clara Valley. The man who seemed the leader of the two was young and swarthy. The golden spurs jingling as he moved his feet ever so slightly, and the inlaid gold on his embroidered sombrero, bespoke him to be a "caballero." His companion was still younger, with gleaming eyes deep set in a stolid, Indian-like face. His sight was as keen as an eagle's, and he followed a trail as unerringly as does a hound pursue the slot of a hurt deer.

The glorious golden light of a California early summer sun danced and shimmered over a scene as fair as Elysian fields, but the observers heeded it not. The great stretches of wild oats, overtopped here and there with yellow mustard blossoms, titulated in response to the rising breeze, or here and there waved in gentle billows from the valleys to the low foothills. The waters of the San Francisco Bay to the westward gleamed like sheets of crystal. Beyond were the Santa Cruz mountains silhouetted against the distant skyline. It was a panorama wild and splendid. In the foreground, completing the picture, were the great white buildings of the hacienda.

Don Emilio and his companion, on hands and knees, backed like huge crabs from the top of the mountain ridge down toward a deep valley which was narrow and heavily wooded. When safely below the vision line of a possible keen-eyed hacienda sentinel, they arose to their feet and began speaking again in low tones.

"Dost thou know the wishes of El Capitan in this undertaking?" queried Don Emilio of his stolid-appearing companion.

The two men standing together made a striking contrast. Don Emilio was tall and broad shouldered, his face and hands tanned by the sun to the color of dark leather. Constant outdoor activity had hardened his muscles like whipcord, and had reduced his flesh to pure brawn. Dario was short and stout; his skin seemed to hang loosely on him. Physically he was simply an Indian. The intelligence, however, in his contracted cranium hearkened back to some cavalier of old Spain.

Dario looked away and replied indifferently:

"El Capitan rarely tells his wishes to underlings. His lieutenants carry out orders when he gives them, and we follow—even to the death."

"Well spoken!" said Don Emilio, a smile playing on his dare-devil face, and his white teeth gleaming for an instant under his heavy mustachios. He continued:

"You are his most trusted scout, Dario mio, and I fancied that perhaps our most valiant leader had told you somewhat of his plans."

Dario made no reply. The "most valiant leader" had indeed told Dario somewhat of his plans, and, moreover, had

commissioned that worthy to keep his sharp eyes on the "lieutenant," Emilio Segura, who was under much suspicion.

Don Emilio gave the call of a mountain quail, and instantly the deep, wooded valley was endowed with life. Mounted men seemed to spring from the very earth, and forming in double line, rode quickly up the declivity and halted in front of the chief. Evidently discipline had been duly taught them, and obedience reigned supreme. Fully three score horsemen with pistols in holster and knife in belt halted before Don Emilio, awaiting his command.

"Our captain, or, as his enemies prefer to call him, 'El Diablo,' demands of us all that we fulfill his wishes. In this company these wishes are as yet known to me alone. Death at the end of a lariat is the penalty of the man who fails me at this hour."

Thus spoke Don Emilio, and then he unfolded to them his plan. It was to descend on the hacienda at the siesta hour. He, Don Emilio, would seize the person of Senorita Dolores, the beautiful niece of Don Jesus Escandear, lord of the manor, and bear her away to the fastnesses of the high Sierras, to await the splendid ransom surely to be offered for her.

A low murmur of wonder arose in the robber band, and here and there the face of a desperado showed surprise. In their whole remembrance, El Capitan had warred against men only. Swift and summary vengeance awaited him of his followers who molested woman or child, but it was for him, their sworn leader, to command, and they would follow whithersoever his word led—even to the death.

The cavalcade swung after Don Emilio and Dario, down through the little valley which opened into a much larger one, ending just above the site of the great rancho house of the hacienda Aguas Calientes.

Don Emilio had thus planned: He would rush like a whirlwind on the ranch house, seize Senorita Dolores, while his men would stampede the horses of the rancho to hinder pursuit. Then he would flee through the valleys, whence he came, to the fastnesses of the high Sierras.

It was one hour past mid-day when Don Emilio and his followers sat on their horses at the mouth of the valley whence a road ran down to the hacienda Aguas Calientes. The drowsy heat had lulled all nature into sleep. A busy bee sometimes droned his way from blossom to blossom of the tall mustard; but the blackbirds had ceased their chatter, and long ago the lark had hidden in the grassy meadows after voicing from the airy heights a caressing love-note to his mate.

The waiting bandits sat on their horses with reins taut, feet pressed hard on the stirrups, their faces tense, ready at command to plunge the rowels to their horses' flanks, and swoop down like vultures on their prey below.

Suddenly the voice of Don Emilio, loud and piercing, sounded, "Adelante!" and they rushed on the rancho house. Emilio, the lieutenant, knew well that house. He had been a guest there, until he had dared make love to the Senorita Dolores, niece to the lord of the manor. The lady had spurned his love, and Don Escandear, her uncle, fuming with anger at the adventurer's temerity, had driven him forth. Now, Don Emilio would have revenge on uncle and niece alike. A duke's ransom would he ask for her safe return; then he would find his way again to Mexico and revel in the pleasures which there awaited him.

A part of the robber band rode to the horse corrals, tore aside the fastenings, and with loud "Hoop-las!" drove out the half-wild animals confined there and sent them scampering like mad across the grassy prairies.

Don Emilio rushed through the great front door of the mansion, and hastened to the apartments set aside for Dona Escandear and her children. He ran from room to room. Finally, he found the object of his search. Along the corridors he hurried, carrying the screaming, struggling Senorita Dolores in his arms. In the yard he passed the now fainting girl to ready hands and sprang to his saddle. A musket shot rang out, and his horse fell, bearing him to the ground. He extricated himself, mounted another horse which, swinging around, brought him face to face with a man who, with a smoking musket in his hand, was standing inside an open window of the topmost story of the rancho house.

"Ah, Don Senor Escandear!" said Don

Emilio. "I'll care for your niece, Senorita Dolores, for a time. A hundred thousand pesos will bring her back to you when you wish. I'll send you word where they shall be paid, never fear."

"Thief and ruffian!" shouted the Don. "I fired at you, not at your horse. I'll melt the money you demand and pour it molten down your accursed throat."

Several other musket shots sounded from the mansion and scattering pistol shots were heard in reply.

"Adelante!" called Don Emilio, and with Senorita Dolores half-insensible in his arms, he galloped back toward the valleys whence he came, his band following in perfect order—that is, all except one. Dario, the half-breed Indian had not ridden with the others in the attack. He had slackened pace, allowing the rest to pass him. As they swept around, he, unnoticed, turned rein, spurred into the chaparral at the north of the valley, and pushed helter-skelter over the broken country. He was riding his favorite horse, his pride and his joy, yet he drove the spurs mercilessly into its sides till the beast screamed with pain and dashed recklessly on. He sprang over chasms, climbed in and out of ravines, often missing death by the narrowest chance, yet he pressed on. Finally the horse jumped short and fell many feet to the bottom of a deep gully. Dario was much shaken up, but not badly injured. He freed himself from the plunging, thrashing animal, drew himself up by some hanging branches —then ran as fast as his bandy legs would carry him, ever onward to the north.

* * * *

On a rocky ridge about a mile north of the valley, which was just beyond the hacienda, there was standing a man, grim and silent. It was a striking figure, that —a man in the prime of life, of unusual height and with shoulders broad and strong. A red beard, long and heavy, covered his face, and shaggy red hair, escaping from his broad sombrero, covered his ears, and fell in tangled locks over his shoulders. With his left hand he held the bridle of his horse, an immense bay stallion; his right grasped the barrel of a ponderous old-fashioned rifle, the butt of which rested on the ground. Several dark-skinned men stood around him, appearing like pygmies in contrast to the giant.

"Emilio is slow," said he finally. "It is in the midst of the siesta, and he should strike now."

"Don Emilio is learned, El Senor Capitan, and well understands attack and defense," said one of the men.

"I wish I was as sure of his other qualities," growled El Senor Capitan to himself, the deep tones rumbling in his huge chest.

The others did not understand him. He spoke in English, and with the brogue of South Ireland. A native of the Golden Vale of Tipperary, he was. In his youth, the dream of martial glory haunted him, and he "took the shilling" of the young queen. He was assigned to the grenadier company of a Dublin regiment. Six feet four in his stockings, his shoulders a yard wide, he was the company's pride. Of course he loved a maid. She was petite and slender, hair and eyes dark, the complete opposite of her lover. The captain of his company, a newcomer from London, gay and debonair, saw the maiden and coveted her. Strange are the ways of a maid with a man! The giant soldier boy begged, objected, pleaded. His lady-love seemed to him to be as unheeding as stone. She could not bring herself to tell him that she had scorned the unholy offers of the Englishman and had flung his gold at his feet.

One day the grenadier was sent to the officers' quarters on an errand. While there, he heard his captain, in conversation with his brother officers, sneer at the virtue of all women. The soldier ground his teeth in silent fury. That afternoon on parade he saw the captain watching him. "You dirty Irish savage," he said, "can't you keep step with the company, or must the company keep step with you?" Again a sneer curled the captain's lips as in the mess room an hour before. The grenadier sprang from the line and brought down his heavy carbine with terrific force on the captain's head. For an instant he looked on the dead, crumpled mass at his feet, then fled from the parade ground. By some miracle he escaped capture. For years he lived in South America, his hand against every man. He could not know of the peasant maid in

Dublin, ever faithful to him, ever waiting word from him. His wandering feet brought him to the California coast, and his cunning, his courage and herculean strength had made him a bandit leader.

* * * *

"Look, look, Captain; they move!" cried one of the men. The clarion call of Don Emilio floated up to them, and the riders streamed down the grade to the hacienda. Soon the neighing of the stampeded horses mingled with the bellowing of frightened cattle.

"Well done!" said El Capitan. "Our part comes shortly. Emilio will fly south as if to make the Gabilan pass, driving some horses before him. Don Escandear and his fighting peons will follow as a matter of course. Then we appear and drive the cattle of the noble Don to our San Joaquin market for him. He will surely thank us when he returns from chasing Emilio, who will lead them on till the stars begin to shine, then slip away under cover of the dark."

The others laughed gleefully. Then the sullen roar of a musket shook the heavy, somnolent air, followed by another and yet another. The sharp, barking reports from the outlaws' pistols answered.

"Don Escandear is awake even in his sleep," laughed the chieftain. "His muskets speak the Spaniard's vengeance." His face twitched, and his eyes gleamed with the joy of battle.

A sharp, angry exclamation fell from El Capitan's lips.

"What in the name of the devil is Emilio doing! Why doesn't he fly to the south as I ordered him?" Don Emilio and his men were hurrying east, back toward the valleys whence they came.

No one replied to the bandit chief. The punishment of disobedience was death, and they knew it.

"Santa Maria!" cried El Capitan, "who comes here?" A man was running toward them through the underbrush. He was lame, and streaks of blood and perspiration mingled on his dusty face. He came tumbling on and fell whimpering and blubbering before the captain.

"Santa Maria!" exclaimed the chief again. "What has happened? It is Dario."

The story was soon told. Don Emilio would not flee south to decoy the fighting men from the hacienda, but had stolen the lady Dolores and was going to hide her in the high Sierras to await ransom. Once away, no man could find him, Emilio knew, not even El Capitan, unless he chose to reveal his hiding place. Likely he would dismiss the men at the "Great Slide," and ride on unattended.

El Capitan's rage was terrible to see. He stamped in fury. Foam churned from his lips as he gnashed his teeth like an angry boar. Then he found voice and the violent curses he had known in his soldier days flowed in torrents from his tongue. The men knew well the temper of the leader, and they discreetly kept their distance.

Suddenly the tempest ended. The captain was a man of action as well as of curses.

"Emilio goes east through the valleys and into the high mountains by way of the 'Great Slide,' you say?" he asked Dario.

"It is so, Senor Capitan," replied the half-breed.

"Follow me!" cried the captain.

A horse was provided Dario, and in a moment the bandits in double line, with perfect order, were following their savage leader El Capitan, or "El Diablo," as the people of the haciendas named him. He chose a route rising to a higher level than that over which Dario had come. It was more circuitous, but at least passable. They rode at break-neck speed.

Don Emilio, the disobedient, pressed through the valleys he had traveled a half hour since. He carried in front of him the girl Dolores, who was still half-insensible. He had reached the place of the former rendezvous, and he was looking towards a precipitous path leading to the great heights, when the immense horse of El Capitan, bearing its mighty rider, sprang on a rock thirty feet above him. The animal, urged by master with word and rein, braced its feet and slid down the steep sides, landing not a yard from the astounded lieutenant. El Capitan's men closed in from every side. Had they rained down from the sky, Emilio would not have marveled more.

El Capitan spoke to his horse and tightened the bridle rein. The great beast

sounded the terrible screaming neigh of the stallion and sprang against Don Emilio's mount, which lost its footing by the force of the impact. The strong arm of the hirsute giant reached the girl and drew her to him as horse and rider fell. Emilio freed himself in a trice from his struggling animal, grasped El Capitan's stirrup-strap, and with the litheness of the mountain lion, sprang to the back of the stallion, behind his adversary.

The lieutenant's eyes gleamed like a wolf's at bay, and his teeth showed cruelly through his heavy mustachios, as his knife flashed in the sunlight and drove straight at the jugular of El Capitan before him. El Capitan's left arm was holding the fainting girl; his right hand dropped the bridle rein and caught the descending arm of Don Emilio. Emilio's unusual strength wrenched his arm free even from the iron grasp of the giant leader. Leaning far over he struck again, this time at the form of the girl. Before the blow could descend, the half-breed Dario's lariat came hurtling through the air and looped over the shoulders of the desperate lieutenant. As an arrow leaves the bow, so was he hurled from the back of the stallion when Dario's horse, rushing under the spur, drew man and lariat with it.

El Capitan's right hand again caught the rein and he spoke to his horse. The great beast, again sounding the terrible screaming neigh, sprang on the prostrate Don Emilio and its hoofs trampled out his life.

El Senor Escandear, lord of the hacienda Aguas Calientes, rallied his fighting men. At the head of those who could secure horses he dashed hot-foot to the rescue of the beautiful Dolores.

From the mouth of the little valley, he saw El Capitan, the bandit chieftain, drive his horse down the almost perpendicular rock-side and snatch Dolores from the discomfited Emilio. Life almost left Don Escandear's own body as he saw the knife flash above his niece and her defender.

When his flying horse brought him to the scene he saw Dolores on the ground, partly reclining against a boulder and El Capitan bathing her forehead and hands with *aguadiente* from his pocket-flask. A mother's touch could not be more tender than was the hand of the outlaw chief on the fainting girl. The great bay stallion circled round his master, his heavy hoofs pawing the earth, while his raucous challenge, bidding defiance to the newcomers, echoed through the valley.

Senor Escandear sprang from his horse to the side of Dolores. The chieftain, straightening to his full height, faced the Spaniard.

"God of my soul!" cried the startled Don. "El Diablo!"

"If, according to your custom, I say 'at your service!' I would belie myself, for I serve no man," returned the other, smiling grimly.

"You speak truly," replied Escandear. "You serve neither God nor man, for by your daily thefts you outrage the laws of both."

The outlaw chieftain restrained the fierce passion within his breast, and spoke with forced calmness.

"Most upright Spaniard," he said, "the vast domain from hill to sea is yours, you claim. How came it so? The padres rescued it from the wilderness and the savage. You and your law stripped the padres of their lands. You were strong, the padres weak. Who, then, is more deserving of blame,— you, who in your strength, rob the weaker of their all, or I, who take from your countless herds a paltry few you never miss? Answer me that, lordly Spaniard."

Don Escandear's eyes struck fire. Wild words rushed to his tongue, but the choking rage within forbade all utterance for the moment. Five score desperadoes, fierce as timber wolves, were back of El Capitan, their sworn leader. Let him give the sign and they would fall on and rend Escandear and his fighting peons. These peons, trained in the martial spirit of their valiant master, looked on the bandits with eager, hungry gaze. At his word they would spring forward like unleashed hounds, ready and savage for the fray.

Senorita Dolores struggled to her feet and threw herself into Escandear's arms.

"Oh, uncle, uncle!" she said. "He saved me from that terrible man, and we must thank him."

"I thank you for reminding me," he

replied to the girl. Then with perfect courtesy he spoke to El Capitan:

"May I have the honor of knowing your name?"

"Coach O'Donnell is my name, though I am seldom called so here," was the reply.

"Senor O'Donnell, I, Don Jesus Maria y Jose Escandear, thank you in Senorita Dolores's name and in mine for your brave defense and rescue of her."

Every sombrero was doffed in deference to the names of the Holy Family in Nazareth of Galilee. El Capitan's great bay stallion was standing near him, watching his every move with almost human intelligence. The moving sombreros seemed to anger it. It gave the loud, unearthly neigh, and, with eyes flashing, ears laid back against its head, and its teeth bared, rushed at Don Escandear.

"Peace, peace, Drumlummon!" said the outlaw in his words of South Ireland brogue, and the horse, quieted by the master's voice, came to his side, fawning like a house dog.

With one hand lightly resting on the mane of the horse, El Capitan vaulted to his saddle apparently as deftly as a bird springs from ground to tree-branch. Wheeling his horse he faced Escandear, and said:

"In the years gone by, far across the seas I knew a girl, slender and pretty as is she your arms now hold. Her memory—though she may be unworthy, I know not—has restrained me from many a deed wilder than those that I have done. I would risk my life a hundred times to save your niece, or any like her, from death or harm."

He waved his hand to the waiting band and they filed along the precipitous path leading past the "Great Slide" up to the high mountains beyond.

"I go, Don Escandear, because I wish to go. Did I so wish, I could remain," he said, pointing to his hundred desperadoes.

He followed his men. At a short distance he halted, turned in his saddle, and added:

"I return, too, when I please, noble Escandear. Adios, fellow robber, brother mine." El Capitan's loud, mocking laugh followed the words.

Senor Escandear stood with arm around Senorita Dolores. He looked first at the bandit, then at his own fighting peons, then back to the bandit. A word from him and his men would fall on their enemies, and path and valley would echo the sounds of fierce battle. The honor of a hidalgo of Old Spain held back that word. Gratitude to the rescuer of the lady Dolores was the talisman.

Finally, Don Escandear called out "Adelante!" and waved his hand in the direction of the hacienda. He carried his niece homeward, as the false Emilio, whose body would be prey to vulture and coyote, had borne her away.

On the brow of the declivity whence he overlooked his domain, vast as many a European principality, the Don spoke musingly:

"El Diablo is well named. He is a devil. Moreover, he is a liar."

Then, as if to silence some dispute within, he repeated:

"I say he is a liar."

"Uncle mine, he is my rescuer!"

"Yes," child of my heart, but he is a liar."

However, in spite of the stirring events of the day, Don Escandear seemed more pensive than was his wont.

MY CONCEPTION OF ZIONISM

BY N. MOSSESSOHN, D. D. L.L. D.,

Editor of The Jewish Tribune

I. ITS ORIGIN

ZIONISM as an ideal is undefinable. Its aim, however, may be determined in a few short phrases: The awakening of the national feeling in the hearts of those Jews who, willingly or unwillingly, denationalized themselves, a return to Judaism, the revival of Jewish consciousness, the re-instating of the Hebrew language, the rejuvenating of the knowledge of Jewish history and literature and restoration of the Jewish nation to the land of their ancestors.

As an historical movement, it takes its inception from the very moment when the Jewish commonwealth was invaded and the Jewish land conquered by Nebuchadnezzar. The everlasting longing of Israel for the re-possession of their country is expressed by the Jewish prophets and bards. The *Disapore* is known in Hebrew literature as *"Shvuth"*—captivity. (Jeremiah XXXII:25; Ezekiel XXXIX: 25; Zephania III:20, and many other places), generally *"Shvuth Am"*—the captivity of the people (Jeremiah XXX:3; Hosea VI:11; Amos IX:14; Psalms XIV:7; LIII:6; and many more places in the Bible.) Noteworthy is the fact that Israel has always been so bound with his country that captive Israel is called "the captivity of Zion" (Psalms CXXVI:1). He who reads the Jewish Bible cannot but notice that each of its writers craves for Zion, that love for that country penetrates his whole self. This love and craving for Zion has not been dimmed in later generations; on the contrary, with every new generation it has been reimbued with more zeal. It is a love which neither space nor time could weaken.

The first real scattering of the Jews to North, East, West and South took place after the destruction of the Temple by Titus and Vespasian (70 C. E.), and brought forth a warrior, Bar Kochbah, and a Rabbi Akibah (118 C. E.), who flooded the Palestinian soil with the blood of tens of thousands of their co-religionists in the attempt to regain their country from the hands of the Romans. This calamity changed the Jews' policy for regaining Palestine to that of first regaining independence, even in another section of the world, as a road to the original endeavor of regaining Palestine. And history tells us that Joseph Nassi, in the middle of the sixteenth century, strove to obtain from the Republic of Venice an island for the Portuguese Jews, and at the same time asked the Jews of the Roman Campagna to emigrate to Palestine.

A similar attempt was made in 1540 by an Augsburg Jew, and later by the false Messiah, Sabbatai Zevi (1626-76). Many Christians, touched with pity for our suffering people, tried to secure for them a country where they might escape the persecution of the nations. A project of this kind was started in England about 1654, the details of which may be learned by reading a pamphlet, entitled "Privileges Granted to the People of the Hebrew Nation that are to Goe to the Wilde Cust," in manuscript in the British Museum. Colonies of this kind, with many administrative rights under the authority of the Dutch West India Company, were established in 1652 in Curacao, and in 1659 in Cayenne, by the French West India Company ("Tr. Jew. Hist. Soc. Eng. III:82), Maurice De Saxe, a natural son of August of Poland in 1749 projected to

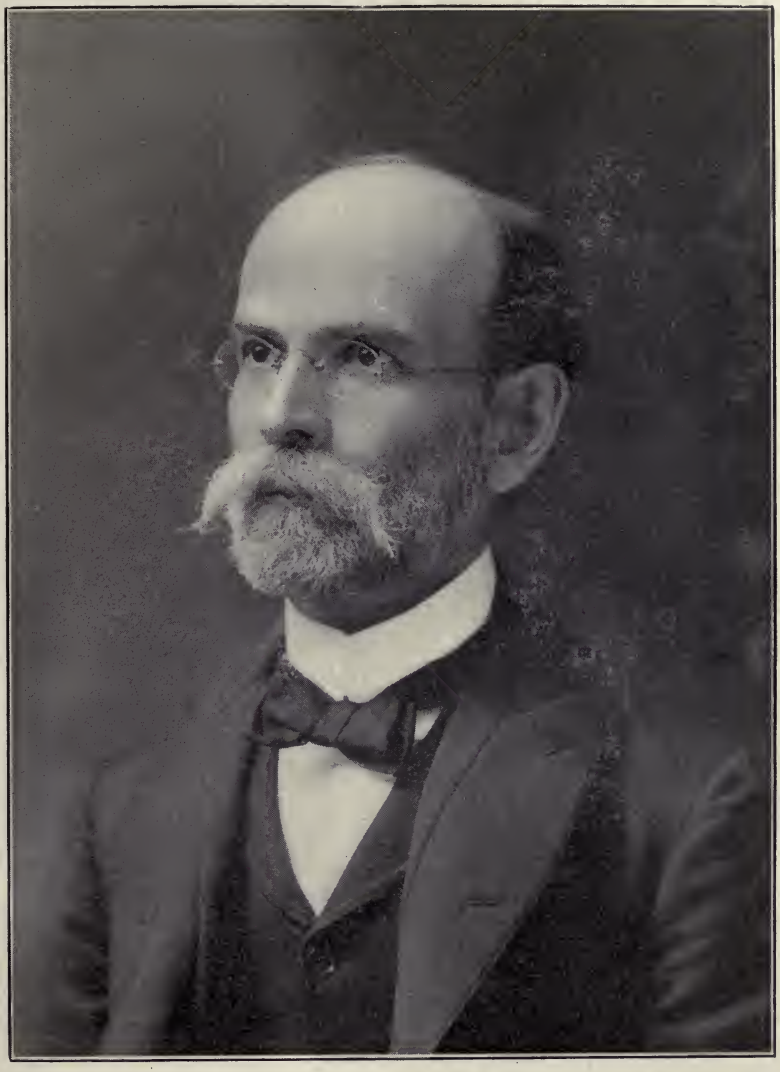
make himself king of a Jewish State to be founded in South America (M. Kohler, in *"Menorah,"* June, 1892). The *"Monitor Universelle,"* No. 243, published a document from Napoleon, in which he invited the Jews of Asia and Africa to settle in Jerusalem under the aegis. In 1819, W. D. Robinson proposed a Jewish settlement in the upper Mississippi and Missouri territory. In 1850 Varden Cresson, Consul to Jerusalem, who, when converted to Judaism, took the name of Michael C. Boaz Israel, established a Jewish agricultural colony near Jerusalem, enlisting the support of the late Rabbi Isaac Leeser, of Philadelphia, and L. Philippson of Magdeburg (M. Kohler in "Publ. Am. Jew. Hist. Soc." No. VIII, p. 80). As early as 1818, Mordecai Noah made propaganda for the restoration of Israel to Palestine, and on January 20, 1820, his memorial to the New York Legislature, praying that Grand Island be sold to him, was presented.

Joseph Salvador in 1830 believed in the possibility that a Congress of European powers might restore Palestine to Israel. Even the Alliance Israelite Universelle under Albert Cohn and Charles Netter, believing in this idea, began to colonize Jews in Palestine, and founded the agricultural school, *Mikveh Israel,* near Jaffa. In 1852, Hollingsworth, an Englishman, urged the establishment of a Jewish State. In 1864, in Geneva, appeared a pamphlet under the title *"Devoir des Nation de Rendre au Peuple Juif Sa Nationalite,"* the authorship of which was ascribed to Abraham Petavel, a Christian clergyman, a member of the *Alliance Israelite Universelle,* whose great ambition was to convert Jews to Christianity. His denial of this supposition was not accepted because of his long poem, *"La Fille de Sion ou la re Retablissement d'Israel"* (Paris, 1864) which pursues the same purpose. Though this plan was opposed by the *"Archive,"* yet Lazar Levy-Binga, banker of Nancy and later a member of the Legislature, defended Jewish nationalism and expressed his hope that Jerusalem will become the ideal center of the world. In 1868, J. Frankel, of Strassburg, published a pamphlet with the title *"Retablissement de la Nationalite Juive,"* in which he pleaded for the re-establishment of the Jewish State in Palestine by purchase of that country from Turkey. However, if Palestine be unattainable, he proposed to seek and find another country where the Jews could find a fixed home. This revival of Jewish nationalism was also advocated by Moritz Steinschneider (between 1835-1840), who founded a student society in Prague for the purpose of propagating a Jewish state in Palestine. One year later an anonymous writer in the *"Orient"* (No. 26, p. 200) published an appeal to Israel to procure Syria for the Jews under Turkish sovereignty. In 1847, Bartholemy published a lengthy poem in *"Le Siecle,"* urging the Rothschilds to restore the kingdom of Judah to its former glory. Judah ben Solomon Alkalai, Rabbi of Semlin, Croatia, published his "Goral Ladonai—a Lott to the Eternal" (Vienna, 1857), in which he advocated the formation of a stock company for the purpose of inducing the Sultan to cede Palestine to the Jews as a tributary State. "Palestine must be colonized and worked by the Jews in order that it may live again commercially and agriculturally," wrote Luzatto from Padua to Albert Cohn in Paris in 1854.

The founder of the Geneva Convention, Henry Dunant, tried to interest in this project the *Alliance Israelite Universelle* (1863), the Anglo-Jewish Association in London, and the Jews of Berlin (1866), founding two societies for that purpose: The International Palestine Society, and in 1876 the Syrian and Palestine Colonization Society.

Sir Moses Montefiore laid before Mohammed Ali a plan to colonize Jews in Palestine (1840), and Lord Shaftesbury, a member of the Society for the Relief of Persecuted Jews assisted in this plan. In 1879, Benedetto Musoline and Laurence Oliphant advocated the same plan. Among the writers who, during the past few centuries, advocated Zionism in their books, are David ben Dob Gordon (1826-1886), Zebi Hirsch Kalischer (1795-1874); Elijah Guttmacher; Moses Hess; Heinrich Graetz, the historian; Peter Smolenskin, editor "Hashachar;" Levi Levanda; Disraeli; George Eliot; Gustav Cohen; Emma Lazarus and others. (The Jewish Encyclopedia, Vol. XII, p. 666-686.)

Though this agitation in favor of Zion-



N. Mossessohn, D. D. LL. D.

ism was pursued by the Jews soon after Bar Cochba's lost battle, yet practical work for reaching the goal of Zionism was commenced by the *Chovevei Zion,* started in Odessa, Russia, under the leadership of Dr. Lev Pinsker (1821-1891), and the first Jewish colony in Palestine was founded in 1874. What Zionism has accomplished from that time until our own day will be the subject of another chapter.

II. ITS CAUSE.

From the cradle, the Jew is a truth-seeker. From childhood he is a reasoner. To him, truth means such an idea which can stand reason. Abraham, the first Hebrew, who broke his father's idols and chose Jehovah for his God, was not afraid to reason even with Jehovah and call His attention to the highest ethical principle, "Justice." "Wilt thou also destroy the righteous with the wicked?" "Shall not the judge of all the earth do right?" (Gen. XVIII:23, 25.) Howsoever the conversation between Abraham and Jehovah may be interpreted, no one can deny that it conveys the idea of the Jews' seeking after right, which is always in accord with reason. This Bible which is filled with "thou shalt" and "thou shalt not," does not contain any commandment or order to believe in God, because blind belief cannot stand the application of reason. Notwithstanding the many books printed on Jewish theology, the truth of the matter is, that the Jew has no theology at all."

"Mysterious things belong to Jehovah" is a rule given in Deutoronomy XXIX: 28; and therefore the Jewish Bible does not contain any hint about the future world or resurrection of the dead which cannot reasonably be proven. Upon these principles the Jews have been raised, and these principles they cherish and practice. As reason and right demand that other people be judged from their own standpoint and not from the standpoint of the judge, the Jews have not tried to impose their beliefs and principles upon others. "Let all the people walk each in the name of his god," is the rule of the Jews. Reason dictates to the Jews that when "the earth will be full of the knowledge of Jehovah, as the waters cover the sea" (Isaiah XI:9) then "Jehovah will be the king of all the world, in that day shall Jehovah be one and his name one" (Zacharia XIV:9). This is the policy of the Jews, and therefore there are no Jewish missionaries for the purpose of converting the world to Judaism.

As much as we would like to omit all theological controversies, we cannot but involve some in this case, taking into consideration that, while Judaism is a passive religion, Christianity is an active one. While Judaism awaits *wisdom,* Christianity demands *belief;* while the number of the *wise* is small, the number the *believers* is legion; while the Jews have no power whatever, the Christians have obtained a world-wide power; it is no wonder that Christianity succeeded in its conversion business. But this success did not include the Jews. This handful of people kept to its faith; nay, its very existence is a living protest against Christianity. While conquering the religions of millions of Romans, Christians could not conquer the little countryless nation—the Jews.

Because of this failure, as also the everlasting rule that any sect sprung from a religious body is inimical to its originator, Christianity became the enemy of Judaism. The Romans conquered the country of Israel; Christianity strove to conquer Israel's conscience. The means taken for the enlightenment of the Jews by the Christians in the name of Christianity, supported by the just or unjust interpretation of the teaching of Jesus, the Jew, are recorded with the life-blood of millions of Jewish men, women and children upon the annals of history.

It was Germany, France and other nations which reaped the fruit of the Jews' ingenuity, but the originator, the real producer of that ingenuity was always forgotten. It was not Mendelssohn, the *Jewish* philosopher; not Mendelssohn the *Jewish* musician and composer, but Mendelssohn, the German philosopher, the *German* musician. It was not Disraeli, the *Jewish* statesman, but Disraeli the *English* statesman, and so on. Besides, the mock conversion of talented Jews deprived the Jews of many of its best and wisest men. True, they did not

accept Christianity because of belief therein; they were always Jews in spirit to the very last breath, yet were they no longer Jews; no longer did they belong to their nation. By conversion they became ostracised individuals; they did not belong to the Christians and were separated from the Jews. This is a pain in Israel's heart which cannot be cured by any other means than by obtaining a country of their own, where Jewish genius shall be recognized as *Jewish;* where Jewish attainments should not be usurped by countries which considered him an alien. The Jews can no longer live among the nations of the world as aliens. The fact that no nation can absorb the Jews, on the one hand, and that the Jews resist absorption in the other, prove the Jews to be a people which "shall dwell alone, and shall not be reckoned among the nations," and this Israel cannot accomplish without a country of his own. No country is adaptable to Israel's philosophy, beliefs, thoughts and religion. Not Russian persecution, nor murderous attacks of the middle ages upon Israel originated Zionism. No. The demand for the preservation of Israel's individuality, of his religion, the retention of the teachings of his sires as he understands them, which are threatened in the countries of the nations, these are the causes of Zionism. Zionism is the effect of the enumerated causes, which cannot be remedied otherwise than by the segregation of Israel in a land of his own, where he may enjoy an environment of his own.

Zionism is not a sign of cowardice, but the proof of bravery. It is the remedy against assimilation, which means loss of the Jews' individuality. Israel is to-day as proud of his faith, of his philosophy, of his thoughts and of his world-wide teachers as he was when upon his own soil. And this pride he does not want to lose by assimilation. Zionism is not brought forth through fear of physical destruction, but for the purpose of rebuilding and reconstructing that Jewish consciousness which has never yet ceased to be cherished in the hearts of the majority of Israel since the fall of the second temple. Yes, the assimilation scare is of very great moment.

Zionism has done yet something else. It has returned to Judaism those descendants of the "reformers" of Judaism who found their "religious" inception in the Mendelssohnian era when a minority of German rabbis, for the sake of gaining equal rights with the native Germans, did not hesitate to give up their nationality and desert their religion.

TO AN EGYPTIAN SCARAB

BY CHARLES ELMER JENNEY

A tiny beetle, round and smooth and black,
  Young Khepra spied, while playing by the Nile,
  With curious interest watched it for a while
Toiling, Sisyphus-like, along its track.
Then, happy thought, hid it within his plaque,
  And back to court he scampered with a smile,
  And while Marc Antony did her beguile,
Dropped Coleoptera down Cleopatra's back.

Now Cleopatra, in imperious pride,
A royal edict had spread far and wide,
  Whatever came beneath her royal touch
  Became thus sacred and remained as such.
Hence thou to-day adorn my lady's bonnet,
Thou tumble-bug, and also hence this sonnet.

A LETTER FROM BARBARY

BY L. L. M. B.

FOR TWO DAYS a terrific storm had lashed the Mediterranean with fury, and the open decks were deep in melting snow and hail, when they told us we had reached Algiers. With the accustomed confidence of travelers, we crawled down the gangway and jumped into a little rowboat, committing ourselves to the care of an Arab whose face, seen but for a moment in the flash of a ships' lantern, had little in it to reassure us. Having left the shadow of the great ship the night shut out all vision except a few feet of tossing water against which was silhouetted the moving fez, head and shoulders of the African oarsman. Then, two lights and the shrill whistle of a tug off to the left as it sighted the launch on our right—a dim-lit flight of stone steps on which the waves broke continuously—a motley crowd of Frenchmen, Arabs, Moors, negroes and half-breeds shrouded in their strange costumes, and the blackness of the storm and midnight.

That was all we saw of Algiers as we approached it, but in the morning! The sun had risen in his beauty; the gay, bright, beautiful city shone in the brilliancy which never comes but after a great storm. The slush of yesterday was very real, but no truer than the flowers of to-day. The inhabitants smile an especial welcome and assure us that winter is over, the belated January storm is past.

What a city it is, French to the eye, and the heart all Arab! We are established at a little hotel in the Place de la Republique, where the cuisine is famous among French officers, and where the proprietor, Madame Recoul, sits by the hour in her little office shelling peas and superintending the business of the house, in the execution of which she is assisted by children and grandchildren. Past our windows all day goes the kaleidoscopic crowd, European and African. The Persian vendor of silks and shawls, who displays his goods on the stairs, adds the Oriental note to the Continental chord. The tinkle of donkey bells, the clang of trolley gongs, the honk of big automobiles, the spat of bare feet, the click of wooden heels, the strident Arab cries and the clatter of steel-shod horses rend the air from morn till eve; then a hush, the twang of a guitar in the dark, and the ripple of a French woman's laugh where the lights of the cafe shine brightest; a whiff of African tobacco and the muffled murmur of an Arab night.

A beautiful drive along the cliffs to the westward gave us a good idea of the city and its suburbs. The view from the terrace of the high-perched church, Notre Dame d'Afrique, is beyond compare. No wonder it is there that special prayers are continually said for those at sea, for it seems as if even human eyes could compass all the seas of the world from that eminence.

But Algiers the well known is not what we came to see, and we already have our ticket for Biskra, bartering the comfort of the *wagon de lit* for the daylight views of the mountains.

How much of Africa is not "sunny plain" we never realized till now. For a whole day we traveled through mountains, grand, green and verdure clad, then brown, grey and pink; magnificent in outline, inspiring in elevation, with here and there fertile valleys and cultivated plains. A few hardy French peasants have settled there, but the majority of the sparse population is made up of the hardy Kabiles. A tribe of Arabs differing much from those met on the coast, where European influence and blood have produced something of a mongrel. These men lack the elegance of the Arab of the desert and are

inferior to him in intellectuality; but they are far more thrifty and sturdy. Their women go unveiled, and have some rights which are respected. They till their soil and support themselves in a kind of comfort by the labor of their hands. Still the life in their mountain fastnesses is largely dominated by the rule of the right that is made by might; and they probably appear much like the fabled robber barons to the French settlers.

The railroad is all the way paralleled by the old military road built by the French at the time of their occupation. Every few miles we have seen convicts seated by that roadside patiently breaking stone and carefully placing it in worn spots. Over the great highway pass a surprising variety of travelers. Queer high, uncomfortable, mud-besplashed stages, drawn by three horses hitched abreast, run from hamlet to hamlet carrying the French peasants, some freight and the Kabiles who are too poor to own even a donkey. Small squads of French cavalry pound monotonously along, carrying messages or supplies to the engineering corps. Heavily-laden donkeys stagger by with loads of grain, fruit or fowls; or carrying an owner who seems larger than his beast. The farm houses are clustered about the railroad stations, and are the only abodes to be seen, till evening comes on, when the low brown tents of the wretched nomad goat herds become familiar sights.

After a night's lodging at El Guerrah and another early morning start, we were entertained for some distance by the lovely pink flamingoes which strutted proudly about in a succession of shallow lakes looking for breakfast, or sailed overhead with their harsh calls of warning. More mountains striped with pink, brown and grey, and beautiful with purple shadows. The lakes have emptied themselves into a little green stream, and for hours we follow the windings and turnings of a growing river. Twisted and fretted by mountain angles, it is lashed into foam and spray; still it falls and grows in its narrow bed. We on the railroad can only keep up by aid of many a bridge and tunnel.

Will we ever be through with these vast, bare, cruel, granite mountains! Nothing green left but the water of the river and the few eucalyptus trees at the stations. A sudden turn, a tunnel black as Egyptian darkness, and wonder of wonders! ninety thousand palm trees swaying in the breeze, crooning gently to their care-takers in the low, almost hidden, mud houses clustered along the myriad little canals to which the green river has given its all. El Kantara —the gate of the desert—and there beyond the sun-kissed stretches of Sahara. Thirty-five miles away may be dimly discovered the oasis of Biskra, the last large oasis till one has traveled many weary days over the shifting sands.

Queen of the Desert, as the Arabs call it, and Key of the Desert as the French consider it, Biskra is a garrison town, an important mission station, and has for centuries been the center of the caravan trade in dates. It is located as if at the opening of a great horse-shoe of mountains, a drop of good luck to the desert, and many a caravan owner has grown rich carrying the yield of its two hundred thousand palm trees to European traders. Great, vari-colored mountains to the East, North and West, to the South, Sahara the Wonderful! There is a love for mountains which is akin to friendship; there is a delight in the sea which pulses with one's blood, but the fascination of the desert transcends them all, little as we dwellers in cities may realize it. For generations men have lived in the oases of the desert, for centuries they have crossed it in pursuit of commerce or pleasure; still, none has ever made the slightest impression upon it. No path, no new oasis, no human touch; trackless as the ocean and ready to whisper the secrets of rest and thought to any one who will surrender to solitude. No adornment of man could add to the harmony of its colors, no form of building could intensify the beauty of its lines, no human alchemy distill a perfume like the fragrance of its breeze, no music of man could be more suggestive than the whispers of its silent sands.

Biskra is surrounded by a wall and ditch, and an old watch tower on a hill still commands the town and plain. Inside the wall, one street is in French style with one-story stucco arcaded buildings, a double row of mimosa trees forming a shaded walk for most of its length. The judiciary buildings and residence are here, across the way the fort and the

monastery of the Militant priests, an order founded by Cardinal Lavigerie for the suppression of the slave trade. An heroic statue of the Cardinal draped in many vestments, and extending the cross of his sword hilt as if in blessing to the desert, commands one end of the mimosa walk.

There is much of romance in the ideals and career of that warrior priest. While Bishop of Algiers, he was impressed by the near horrors of the slave trade, and with the permission of Rome, organized an order of fighting priests, the members of which order seem to have carried at the point of their swords almost the only religious argument which has appealed to the followers of the Prophet in Barbary.

The native city abounds in irregular streets, unpaved except for the ditch in the center, where refuse always collects, and which is difficult to flush, as the dry air and sun seem to absorb even a good-sized stream of water before it has run many feet. Windowless walls pierced by but one heavy door are all that one sees of the homes of the Arabs from the street. An occasional geranium or oxalis strayed from some forgotten box on the roof has lodged in a crevice of the wall and does its best to break the monotony which otherwise is only interrupted by the varying colors of the doors. From the tower of the hotel at sunset one discovers that the low roofs with their parapets are the true living rooms of the family, and all sorts of domestic scenes are presented to the eye. No wonder the Muezzin who calls to prayer from the minaret must be blind.

An Arab of position, when dressed in his best, is certainly the most gorgeous creature who walks the earth. Delicately tinted broadcloth braided in color, black or silver, is used for the full trousers, vest and short coat. Over this is draped one, two, or even three, burnouses. The under one being white, a second possibly pearl, and lastly one of the color and shade of his family, it may be blue, brown or some shade of red. To crown all, there is the round-topped fez, wrapped by rolls of beautiful embroidery till it becomes a turban, in the front of which "my lord" will be proud to wear a jewel. No Arab of the Desert ever works unless he is starving. They are the landed proprietors of the country, and live on their rentals and the increase of their herds. They ride beautiful horses, if they can afford it, and with their short stirrups and gay harness present the picturesque appearance that one's childhood dreams have conjured.

Many of the people who cannot afford horses ride donkeys, the size of the beast diminishing with the lack of cash. No one ever mounts a camel except for one of the long desert journeys where they alone can live.

Among the Biskarisk a bit of sour bread and a handful of dates with a little coffee are the usual daily food, except for the fortunate few who are rich. Just outside the city we came in contact for the first time with the nomads of the desert. Their dreadful poverty is appalling. The hair of their few goats, and the hard-gleaned brush for firewood which they take to town on their very small donkeys bring them their only revenue.

The oasis of Biskra contains 250,000 palm trees, of which the only cultivation necessary is the daily turning on of the water which runs in ditches through the gardens. An old Arab proverb says: "A palm tree must have its head burned by the sun and its feet chilled by pure water if you would have fruit." Water rights are curiously arranged. Little lateral ditches lead off from the main stream to each man's garden, and each is allowed water for a certain number of hours daily. When the time expires a little mud dam is hoed across the canal and the water runs on to a neighbor. The office of water guardian is as much sought after as that of sheriff is with us, and he it is who spends his time opening and closing the ditches with his heavy, broad-bladed hoe as a staff of office.

The market is, of course, the pivot of interest. There in an enclosure of perhaps an acre is sold all that, to the Arab family, seems necessary—grain, wool, nuts, dates, bread, beads, brass, bottles, fowls, perfumes, slippers, vegetables, old clothes, silk and woolen haiks and burnouses, fruits, charms and jewelry. During the hours of trade, one's very life is in danger from the excited crowd. When it is all over, the merchants squat contentedly down for the absorbing game of dominoes.

The town boasts one tram line running

a mile and a half outside the wall to the ancient and original settlement. There the streets are even narrower and not so clean as nearer the fort, and there, too, is quite a settlement of negroes, some of whom have become the musicians of the cafes, also it is usually from this village that those weird processions come which seem the embodiment of all that is grotesque.

"Hi-ya! hi-yah!" yelled the small boys as they rushed away all in one direction. The staid grown-ups begin to unroll themselves from their places along the benches by the sunny walls outside the cafes, where, wrapped in many burnouses, they have been dreaming the morning away; they slip their stockinged feet into yellow slippers, preparatory to follow; we, too, join in the rush, and soon find ourselves in the place of the camel market. A great caravan of ninety-two camels had just come in from Timbuctoo. Eighty and six times the sun had risen and shown them the sand of the desert path. Eighty and six times from its hidden caves of mystery had the desert sent them the cool wind of the night. Now, jaded and worn, the animals kneel to be relieved of their burdens while the camel drivers and the merchants and the crowd yell commands, jeers, jokes and greetings. The cargo is dates, carpets and gold dust, and is all packed in the striped brown camel's-hair bags, the like of which have been used since the time of the patriarchs. The trip has made the owner of the train rich as business counts riches, but what has he felt and known during the journey. Solitude and silence and space teach lessons that cannot be learned in the haunts of men. Space and silence and solitude with the shadows and the night wind murmuring low, the song of the ever-shifting sand lulling to rest, and the stars hanging so low that one sees beyond them. Solitude, silence and space, where the sun pours relentlessly down, discovering each black mote in the plain and giving its rightful brilliancy to each white crystal in the sand. In that light, deception and convention shrivel and consume away; true values appear. There is no God but God, and He is Good.

A Frenchman built a chateau and planted a garden in Biskra that he might know the secret of life. There any one who would listen and think may search for the great answer. There from the shadow of the verdure looking off across the desert where the only blossoms are those that flower in the mind, one sees the rider dismount as the sun reaches the zenith, and facing Mecca, prostrate himself in prayer. "Allah keep me true, Allah give me power, Allah prosper the work of my hands."

MY FAITH IN YOU

BY SAIDEE GERARD BUGBEE

I trusted you with all the heart of me,
And with all the soul, and strength and mind.
To lose that faith would be to lose
That Thing that soul and body bind.
So long as my soul has faith in God,
My heart in the heart of you shall trust.
And so long as my heart has faith in you,
Trust God, with all my soul, I must!

A CONFIRMATION

Since the return from Mexico of the Overland Monthly's special staff writer, Mr Pierre N. Beringer, and the publication in this magazine of his reports on the real conditions existing in that much-maligned republic, numerous letters have reached the publisher, congratulating the Overland Monthly for its enterprise and its success in controverting, after cool, unbiased and thorough investigation, the sensational articles regarding Mexico that have appeared in several American journals. The letter printed below is a fair sample of the many received, and is selected by reason of the impartiality of the writer, his independence of political influence, and his familiarity with conditions in Mexico. Mr. Cebrian is associated with the Squier Manufacturing Company, of Buffalo, N. Y.—EDITOR.

Buffalo, N. Y., July 26, 1910.
Editor Overland Monthly, 773 Market St.
San Francisco, Cal.

DEAR SIR—

Allow me to congratulate you on account of the timely and well written articles appearing in your valuable magazine for this month, with reference to the true conditions existing in Mexico as against those reported in the "Barbarous Mexico" articles recently published by an enterprising but misinformed magazine of New York City.

By your efficient and benevolent enterprise in sending an able and unbiased correspondent to investigate things in Mexico, and by reporting his findings in a straightforward manner, you have not only proved that you belong to the uplifting class of Americans who have contributed to make this country great and the West in particular prosperous and happy, but by unveiling the truth in this connection, you have, incidentally, also shown that your contemporary of the Eastern metropolis is either very "yellow" and slanderous to the extent that he would not stop at tearing down the delicate structure of our international relations in order to create undue excitement and sell his papers, or else that he has been very careless in accepting and publishing articles with regard to Mexico which have every appearance of having been written in corner saloons under evil influences or in the obscure quarters of the would-be revolutionists, whose aim in life is to create a chaos in order to profit by the consequent spoils. These articles are so distant from the truth that few people would believe what they are intended to represent. In fact, if the conditions reported in the "Barbarous Mexico" articles were in any way at par with the truth, the people in this country would have known the facts long ago. But the fact is, that the case is just the contrary, and quite opposite to what has been reported in these articles.

I have traveled in Mexico several times, and have covered the territory as far south as Chiapas and north to Chihuahua, my first general trip having been made about twenty years ago in behalf of American manufacturers. Even in my early trips, I did not find conditions there in any ways similar to those reported by the New York magazine. On the other hand, I could not help but feel very favorably impressed by your articles on the subject because they correspond exactly with my personal knowledge of and experience in Mexico. One always feels glad when others corroborate what he knows, and when I read the reports by your correspondent I at once felt confident that he knew what he was talking about, and that he had actually traveled in Mexico, and that his investigations had been made in the open air. There is no use of going over what he has already so ably stated, but may I be allowed to repeat just one thing. Your correspondent says that President Diaz is surrounded on all sides by able assistants, poor and wealthy, who strive to make a good name for their country. This is absolutely true, and we find as Governor of Chiapas, for instance,

a man who is far from being rich (and he has been Governor for over four years). He is, however, a highly educated gentleman, having attended school in Germany and France, and has traveled extensively, the United States having been included in his trips. His only thought is for the welfare of his constituents, the education of the new generation and the uplifting of the Indian race within his jurisdiction. His name, Ramon Rabasa, will go down in the history of his State as that of one of the able and patriotic pioneers of the "Modern Mexico" era.

At the extreme north of the Republic we find Enrique C. Creel, a man many times a millionaire, piloting the ship of Government of the State of Chihuahua with as much energy and enthusiasm as his compatriot of the south, a man who has grown robust in body and mind by delivering all that is good in him for the benefit of mankind. He is a Rockefeller in wealth, but anybody can approach and talk to him, and the only golf he plays is with his pen directing the affairs of State of his country. It is not through his millions that he became Governor of Chihuahua, his native State, but by his eminent qualifications. Enrique C. Creel is what in this country we call a self-made man, since from a poor office boy he soon occupied responsible positions in banks, and through his tireless efforts and without trespassing on the rights of his fellowmen, he is now the owner of several banks, rich mines and manufacturing establishments. He is said to be the richest man in Mexico. We know him well in this country, because, when he was Mexican Ambassador in Washington, his name and that of our own illustrious Elihu Root, then Secretary of State, were often linked together in affairs pertaining to the Latin-American Republics. A Mexican by birth and in ideals, he is the equal of any American in progressive ideas, and he has made of Chihuahua a model State. Now it is impossible that with the excellent example set by the Governors of the extreme South and the extreme North States, the Governors of the States in the interior may not be doing as well, because it all comes about by the general example and the generalship of the master builder, Porfirio Diaz, who has devoted his entire life to the building of a nation which will ever stand as a worthy monument to his memory.

To those who would have us believe that the peace and progress of Mexico will end with his passing to the Great Beyond, I will say that Diaz will pass to his everlasting reward in the natural course of things, but the germ of good government which he has planted and has proved so prolific will live forever, not only for the benefit of our sister republic across the Rio Grande, but its influence has already spread and will continue to spread through all the Latin-American Republics as well.

Respectfully yours,

CARLOS CEBRIAN.

38 Dewitt St., Buffalo, New York.

"OF NO USE BUT TO OWNER"

BY O. RIEHL

IT HAPPENED on the 5:20—the boat that carries the largest crowd during the evening service. After depositing my bundles and packages in a safe corner—and leaving all cares and business troubles behind me, I lit a cigar and commenced to stroll leisurely along the deck.

The water of the bay swept past in a clear green flood—the ships at anchor were clothed in their gayest colors, while the gulls that followed in our wake scudded along in great circles overhead.

I received a familiar slap on the back and, turning, caught the waggish eye of my neighbor, "the Doctor."

"Well, you do seem interested in the latest samples of Uncle Sam's Navy," he began.

"Yes; but wait until 'Fighting Bob' comes—in the spring——"

"You'll have to show me," resumed the Doctor, "something better than the Oregon," and blew off some of the pride of a good Californian in the form of a great cloud of cigar smoke.

The merits of the various vessels composing the visiting squadron were discussed with the intense enthusiasm of a landsman who obtains his information from the columns of an irresponsible daily newspaper.

As the conversation progressed and the life and deeds of "Fighting Bob" were being recalled and described, much to the edification and pleasure of a small knot of commuters, the whistle suddenly blew and our boat glided into the slip.

Grasping my packages and bundles, I observed the Doctor helping himself to a neatly tied parcel that lay at the top of the pile. Without paying further attention to the incident, we boarded our train and were soon speeding away for home.

"Here's your bundle—I thought I'd help you with your load until we got to the station."

"It's not my bundle, Doc., old man; I'm obliged to you; I thought it belonged to you."

"And I thought it belonged to you," he added excitedly. "What shall I do with it?"

"Give it to the man who owns it," I replied.

After due deliberation it was decided not to open the package until the "Lost and Found" columns of the newspapers had been thoroughly scanned, with a view of locating its rightful owner.

Four days slipped past and no reward. The doctor's conscience was commencing to smite him badly, and he felt as guilty as a thief.

As a last resort the package was opened, and after breaking and tearing through a mass of cardboard and tissue paper, the Doctor's eyes almost fell out of their sockets.

A mighty roar went into the air: "Just look," he cried, "what we've done;" and giving another hearty laugh. I felt that the Doctor was going mad.

"I'd have recognized it in a hundred. Tough case it was, too."

Hastily grasping the bundle from his hand, I found a small vial, and pasted thereon was the following inscription:

"St. James Hospital. Operation 415. Patient, Walter Graehme. Surgeon, Dr. James Worrington."

The owner, none less than our good friend, Walt. Graehme, was at first inclined to be indignant, but after due explanations had been offered and the mystery cleared, all had a good laugh.

We had taken the package containing the vermiform appendix of our good friend Walt. The Doctor had performed the operation, and I believe him when he said he recognized an old friend in the bottle.

The package is now en route, after an unintentional delay, to an uncle of Walt's in Pennsylvania, who is much interested in his speedy recovery.

VIII. Their Sabbath and Jubilee

BY C. T. RUSSELL
Pastor Brooklyn Tabernacle

THE KEEPING of the seventh day in conjunction with the right of circumcision specially marked the Jew, and, in their own estimation, separated them from all other peoples; for to none other did God give either of these institutions. The assumption of Christians that the Sabbath Day was given to them or an obligation to keep it imposed upon them, is a mistake. Nothing in the Word of God warrants it. It is, however, evidently fitting that Christians should observe a weekly day of rest, and very properly custom so has it. And the first day of the week is observed appropriately instead of the seventh, the Jewish Sabbath. The first day of the week is The Lord's Day in the special sense that—

(1) It marks the new order of things as beginning.

(2) As a memorial of the resurrection of the Redeemer it symbolizes all the Christian hopes founded upon the death and resurrection of the Savior.

The Sabbath Day was commanded to the Jew, while no command respecting a day of rest has been given to the Christian. With the latter, the matter was left open and optional, so as to prove a test to their devotion and appreciation of their privileges. The observance of the Sabbath Day on the part of the Jews was not optional, but mandatory, because, like all other features of their Law, it was a type foreshadowing a great antitype. God designed that the type should persist, at least until the antitype arrived.

Jewish System of Sabbaths.

It has not been very generally observed either by Christians or Jews, that Israel's seventh day Sabbath was only one feature of a system of Sabbaths. Seven such Sabbaths, representing forty-nine days, brought them to the fiftieth day or Pentecost, an occasion of special sacredness and blessing. Nor was this all. They had a similar Sabbath system in years. Every seventh year was commanded as a Sabbath year. Following seven of these Sabbath years came the fiftieth year, otherwise known as the Jubilee Year. The basic thought connected with all of these Sabbaths was rest—abstension from labor, the implication being that God would provide an eternal rest. And the thought connected with the Jubilee or Pentecost day and the fiftieth or Jubilee year was that the perfection of rest would be attained therein—not by anything that the Sabbath-keeper himself would accomplish, but by Divine arrangement for his blessing.

God's Chosen People have striven faithfully to observe their Sabbath Day and to ignore the financial losses resulting. But it has been a hard task for them, especially in view of the fact that the Christian Sabbath is generally observed, and that their faithfulness generally signifies the loss of two-sevenths of their time from money-making. Instead of twitting them about their Sabbath, Christians should admire that loyalty to God's command which prompts the orthodox Jew to keep his Sabbath obligations at financial loss. It requires principle to do this, and principle implies character. And loyalty to God should be appreciated and commended wherever it is found.

What a stretch of faith in God's providence was implied in the attempt of God's Chosen People for a time to keep not only the Sabbath Days, but also the Sabbath

Years—to allow the land to rest absolutely every seventh year; also on the fiftieth year. To have it lie idle two years in succession must have been a trial of patience, as well as of faith. Faithfulness to that command would surely have brought to God's Chosen People a decrease of selfishness and an increase of faith. The lesson persisted in would undoubtedly have had a moulding and transforming influence upon the entire nation. But they did not continue it. In a half-hearted manner they pretended obedience to this Law for 969 years—nineteen Jubilees and nineteen years beyond the last one. Then God declared that their observance of the year Sabbaths and Jubilee was unsatisfactory to him, and He gave them all their Jubilee years at once. Since then they have made no pretense of observing the Jubilee Years and their cycles of 7x7 years.

The seventy years desolation of the land of Israel, accomplished by Nebuchadnezzar, fulfilled the entire number of typical Jubilee Years divinely foreordained. As we read, "Therefore He (God) brought upon them the king of the Chaldees, who slew their young men with the sword in the house of their sanctuary, and had no compassion upon young man or maiden, old man, or him that stooped for age; He gave them all into his hand. And all the vessels of the house of God, great and small, and the treasures of the house of the Lord, and the treasures of the king and of his princes, all these he brought to Babylon. And they burnt the house of God, and brake down the wall of Jerusalem, and burnt all the palaces thereof with fire, and destroyed all the goodly vessels thereof. And them that had escaped from the sword carried he away to Babylon; * * * to fulfill the word of the Lord by the mouth of Jeremiah, *until the land had enjoyed her Sabbaths; for as long as she lay desolate she kept Sabbath, to fulfill three score and ten years.*"—2 Chron. 36:17-21.

While Israel's Jubilee Year was a wise arrangement which cancelled all debts and restored all the people to their original inheritance in the land, it would be a mistake to suppose such a restitution, such a release, to be the whole sum of God's provision for the blessing of his people. Wise, generous, beneficial as it was, it was merely a type or foreshadowing of a greater blessing. Its release from debt foreshadowed the release of humanity from the great debt of sin and its penalty of death, respecting which we read that Adam and all of his race were "sold under Sin." (Rom. 7:14)—sold into slavery to Sin and death. The antitypical cancellation of death and release of debtors and slaves signifies the deliverance of all who will be God's people from all the imperfections inherited from Father Adam—back to full fellowship with God, full liberty of the sons of God and the full enjoyment of life eternal. If the type was glorious and blessed, the antitype will be a thousand times more so, and will bring eternal release from all the weaknesses, imperfections, slaveries to sin and appetite which now hold mankind in bondage. Each time, therefore, that God's Chosen People observed a Jubilee Year they pictured forth on a small scale the blessings to come to them, and through them to all people under the beneficent reign of righteousness of the great Messiah.

The Jubilee Type and Antitype.

We know where the counting of the Sabbath cycles began, namely, when God's Chosen People entered the land of Canaan. The record is that their first year was a Sabbath Year, during which they neither sowed nor reaped, but "ate the old corn of the land." In the above quotation the Lord distinctly tells us that the entire number of Jubilee Years they would have had is seventy. So we can easily count when and where the antitypical Jubilee would be due to begin. Each cycle was forty-nine years, and its Jubilee, the fiftieth year. Seventy times this number would be 3,500 years. And this period measured from the time Israel entered Canaan marks the year 1925 as the time when the antitypical Jubilee will be due to begin.

However, there is still another method of reckoning the matter, which, we believe, is the proper one, namely, to count nineteen cycles with their Jubilees partially observed totaling 950 years, and then to count the remaining fifty-one cycles as forty-nine years each, because the Jubilees were omitted. This would total 2499

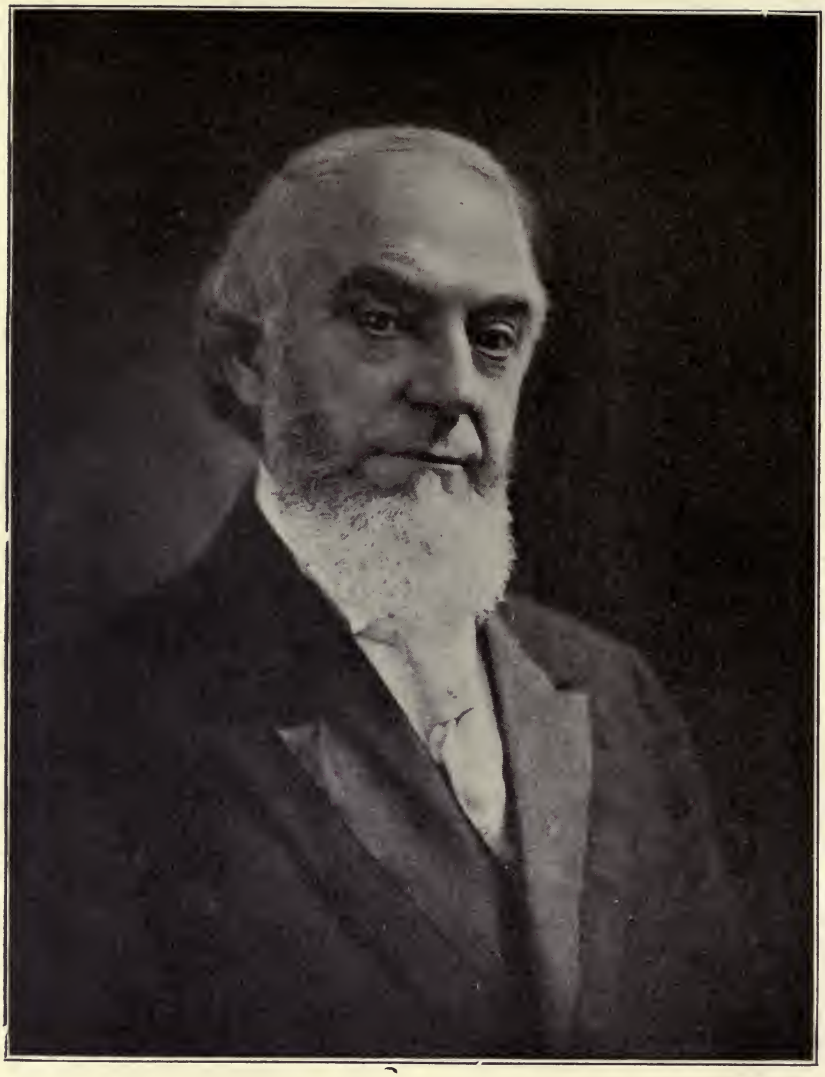
years plus 950 years *with* Jubilees totaling 3449 years. This period of 3449 years reckoned from the entering of Canaan ends October, 1874. Thus: Period from entering Canaan to the division of the land, six years. Period of Judges to King Saul, 450 years. Period of the kings, 513 years. Period of desolation while the land kept Sabbath, 70 years. Period from the restoration at the end of the 70 years, by Cyrus, to our date known as Anno Domini, 536 years. Total years of A. D., to complete the above period of 3449 years, 1874 full years, which would end, Jewish time, October, 1874. It was about that time, 1875, that favor began to return to God's Chosen People—of course then, as yet, only in a limited manner and so differently from what many of them had expected it that few of God's Chosen People yet recognize that Divine favor toward them is returning. It is our understanding that the period of time from 1875 to 1915, forty years, will witness the full return of Divine favor to that people.

Foregoing we have outlined the Jubilee reckoning from the standpoint of prophecy, telling how the matter really will work out: a portion of the time with the Jubilees added and a portion of the time without them. Now let us take another view—from the standpoint of the Law. The Law requires that where the typical system ended, the antitypical counting should begin. As the typical Jubilee was reached by multiplying 7x7, so we should count 50x50 to secure the date of the antitypical Jubilee, the dawn of the glorious epoch. As only nineteen Jubilees were observed even partially, it follows that the cycle for the great Jubilee should begin counting there. 50x50 years is 2500 years. This number measured from the last typical Jubilee should bring us to the antitype. The last of the nineteen Jubilees observed was the year 950 from the date of Israel's entering Canaan. The antitypical Jubilee cycle, 2500 years, added to 950 years gives us a total of 3450 years and indicates the year 1875 as its culmination—the place where the antitypical Jubilee should begin—exact harmony, it will be observed, with the preceding testimony on the subject from the standpoint of prophecy. In other words, the Law and the Prophets agree that 1875 A. D. marks an important epoch in the history of God's Chosen People—a time when some great restoration blessing towards them was due to begin.

The Great Antitypical Jubilee.

Some one will say, perhaps, What evidences have we that Israel's Antitypical Jubilee has begun to be fulfilled? We answer that the signs are all about us and rapidly multiplying. The Jubilee is not Israel's only, but the Jubilee of the whole world of mankind—God's Chosen People will merely be the first fruits of the nations to be blessed in that Jubilee period of a thousand years, the spiritual reign of Messiah. Whatever signs we see of general restitution amongst mankind are signs of the Jubilee. We are not to expect anything to happen suddenly. Rather by gradual processes will come to mankind the "times of restitution of all things spoken by the mouth of all the holy prophets since the world began." Such restitution blessings are to be noted in the wonderful inventions which are bringing easement of the burdens of mankind—a measure of deliverance from the grind of necessity. These blessings will continue to bring to God's Chosen People and to the world in conjunction with them blessings of earthly perfection such as the prophets describe, but such as few of humanity dared to believe.

Looking back at the type we remember that the Jubilee year was announced by the priests blowing the Silver Trumpets, proclaiming liberty throughout all the land. We remember that, following the example of the priests, all the people blew on ram's horns and with every other conceivable kind of clarionet. The antitype of this blowing upon the trumpets we have. Ever since 1875 there has been special promulgation of this very message of the Jubilee—blowing on the silver trumpets of Truth, proclaiming the Truth, making known the fact that the time of God's blessing for Israel and for the world is at hand—that the great Antitypical Jubilee period of a thousand years has begun. The spirit of liberty is blowing everywhere and being proclaimed by every kind of couth and uncouth argument and trumpet, newspaper and magazine, world-wide.



C. T. Russell, Pastor Brooklyn Tabernacle.

The people, the masses, are about to come into possession of their own. Human rights long ignored are rapidly coming back to the masses. There is no more remarkable manifestation of this than in the recent revolutions in Russia and in Turkey, and the gradual socialization of Great Britain and Germany. Well would it be for the world if thus gradually the great antitypical Jubilee would usher in a reign of righteousness and become generally recognized. But other Scriptures show us that this will not be the case—that beyond a certain point the favored classes will refuse to yield, and beyond a certain point the masses will be unreasonable and hasty in their demands, and that the result will be "a time of trouble such as never was since there was a nation."—Dan. 12:1.

But even that period of trouble will prove to be merely a part of the tribulation incidental to the full inauguration of the Jubilee. At that time, the Prophet declares, Messiah will stand forth in power and great glory for the deliverance of Israel first, and subsequently of all the families of the earth from every vestige of bondage, including eventually the bondage of death.

IN THE REALM OF BOOKLAND

An admirable and particularly timely novel is "The Broken Wheel," by that excellent writer, Florence Land May. It is timely in that it sets forth in attractive style the real situation in San Francisco just after the great fire of 1906, when the corrupt municipal Government was holding up every citizen and corporation that could be bled. The tale is based upon the so-called graft prosecution in San Francisco, and the principals are not at all disguised. Isaac Levy, "the curly boss;" Bloomquest, the musical Mayor; Cromwell Crosby, the sturdy, courageous, honorable gentleman-born President of the "Consolidated Railroads;" Cliquot, the Government sleuth employed by the private prosecution; John Scott, the special prosecutor—all these are easily recognizable. So, likewise, is Donald Doolittle, who desired certain street railroad franchises for himself, but was turned down by the "boss," whereupon he vowed revenge upon the city Government and particularly upon his successful rival, Crosby. The story is strong throughout, with love features interwoven, and many lesser characters and incidents, which combine to make the work a remarkable one. It may be read with pleasure and profit, not only by San Franciscans, but by Americans generally, who desire to get light upon the real motives underlying the noted "graft trials" of San Francisco.

The C. M. Clark Publishing Co., Boston, New York and Chicago.

The book reviewer of the Overland Monthly has for many years read with exceptional interest the works on the American Indians that have appeared from time to time on this subject, from the pens of more or less able authorities, but he has yet to find one so thoroughly satisfactory as "Trails Through Western Woods," by Helen Fitzgerald Sanders, who for a long time has made a special study of the Indians, particularly those of the Northwest. The book is a delightful description of the region that the aborigines inhabited before the coming of the white man; it gives a graphic picture of the early conditions, of the beauties of the country where the buffalo roamed and the red men lived their lives of freedom and happiness. It is rich in Indian folk-lore and contains numerous facts and histories and traditions unknown to the great mass of Americans; many, indeed, have never before appeared in print.

Written in Mrs. Sanders' attractive style, the book is one that every American should read.

The Alice Harriman Co., New York and Seattle.

A stirring tale of the old Scottish days, when Highlander and Lowlander were as bitterly arrayed against one another as Northerner against Southerner in our own country forty-five years ago, is told in "When Love Calls Men to Arms," by Stephen Chalmers. The jealousies and enmities of the clans, the strange customs and principles of the Scots, are vividly and well described, and action lies in almost every line. The story is based upon the arrival in Kilellan of a Spanish Don, one of the survivors of a Spanish man-of-war, which, seeking to escape from the English after the defeat of the Armada, was wrecked upon the Scottish coast. Don John, as he is named, finds refuge among his foes, marries the daughter of one of them, and their offspring, a beautiful girl called Mariposa, is the heroine. The hero is a Lowlander, one of the Campbells, despised by her mother's Highland people. The story is intensely dramatic, and holds the interest from start to finish. Not the least interesting feature of it is its elucidation of the relations of the Macdonalds, the Campbells, the Duncans, the Macleans and other leading Scottish clans in the olden days.

The book is well illustrated by Howard Chandler Christy.

Small, Maynard & Co., Boston.

Its title, "A Text Book on the Therapeutic Action of Light," concisely describes the nature of an admirable work by Gorydon Eugene Rogers, M. D., formerly Demonstrator of Anatomy in the University of New York City. That light has a marked therapeutic value has long

been known; indeed, as Dr. Rogers points out, its value was known not only to the natives of Central and South America centuries ago, but to the Orientals even farther back. While essentially technical, it is not wholly so, and layman as well as physician may read it with interest and profit. It includes discussions of the "rho" rays, solar and violet rays, electric arc light and the light cabinet, and is well illustrated in colors.

It is published by the author.

To John Adams Thayer the reading public is deeply indebted for having shed light, and brilliant light at that, upon a sphere of activity which has thus far never been illuminated. In "Astir, a Publisher's Life Story," Mr. Thayer brings out a rich mass of hitherto unwritten history of the inside workings of some of the greatest American publishing houses, with most of which he has himself been associated in high station, such as The Ladies' Home Journal, Everybody's, and the like. His style is delightful, the chapters being more like light conversations in the drawing room or around the club fireplace than written narrative. It was the original purpose of Mr. Thayer to have posthumous publication of his autobiography, but friends to whom he showed the manuscript appreciated it so highly that they prevailed upon him to secure immediate production. Their judgment was excellent, for seldom has so interesting a book of its kind appeared. Genuine names are given in every case, and the pages abound in anecdote. Matters are in no place minced, and there is a decided aptness in the title, "Astir." The book will surely stir things up in certain directions.

Small, Maynard & Co., Boston.

"Why Doctor Dobson Became a Quack" is a graphic description of the conditions and a scathing arraignment of the grafters responsible for the country-wide prevalence of that curse to popular health and wealth, quackery, which the author, P. J. Noyes, rightly defines as "the distinguishing disgrace of this country and age." His medical and pharmaceutical experiences qualify him to write on his subject, and startling indeed are some of his revelations of the way the quacks impose upon their myriads of dupes. The book should be carefully read, not only by hypochondriacs, but by all.

Cochrane Publishing Co., New York.

The beauties and grandeur of lofty Mount Rainier, or Tacoma, as the Indians call it, are admirably set forth in "The Mountain that was 'God,'" by John H. Williams. It is copiously illustrated in half-tone, from excellent photographs, and abounds in information concerning the imposing mountain itself, its approaches, and the National Park. It may be regarded as the standard authority on this feature of our country, and to read it inspires one with the wish to visit the mountain.

Published by the author, in Tacoma.

"Don'ts in Bridge" is a handy little volume, pocket-size, by Bell Bowman Emery, and to follow its advice is to play good bridge. It contains, in addition to a quantity of sage advice, the latest rules and penalties, simplified and condensed.

William R. Jenkins Co., New York.

"Democracy" and "Moral Education" are two little books by A. G. Flack, whose ideas appeal to one more from their abstract excellence than from their practicability. Still, the theories of visionaries sometimes come about, and the theories advanced in these two booklets are too good to be wholly impossible in the future, however distant. They are inapplicable today.

Cochrane Publishing Co., New York.

For those who like Welsh rarebits made with milk instead of beer; for those whose tastes run to cookies, ginger wafers, angel cake, pineapple tapioca, and other ladylike preparations, "Mrs. Marvin's Cook Book" will make interesting and instructive reading.

Cochrane Publishing Co., New York.

"Bonbons" is the not inappropriate title of a book of choice poems by F. P. Savinien, whose verses are above the average even of those whose names are familiar to us all.

Broadway Publishing Co., New York.

THE LITERATURE OF MEXICO

MEXICO HAS HAD little or no time to devote to the arts, but little as it has had, it has developed in a wonderful degree. The native Indian is a poet naturally, and the cultivated Mexican, be he of whatever extraction, has in his nature the germ of poetry that must come to any one who studies Mexico, its tribulations and its people, or who is a lover of nature. Mexico is so rich in tradition, its scenery is so grandly beautiful, so stupendous in some of it aspects, that it is little wonder that its effect is inspiring to the Mexican nature. Mexico is already rich in literature of native production. Art of the brush or of the chisel comes first in establishing the national ideals, and Mexico has produced many celebrated artists and sculptors. The national taste is toward the beautiful in stone or bronze and in painting.

It is difficult to say whether in the evolution of the world the painting of emotions by words preceded that of hieroglyphs. whether the parchment is older than the stone to depict in lasting style the feelings of a narrator. I have but a limited knowledge of the Spanish language and I have an abiding appreciation of its beauties. Haphazardly I have picked up a newspaper, "La Semana Illustrada." In it I find a gem. Have you ever reflected how rare it is that you find a gem in any American newspaper of the present day?

I do not mean to infer for one moment that everything you find in the Mexican newspaper is above reproach. Far be it. I have at times found items that were supposed to be jokes that called loudly for the scavenger or the health board disinfecting corps. The wit at times is rather European. and that means that it is cheap and nasty. The vulgarity of it is such as to suggest that the author is a graduate from an institution for the advancement of pornography.

The gem I call to mind is a prose poem referring to one of the loveliest mountains in all Mexico, and it is entitled "At the Foot of Chinautla."

"The sun's light inflames the grey line of the horizon. As the first javelin pierces the morning sky, Teziutlan, the mountain town, as a daughter of the Orient, prettily and sleepily stretches her arms and allows one to see the features that have been hidden by the crape of night.

"You are astounded at the scene. As it had been limned by a capricious hand, the tableau is spread before you, but you are not allowed to glut yourself with it at once. It is fed to you piecemeal, and the peaks pierce the sea of undulating clouds, like pinnacles, empurpled among the white of the early dawn mists, or drawn clearly and boldly against the background of verdant woodland.

"Islands and islets are seen floating about in a sea of white. Now and again, as the sun grows stronger, the veil is rent, and you are allowed a vision of bright emerald from fields, or a glinting vista of golden corn. Waterfalls give forth a thousand gladsome notes, and go on and on repeating the refrain until it is lost to the ear in the echoing distances. The blue-grey tops of the mountain peaks take on the warmer tints of the day. In the distance the sea of clouds disappears beyond the horizon as the sun illumes the earth with his fires.

"As myriad shreds of gauze, as a plumage of impalpable consistency, the fog disappears in the folds of the mountain.

"Here and there in the shadows it is still dawn; for day comes late in the mountains and little peaks stand out as islets, or heads of Titans show above the mists of the valleys. Mystery, the mys-

tery of dying night broods over all. The sun, all conquering, has not yet made the valleys captive. As he rises in his majesty he is confronted by the wonderful beauty of the mountain. Here are gigantic bastions, cyclopean fortresses surge about, the retreating clouds and mists of night seek the protection of every valley and hillock. As they flee they are shamed, and they take on the pale blush of dawn. Suddenly as they break into thin air the serried battalion of a grandiose array of pinnacled mountains appears to darken the horizon. It is like the reserve of a grand army, standing at rest—waiting the attack.

"Seemingly to it is confided the care of the little twinkling town nestling along Chinautla's declivities.

"Presently the magnificent mountain is denuded. Its cap is lifted to the King of Day! It is Chinautla!

"Its rude flanks are cut up by torrent and time, huge peaks serrate tooth-like its escarpment. Here have played the torrential rains and the winds and thunders of Jove. Down their awe-inspiring precipices have played the storms of ages. Great towers seem to lean as supports to greater heights above. Minarets and cupolas of gigantic size elbow one another, and depths so deep that they defy the eye are everywhere. The vision has lost its power of measurement, and the peaks are lost in the azure of the skies.

"It seems a troop of Titans one leaping over the shoulders of the other, and always mounting, mounting to snatch the sapphire from the God of Heaven.

"It is the father of mountains, and in his flanks are hidden the treasures of earth. Gold threads its way about him, and he is emboweled in precious stones. From his sides gurgle the waters that grow and glow as they leave the snows above, and in travail descend through the hot lands to mix their murky waters with the blue of the gulf, bringing blessings wherever they pass. I cannot attempt to describe the miracles wrought by the colossus. They are myriad. The eye is defied, the power of speech is negatived, here you feed your every sense, your appreciation of the beautiful like an unsated and unsatisfiable glutton. There he stands crowned with a diadem of white, from which descend the pearls in leaping waterfalls, rainbows irradiate his sides. This rough, rude monarch stands firmly on his base, defying time and god and man, and in his posture suggesting a tremendous possibility, an all-compelling sentimentality, for no man, of whatever nature, could possibly withstand his charm. He is king, crowned and gartered. King of all Nature!

"To you fly my enamored thoughts!

"The countenance of the King is softening in expression. He is drawing about him his friends, the ocean mists. The clouds are gathering. He has placed upon his brow his sublimely beautiful turban. He is now drawing about him his robes of mist.

"Teziutlan! you have covered the nestling town with your mantle. Let us depart!"

New Pier 36, two days after it was opened for business. It will be noticed that the pier was immediately filled with vessels which had been awaiting berths.

Making wooden cylinder forms for concrete piles for new piers.

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THE STATE WHARVES OF SAN FRANCISCO: A LUCRATIVE PUBLIC PROPERTY

BY W. V. STAFFORD

President of the California Board of State Harbor Commissioners

It is not generally known that the entire waterfront of San Francisco, with the exception of two wharves in the southern part of the city, belonging respectively to the Union Iron Works and to the Western Sugar Refining Company, is the property of the State of California. This includes wharves, seawall, ferry building, the streets skirting the waterfront, and a number of seawall lots, so-called, which are leased to private parties for terms of varying length. With the natural growth of the commerce of San Francisco it has been found that the present port facilities of the city are inadequate, even now. With the completion of the Panama Canal and the subsequent development of the world's commerce in the Pacific Ocean, still greater demands will be put upon this port. It has accordingly been found that an expenditure of nine million dollars is necessary for harbor improvements in San Francisco to meet the demands of the present and of the near future. The Legislature has authorized the issue of bonds to this amount, and the act providing for them is to be put before the voters of the State in November for ratification.

In the following article, Mr. Stafford shows emphatically that this bond issue will be of great benefit to the State; that it will not cost the taxpayers a single cent, but will, on the contrary, provide an asset of great value, self-supporting, and ultimately, when the bonds are retired, returning such a revenue that San Francisco may be made a free port to the shipping of the world, with all that that implies in the way of greatly increased commerce for city, State and nation.—THE EDITOR.

AT THE GENERAL election in November, the people of California will be called upon to ratify an act passed by the Legislature in March, 1909, providing for a bond issue of $9,000,000, the proceeds to be used for bettering the port facilities of San Francisco. It is my purpose to show, in what follows, that this bond issue, if approved, will not be a burden upon the taxpayers, but on the contrary will be merely the loaning of the State's credit to an institution that already far more than pays its own expenses, and, if present plans are carried out, will eventually yield a large revenue to the State in actual money, and bring to the port of San Francisco and to the State a greatly increased commerce with the rest of the world.

The act in question provides that the bonds, to the aggregate sum named, shall be devoted to the construction and better-

ment of wharves, piers, State railroad (the Belt Railroad, so-called), spurs and appurtenances generally, together with the necessary dredging and filling in connection therewith, on the waterfront of San Francisco.

It further provides for a sinking fund for the redemption of the bonds, which are to bear interest at the rate of four per cent per annum from the date of issue, and are to be payable at the office of the State Treasurer at the expiration of 74 years from their date of issue. It is further provided that each bond shall contain a clause stating that it is subject to redemption by lot after the year 1950.

Ample provision is made for a sinking fund for the redemption of the bonds, and the revenues of the State properties, as will be seen below, are ample for the purpose.

At the present time the wharves of San Francisco, in addition to being unequal to the present demands put upon them by shipping, are, many of them, of ancient type, of perishable construction, requiring large outlay for the constant repairs that must be made upon them. As rapidly as possible, these are being replaced by new structures of permanent character, of latest type and provided with the most approved equipment for the comfortable and safe mooring of shipping and the rapid handling and secure storing of freight. It is the purpose of the present Board of State Harbor Commissioners to improve and develop, to the extent of its financial ability, the port facilities of San Francisco, along modern lines, until this port shall in this respect compare favorably with any of the great seaports of the world, which it does not at this time.

New Pier 34, a type of the new construction.

An examination of the financial resources of the State's holdings along the

State tug Governor Irwin, one of the Harbor Commissioners' flotilla.
New locomotive of the State railroad along the waterfront.

waterfront of San Francisco shows conclusively that in them California has a property of remarkable value.

The regular sources of income of the Board of State Harbor Commissioners are rentals and leases of State property; charges for dockage and wharfage; tolls on freight handled over State property; revenue of Belt Railroad; and various minor privileges, concessions, etc. From these is formed what is termed the San Francisco Harbor Improvement Fund.

Ideas of the relative values of the different sources of revenue named, and of the normal earning capacity of the State waterfront properties of San Francisco may be found by inspection of the tabular statement below:

Summary of Receipts, 1909-1910.

From dockage	$ 209,788.20
From tolls	343,307.39
From wharfage	7,184.73
From rents	917,882.58
From Belt Railroad	132,228.00
From miscellaneous (minor privileges and concessions, electric lighting, etc.)	27,558.29
Total	$1,637,949.19
Less advance rents paid	598,839.40
	$1,042,109.79
Add proportion of advance rents past due on August 1, 1910	19,540.00
Add new leases in force Aug. 1, 1910	31,145.76
Normal annual income at present time	$1,092,795.55

Fixed Charges, 1909-1910.

Administration	$29,618.65	
Collection of revenue	63,290.30	
Expense account.	43,822.83	
Cleaning wharves, bulkheads, streets, etc.	34,989.56	
State tugs	48,911.95	
Belt R. R. maintenance and operation	88,335.51	
Electric lighting.	32,548.34	
Upkeep of Union Depot and Ferry House	42,209.14	
Legal expenses, furniture, etc.	968.49	
		384,694.77
Net income		$708,100.78

That is to say, at the present time, September, 1910, the earnings of the State properties on the waterfront of San Francisco show a net profit of over $700,000 per annum, which is available for new construction, repairs, and the sinking fund and interest on a bond issue.

Recently, a committee, composed of Mr. Robert M. Swayne, Captain William Matson and myself, was appointed by the Commonwealth Club of San Francisco to make an exhaustive analysis of the State waterfront properties. The results were interesting. We reported to the club that while fifteen years ago, in 1895, the gross receipts of the State properties were $586,618.61, the present receipts show an increase of about 86 per cent over this sum. In view of the steadily increasing commerce of the port, it is not extravagant to anticipate a corresponding increase in receipts during the next fifteen years. Eighty-six per cent of $1,092,795, or using round numbers, say $1,100,000, is $946,000, which means that, if the same rate of increase be maintained, the gross revenue of the State properties in 1925 will be $2,000,000. Assuming that the operating expenses will be 35 per cent of this, the remainder would be $1,300,000 per annum available for new construction, repairs and sinking fund and interest.

In 1904, a bond issue of two million dollars was authorized for the construction of seawall and its appurtenances. These bonds have been sold, and nearly all the money has been expended in the construction of seawall and docks, commencing near the foot of King street north of the Channel and terminating at the foot of Harrison street. The last contract has been entered into, and the work will be completed before the end of the current year. The construction of a permanent concrete seawall along the lines laid down by the Federal Government carried with it the obligation of the construction of East street paralleling the bulkhead.

State dredger at work.

This, together with the creation of the seawall lots immediately behind the new seawall, called for an enormous amount of fill, to be followed by street paving and railroad construction, giving facilities for direct connection between ship and rail. In addition to the creation of an enormous street area, seawall lots have been and are being created aggregating in value very considerably over a million dollars, and the property is being leased for terminal facilities at

In addition to permanent concrete seawall and bulkhead from the foot of King street to the foot of Harrison street, and from the south end of the Ferry Building to Mission street, there have been erected Piers 40, 38 and 36.

These docks are of the most permanent type of construction, and are practically imperishable. Pier 40 was built at a cost of $303,200; Pier 38 at a cost of $288,600; and Pier 36 at a cost of $366,950, the latter pier being of extraordinary

Interior of steel shed, new Pier 36.

a good interest upon the valuation.

Between the channel and the foot of Beale street there has already been expended $53,865.62 in railroad construction, and $60,612.68 in street paving, independent of the money derived from the sale of bonds. To meet this large initial expenditure without pressing too hard upon the regular receipts of the Harbor Improvement Fund, $165,109.40 rental on newly-created seawall lots has been collected in advance.

width (201 feet), having all the machinery for the docking of our ferry boats in the center, with a commodious open dock on the south side and a large concrete shed on the north side, and is now giving service to all of the railroads for the exchange of freight traffic by rail, bringing into close connection all of the transcontinental lines, six large docks and the warehouses that have rail connection in that section of the city. Some conception of the strength and magnitude of these

Wrecking the old Mail Dock. This tract is now converted into a revenue producing seawall lot. A few months previous to the taking of this photograph, the big steamship Mongolia docked where the solid, filled-in ground now appears.

docks may be gathered from the fact that in their construction were used 6,076 tons of steel, 48,550 barrels of cement, 32,135 cubic yards of crushed rock, and 21,667 cubic yards of sand.

Since March, 1907, there have been created immediately behind the new seawall, seawall lots 21, 22 and 23, containing 200,996 square feet, valued at $1,026,944. These lots have been leased for a period of twenty-five years to the transcontinental railroads for a rental aggregating $1,374,874.20. Lots Nos. 20, 19 and 18, with a total area of 139,213 square feet, and a value of $711,294, are now in process of formation, and can readily be rented or leased at the same rates.

In other words, property with a total valuation of $1,738,238 has been actually created behind the seawall out of the 1904 bond issue of $2,000,000. In addition, there has been constructed a street area of 481,950 square feet, giving a commodious accommodation to and from the docks, as well as the seawall lots, and thoroughfare for belt railway service. While this street area is not revenue producing, it is of great value and improves the commerce of the port, and were it available for rental would have a value of $2,462,283. If the proposed bond issue shall carry, a piece of seawall can be built from the south end of the present wall to a point where a bridge will be necessary to cross the channel. This wall should wing up the channel to Third street, providing commodious docking berths on the north side of the channel, and making it possible to fill in about eight and one-half acres of new seawall property between Berry street and the channel. This piece of land would be worth nearly two million dollars. The completion of the seawall from Mission street to Spear street would complete the connection from Taylor street south to the China Basin, restoring to the State the frontage of the China Basin, making possible the construction of a number of large docks along the property held by the Santa Fe under the China Basin lease.

Probably for the first time in its history, the Belt Railroad is now not only paying its own expenses, but is yielding a surplus revenue for the Harbor Improvement Fund. While its revenue for switching in 1908 was $113,565; in the year ending June 30, 1910, it was $132,228. The road has been almost entirely rebuilt, a new locomotive purchased at a cost of $15,373, and over $50,000 spent in absolutely new construction at the southern portion of the waterfront, all out of the Belt Railroad's own earnings.

To show the really remarkable earning capacity of the State waterfront properties of San Francisco, attention may be called to many extraordinary financial demands that have been made upon the Harbor Commission.

Up to June 30th, in addition to other expenses, there has been paid into the Seawall Sinking Fund $207,682.97 principal and $131,388.85 interest, a total of $339,071.82, towards the liquidation of the seawall bond issue of two million dollars. The monthly transfer now amounts to $10,995.81 principal and $6,666.65 interest. There will be no further increase on the monthly payment of these bonds, as the entire issue has been sold, and the Harbor Commission is now paying on the full amount.

This is in addition, it will be observed, to the monthly expense for the San Francisco Depot Sinking Fund and interest charges.

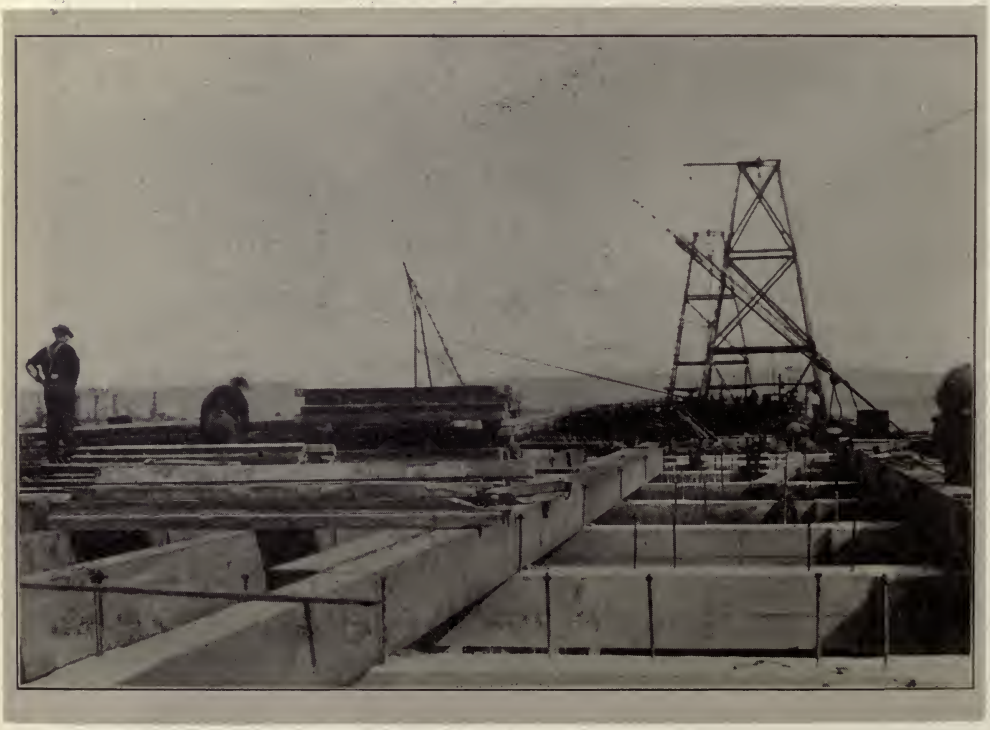
In 1903 the Legislature gave the Harbor Commission authority to make improvements by a method described as the deferred payment draft system, under which system improvements could be installed by discounting the future. The present Harbor Commission inherited a debt of $246,270.24. This amount has been reduced to $13,774.56, the difference —or $232,495.68—having been paid off during the past three years out of the revenue, no more of this type of indebtedness having been incurred.

When we consider that out of the revenue of the harbor, together with the $250,000 borrowed immediately after the fire, during the past three years, the Ferry Building has been thoroughly renovated, East street has been newly paved from Taylor street to Lombard street, and repaved from Lombard street to Folsom, the Belt Railroad has been entirely rebuilt and a large amount of new construction to the south has been installed, East

Section 9 of the seawall in process of construction, July 11, 1910.

street has been paved from the channel to a point north of Townsend street, a concrete bulkhead has been constructed between Piers 19 and 21, and one between the Ferry Building and Washington street, grain sheds have been constructed, Lombard street pier has been rebuilt, $150,000 of the borrowed money has been returned to the State, the deferred payment drafts have been reduced by $232,495, and these drafts practically eliminated, $339,071.82 has been paid toward the liquidation of the present seawall bond issue of two million dollars, a new concrete office has been constructed for the Chief Wharfinger, and two new concrete office and depot buildings constructed for the river traffic on the bulkhead at the entrance of Washington street pier, at a total cost of $1,961,368.29, while the repairs to the wooden construction have been kept fully up, it becomes manifest that the State waterfront properties of San Francisco constitute one of the most lucrative possessions any community ever enjoyed. When all bonds are finally retired, the income from these properties will fully suffice to pay all costs of administration, new construction and repair from time to time, as needed, and probably turn over an annual balance into the State Treasury, even after the port charges —such as dockage and tolls, now imposed on shipping—are abolished, and San Francisco made a free port, with admirable facilities for shipping of every class and every flag.

In conclusion, it may be said that, if Liverpool is about to spend $2,500,000 on a single dock; New York to have a bond issue of $100,000,000 for harbor improvements, and even such seaports as Sydney, N. S. W., Wellington, N. Z., and Montreal, Canada, find it wise to incur indebtednesses of $25,000,000, $9,000,000 and $12,000,000 respectively for harbor improvements, it would seem to be the part of wisdom, as well as of profit for San Francisco's port facilities to be bettered to the extent of $9,000,000, especially when that sum will be repaid, not by the taxpayers, but by the people who use the property created and maintained by means of this money.



Concreted steel beams on new Pier 34.

THE SEED OF THE RED FLOWER

BY MABEL H. WHARTON

THE VAST stillness of the forest was broken. There was a harsh cracking, a great splintering and twisting, then a long-drawn moan that reverberated from aisle to aisle, as with a thundering roar, a giant pine crashed earthward. Staying it midway, the sturdy arms of a mothering oak reached out and held it fast. Nearer and nearer she clasped its twisted and torn branches as a tremor quivering through its length it settled into rest, and again all was still. For a moment it seemed that not a leaf stirred, so intense was the silence —then the soft patter of tiny furred feet was heard, and one by one the round, bead-like eyes of the little creatures of the forest appeared. With heads perched on one side and cautious footsteps, they approached in awe, and gazed on their fallen friend, but their fear stilled, and their wonder satisfied, they soon scampered away to follow the interrupted trend of their little lives.

A breeze sprang up among the tree-tops, a faint, whispering breeze that flitted from tree to tree, seeming to tell a message. Gradually it grew louder, and every tree and shrub took up the plaint, till like a great funeral chant it sounded through the forest aisles. The tall and stately pines bent low, the mighty branches of oaks were torn asunder, and the twisted gleam of the manzanita took on still more tortuous shapes as it braced itself to the fury of the storm.

Two travelers, seeking refuge, neared the oak, and beneath her sheltering arms they also found peace. The afternoon shadows deepened; the wind quieted, and the travelers, stamping out the embers of their fire, took up their journey.

The faint, drowsy chirrup of the birds came softly as they settled themselves for sleep; a few prowling creatures of the night stirred and started in search of prey; here and there a loosened cone dropped, and broke the quiet as it rolled along the crispness of the dry needles; then all became still, still as the primeval twilight.

At the foot of the oak there appeared a tiny red glow, like a bright blossom emerging into bloom. It disappeared, and fluttered into view a little further on. It took up a leaf, and turning it bright crimson, tossed it playfully into the air. Thereon it went secretly, hesitatingly through the dry needles, halting now and again as if fearing detection. Coming to a dry cone, it wrapped it in joyous colors, and then enticingly flitted on, the cone loving the brightness loosened itself and followed, rolling gently down the hillside after the sprite. It in turn now seemed to carry a fairy wand, and on everything that it touched a glory bloomed, but it was a blighting glory, and in its passing left desolation and ashes.

So, creeping silently, gayly as some wild thing that has been prisoned and now is free, it ran lightly on, inquisitively searching out remote nooks and crannies. Night had settled over the forest, and though among the tree-tops all was dark and sombre, at their feet the red flower made merry, and shed a brightness in long lines like rows of advancing soldiers. Soon tiring of creeping silently, it grew bolder, and leaped to the top of low-growing shrubs with a gay crackle, and from here to others and to others, not deigning to touch the earth again in its mad flight. It gained the low-growing limbs of a resinous pine, and with a wild shriek surged to the top-most branch. Here the night wind, rising, caught it in its embrace, and carried it faster and faster from tree-top to tree-top with a wild, demoniac roar. Long since it had ceased to play, and intoxicated with freedom, it flung itself with relentless fury along its destroying path.

At the first faint whisper, the birds had

wakened, and with shrill, frightened cries, had fluttered away in bewilderment, seeking a refuge from they knew not what. Among the ashes and needles, the four-footed denizens scurried, little knowing or caring that beside them ran their bitterest foes. Sometimes in a lull, great crashes and roars could be heard as other forest monarchs joined their fallen comrade.

The night wore on, and the forest writhed in throes of greatest agony. Alike were the grizzled giants and tender young saplings seared at a breath, and in their perishing, shrieks of anguish like prayers for mercy, were borne high on the wind to the heaven reflected blaze above.

Suddenly there was an imperceptible pause, a hush, and then came surcease. A fairy patter was heard, and the heaven sent balsam fell upon the wounded. Softly it fell at first, and then faster and faster, vanquishing the red flower which stopped midway with great gasps of agony, until finally it was routed, leaving only great beacon lights in the forest like sentinel fires, where it fought its last fight with some giant tree. Gradually the wind calmed; the rain cleared; and bright and cheery the dawn broke after the harrowing night, bringing with it peace, hope and the song of returning birds. On the ground lay the mothering oak, and by her side her comrade of the years. Her great heart, eaten out by the fires of many summers, and the frosts of many winters, had broken at last, and she had fallen to the hillside, bearing to the long sleep the companion who had fought the great fight of life at her side.

In the growing time of the coming year there sprang to life a new forest stronger, sturdier for the travail of the old. Majestically it lifted its head to the stars ever murmuring a chant of thankfulness for the gift of the red flower. Its seed once sown had wrought the bitterest desolation, but in the final reaping had come regeneration.

THE MALAY KRISE

BY C. ASHTON SMITH

"SAHIB," said the sword-dealer, "this blade, which came from far Singapore, has not its equal for sharpness in all Delhi."

He handed me the blade for inspection. It was a long krise, or Malay knife, with a curious boat-shaped hilt, and, as he had said, was very keen.

"I bought it of Sidi Hassen, a Singapore dealer into whose possession it came at the sale of Sultan Sujah Ali's weapons and effects after the Sultan's capture by the British. Hast heard the tale, sahib? No? It runs thus:

"Sujah Ali was the younger son of a great Sultan. There being little chance of his ever coming to the throne, he left his father's dominions, and becoming a pirate, set out to carve for himself a name and an empire. Though having at first but a few *prahus* (boats) and less than a hundred men, he made up this lack by his qualities of leadership, which brought him many victories, much plunder and considerable renown. His fame caused many men to join him, and his booty enabled him to build more *prahus*. Adding continually to his fleets, he soon swept the rivers of

the Peninsula, and then began to venture upon the sea. In a few years his ships were held in fear and respect by every Dutch merchantman or Chinese junk whose sails loomed above the waters of the China sea. Inland he began to overrun the dominions of the other Sultans, conquering, amongst others, that of his elder brother, who had succeeded to his father's throne. Sujah Ali's fame reached far, and its shadow lay upon many peoples.

"Then the English came to the Peninsula and built Singapore. Sujah Ali despatched ships to prey upon their vessels, many of whom he succeeded in capturing. The English sent big ships after him, bearing many heavy guns and many armed men.

The Sultan went to meet them in person, with the greater part of his fleet. It was a disastrous day for him. When the red sun sank into the sea, fully fifty of his best *prahus,* and thousands of his men, amongst whom he mourned several of his most noted captains, lay beneath the waters. He fled inland with the shattered remnant of his fleet.

"The British resolved to crush him decisively, sent boats up the rivers, and in numerous hard-fought battles they sunk most of Sujah Ali's remaining *prahus,* and cleared land and water of the infesting pirates. The Sultan himself, however, they sought in vain. He had fled to a well-nigh inaccessible hiding-place—a small village deep in a network of creeks, swamps, and jungle-covered islands. Here he remained with a few fighting-men while the English hunted unsuccessfully for the narrow, winding entrances.

"Amina, his favorite wife, was among those who had accompanied him to this refuge. She was passionately attached to the Sultan, and, although such was his wish, had positively refused to be left behind.

"There was a beautiful girl in the village, with whom Sujah Ali became infatuated. He finally married her, and she exercised so great an influence over him that Amina, who had hitherto considered herself first in her husband's estimation, grew jealous. As time passed, and she perceived more clearly how complete was his infatuation, her jealousy grew more intense and violent, and at last prompted her to leave the village secretly one night, and to go to the captain of a British vessel which had been cruising up and down the river for weeks. To this man, one Rankling Sahib, she revealed the secret of Sujah Ali's hiding place. In thus betraying him, her desire was probably more for revenge upon her rival than upon the Sultan.

"Rankling Sahib, guided by Amina, passed at midnight through the network of creeks and jungles. He landed his crew and entered the village. The Malays, taken completely by surprise, offered little or no resistance. Many awoke only to find themselves confronted by loaded rifles, and surrendered without opposition.

"Sujah Ali, who had lain awake all evening wondering as to the cause of Amina's absence, rushed out of his hut with half a score of his men, and made a futile attempt at escape. A desperate fight ensued, in which he used his krise, the same that thou seest, with deadly effect. Two of the English he stretched dead, and a third he wounded severely.

"Rankling Sahib had given orders that the Sultan be taken alive, if possible. Finally, wounded, weary and surrounded by his foes on all sides, the Sultan was made prisoner. And the next morning was taken down river to Singapore."

This is the krise you see on the wall.

LIFE MEANS TO ME

BY BILLEE GLYNN

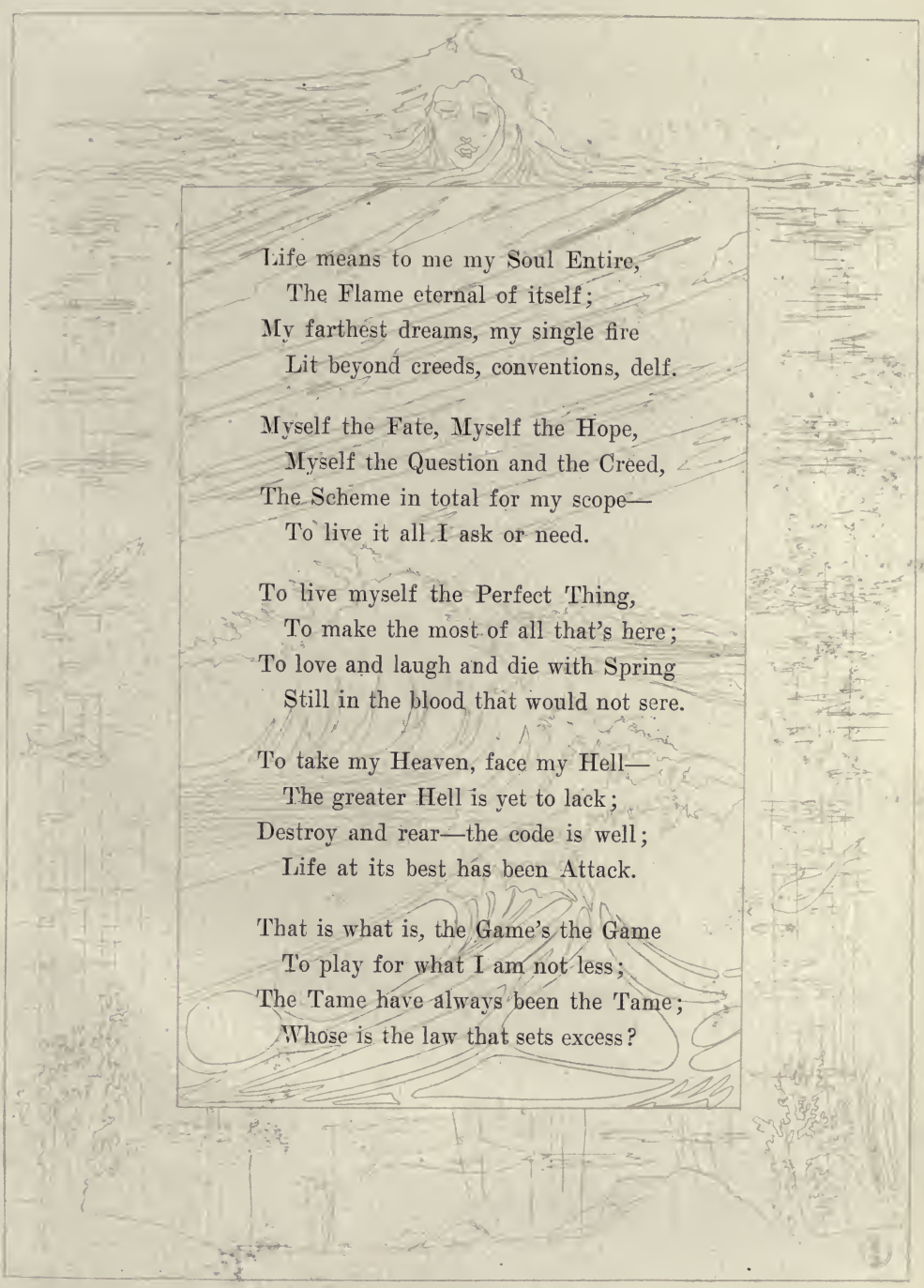
Illustrated by George Coleman Dawson

Life means to me my very Soul,
My very soul and naught to stay;
Life means to me of parts the whole—
And with my soul the price I'd pay.

Oh, seas that laugh and seas that weep,
And seas of passion never still,
Forever washing sands that sleep—
Yours is my instinct and my will.

Life means to me the struggle dear,
The egotism that is sweet,
To take my own, not knowing fear,
And master life beneath my feet.

Oh, sea that gathers all to brood,
Oh, sea that beats against the sky,
Complete in yearning, mastery, mood—
Yours teaches me the perfect "I."



Life means to me my Soul Entire,
The Flame eternal of itself;
My farthest dreams, my single fire
Lit beyond creeds, conventions, delf.

Myself the Fate, Myself the Hope,
Myself the Question and the Creed,
The Scheme in total for my scope—
To live it all I ask or need.

To live myself the Perfect Thing,
To make the most of all that's here;
To love and laugh and die with Spring
Still in the blood that would not sere.

To take my Heaven, face my Hell—
The greater Hell is yet to lack;
Destroy and rear—the code is well;
Life at its best has been Attack.

That is what is, the Game's the Game
To play for what I am not less;
The Tame have always been the Tame;
Whose is the law that sets excess?

Admission Day parade in San Francisco, September 9, 1910.—Native Sons of the Golden West marching past the new Palace Hotel toward the Ferry Building.

Admission Day parade in San Francisco, September 9, 1910.—Procession countermarching on Market street. At a halt near Third street.

Admission Day parade in San Francisco, September 9, 1910.—Native Daughters of the Golden West, from San Jose, in their flower-bedecked vehicles passing down Market street.

Admission Day parade in San Francisco, September 9, 1910.—Order of Redmen, in costume, passing Monadnock Building and the new Palace Hotel.

INSPIRATION

BY MARGARET ASHMUN

The eye, far wandering, threads
through bush and bole,
Where, endless green and gold,
the vistas fade;
Then, slow returning, gathers for
the soul
A purple hare-bell swaying in
the shade.

SETH, A SINGED CAT

BY ADA E. FERRIS

"NO, YOU SHAN'T go one step," declared Mrs. Markham, planting her stout figure before the door. "You don't disgrace your family and make yourself town talk by any such tomfoolery. It's bad enough now. If I'd let everybody know I expected a young man to marry me, and then he went and married somebody else, I would not want to show my face, let alone going to his wedding to show off my foolishness."

"You took pains to let every one know yourself," Hetty Marsden flashed back indignantly. "You boasted of it more than I did. And I had a right to believe it. When he gave me this ring and said—— Well, no matter what, but I did and I do yet. He has sent me wedding cards. Leonidas Armitage is to marry Grace Eldon, but his cousin Lonny is Leonidas Armitage too. Anyway, I am going to the wedding."

"Hetty Marsden, are you a natural-born fool? Everybody knows it's Lee that's to get married. Lonny's been out West for months."

"There's time enough for him to get back, isn't there?"

"Well, of all fools, commend me to a girl in love," Mrs. Markham snorted scornfully. "Nothing on earth'll make her believe her young man isn't an angel. What do you suppose Lee Armitage wanted of you anyhow?" (conveniently forgetting how confidently she herself had boasted of her cousin's brilliant prospects only a little while ago, rather to Lee's disgust, Hetty suspected.) "You ain't accomplished, nor a genius, nor an heiress; not bad looking, maybe, but not so handsome that a man need to lose his senses about you. Now, Grace Eldon is one of the big bugs. Lee Armitage isn't going to throw himself away on a nobody when he can get the Hon. John Eldon's daughter. And the best thing you can do is to take it quiet, say nothing and quit turning up your nose at old Jed Price. You might do a deal worse. He's got a good farm and money in bank, and better be an old man's darling than a young man's slave."

"I'm not selling myself for money just yet. And I'm going to Lee Armitage's wedding. I won't say he's a scoundrel while there's a chance he isn't. But if he is, I want to know it."

"What for? So's you can faint dead away, or scream, or fly at him like a panther, and make yourself town talk? You don't stir one step, I tell you, Hetty Marsden."

"I will. I should go mad if I didn't," the girl cried.

"Mad or not, you don't stir. I ain't going to be disgraced by no such foolishness. Goodness, what's that?" whirling around hastily, as a shuffling step crossed the porch behind her. "Oh, it's only Seth!" in relief that said plainer than words it did not matter what Seth heard.

"Just Seth," agreed the newcomer, cheerily. "Miss Brown said to tell you she'd like that setting of eggs now, if 'twas handy."

"Why, of course. I'll get it right away. Take a chair, won't you?"

She disappeared into the cellar. Hetty turned her flushed face to the window. Seth stood still with his child-like gaze fixed on the ceiling. If you had been shooting all the handsome men in the country, Seth would have been perfectly safe. He was tall, but awkward and shambling. He had clear, kindly blue eyes, but the no-colored hair and brows, and thin, straggling beard gave him a faded, washed-out appearance. His clothes always looked as if he had been sleeping in them. Not that he looked repulsive or loutish. He seemed just an awkward,

over-grown child, with all a child's confident friendliness.

"Got any errands over at Oldtown to-day?" he asked cheerily, before she could command her voice to speak.

The wedding was at Oldtown. Hetty turned suddenly.

"Are you going over? When?"

"Soon as I can harness up, I reckon. Mis' Brown, she wants some things. You might put on your hat and come along as well as not."

Had he overheard what they were saying? Not that it mattered in the least? Go? Of course she would. "Shall I come with you now?"

"Why, I haven't harnessed yet, you know. You get dressed and I'll drive around. You might meet me at the orchard gate."

Nothing could have suited her better than to slip away unseen. Still, it was odd that Seth should have suggested so easy a way.

Half an hour later he drove up to the orchard gate where Hetty waited impatiently. Her eyes glowed, her cheeks were pink as her ribbons, and she had never looked prettier, or more dangerous. He seemed bubbling over with cheery good-nature and scraps of old song, but then Seth often sang over his work.

"Hello, Hetty! Sorry if I've kept you waiting, but there's plenty of time. Pretty day, isn't it? Fine for a ride."

"I thought you were going for Mr. Brown," Hetty exclaimed suspiciously, as he helped her into the light spring wagon. "This is not his rig."

"Well, no. Turned out he'd lotted on using his this afternoon, so I got this one. It's just as good."

"Seth Lorimer! Did you hear what Fanny and I were saying, and go and get this rig on purpose to take me over?" she demanded, hotly.

"Sho, now, Hetty, you oughtn't to blame a fellow for having ears. We was made that way and can't help ourselves."

"You—you scamp!" Hetty gasped. "If I didn't want to go so desperately, I'd jump right out."

"Sho, now, would you? But, you see, when I heard that, I thought I'd go over myself. I never saw a wedding in church."

"Seth," she demanded, suddenly, "do you think it is Lee who is to be married to-day?"

She wouldn't have asked any one else, but who cared what one said to Seth? His reply came very deliberately.

"Well, now, you see, Hetty, I never did like Lee Armitage much. He never wasted any great civility on me, and none of the girls would look at another fellow while he was around. So I kinder hope it is. Miss Grace Eldon is rich and fine-looking, and all that, but I take it she's just the kind of girl you'd like a fellow to marry if you had a grudge against him."

"None of the girls would look at you anyway, whether Lee was around or not," Hetty flashed angrily.

"Well, they never did, that's a fact," Seth admitted cheerfully. "They might have done worse, too. I'm getting along tolerable."

"You deserve to do well," she said, hastily, ashamed of her ingratitude. "There never was any one so obliging as you, Seth. You deserve the nicest girl going, whoever she is, and I hope you may get her, but I—I can't think of anything but —but Grace Eldon's wedding to-day."

"Why, of course. Everybody's wild about it," cracking his whip gayly. "All sure it's going to be Lee, too. I'm no judge, 'cause I don't like him. But they all say so."

He whistled the "Rose of Allandale" twice through, not heeding her sternly compressed lips; then talked of his own affairs with the cheery confidence of a child. Hetty had always had a strong sympathy for him. Were they not both orphans, poor and homeless, even though she found shelter under Cousin Fanny's roof while Seth knocked about the country, working for one and another? A certain respect for his genuine kindness, too —but now her thoughts were elsewhere.

"Goin' to a wedding kinder makes a feller think of getting married himself, doesn't it? Reckon I could if I wanted to—always supposing I could find a girl that would have me. Guess I could keep a wife.

"Got a pretty good team now. That bay colt Squire Jones gave me when it had the distemper so bad he thought it would never be worth anything, and

Lightfoot there I took on a bad debt. Man said he was too vicious to be trained! Not he; just a bit nervous and high-spirited, and they hadn't patience enough to manage him. Now they're as fine a team as anybody need have. But the best stroke of luck came the other day. What do you think, Hetty? I've taken the Rollins farm."

"It's badly run down, but I suppose you can bring it up if anybody can," Hetty said, absently. She was recalling how Lee Armitage slipped that ring on her finger and kissed her. Had he only been amusing himself with her fond credulity, or—her cheeks suddenly burned crimson as she remembered more than one attempt to take slight liberties which she had instinctively evaded. Had he meant worse than trifling? Oh, no, no! Surely he had loved her, though not enough to lose the chance of a more brilliant marriage. Oh, she hated him, the traitor!

Seth snapped his whip, musically informing all listeners that he was "bound for the land of Canaan," and between verses rambled on how Mr. Rollins, a retired city merchant, unused to the country, had grown tired of his place after spending a small fortune in stocking it with rare plants and shrubs. "Didn't have patience to wait for 'em to grow; that's the trouble," Seth pronounced. "So now he's let it go for half what it's worth to anybody that's got gumption. Some of 'em 'll die, but I'll make most of 'em live."

Small doubt of that. Seth had a positive genius for doctoring up sickly plants and animals, or mending broken articles as good as new—the magic of sympathy and patience.

"Tell you what, Hetty, that place 'll be better than any gold mine. There's money in gold mines—some of 'em, at least—but sho', there's a heap more comfort in a good farm. It'll be one of the prettiest places in the State soon as things grow up—no end of bushes and flowers and fruits and berries such as nobody 'round here ever dreamed of. Folks 'll come miles to see it."

"Maybe, if they live; but everybody says they won't. Mr. Rollins got lots of things that couldn't grow here." Hetty spoke absently, too wrapped in her own troubles to be sympathetic as usual.

"Sho, now, Hetty, don't go to throwing cold water. They don't all know everything, no more than Mr. Rollins. They'll live for me—most of 'em. You'll see."

No answer. She was recalling those vows of love which the tempting prospect of Miss Eldon's wealth and social connection had made void. Her lips had bravely protested disbelief, but her heart was sick with conviction. Seth cheerily resumed his hymn:

"Together let us sweetly live,
I'm bound for the land of Canaan."

"Mighty near town now. Don't want to stop and prink somewheres, do you? Miss Grace would, I reckon."

"No," said Hetty, shortly. Why should she care how she looked, since Lee was false? Seth surveyed her critically.

"You don't need to. Pretty as a pink, anyway. So here goes for church. My, look at all the fine rigs pouring in! 'If you get there before I do, look out for me, I'm coming too.' We'll have to take a back seat, I guess."

"That will be just as well. I only want to see the bride—the bride and groom," Hetty gasped painfully.

"Oh, we'll do that, slick as a whistle. Hello, talk about angels—— If here ain't Lee Armitage himself! Want to speak to him?"

Yes, Armitage himself, erect and handsome, faultlessly attired, with a spray of orange blossoms in his buttonhole and conscious pride in his air, unmistakably the hero of the day. Hetty's last faint fluttering hope was drowned in a sudden swelling flood of wrath. "Let me out, Seth," she gasped hoarsely. "Yes, I want to—to speak to him."

A thousand cutting speeches were trembling on her tongue. An Italian girl in such a passionate mood might have stabbed her false lover to the heart. But Seth turned up to the sidewalk, seeming blind to her reckless fury. "All right! Hello, Mr. Armitage; you're wanted here a minute, if you please."

Lee Armitage paused with a flush of annoyance as he recognized Hetty and the danger signals in her burning cheeks and glittering eyes. No doubt he had felt

sure pride would keep her at home to-day. "Really, Seth, I haven't a moment to spare now. Some other day, perhaps. Good-morning, Miss Marsden."

Hetty half arose, her heart-beats like muffled drums in her ears. "It is your wedding day?" she questioned, hoarsely.

"Why, surely. Did you not receive a card?" Armitage said boldly.

Blind with passion, Hetty was going to spring out, for what she hardly knew herself, but Seth pushed her back and thrust the lines into her hands. "You hold the horses, Hetty. I'll tend to this." He jumped out and caught the bridegroom's shoulder as he was turning away. "Hold on Lee, you're in too big a hurry. When you've courted and kissed a girl and made her think you meant marriage sure, you might at least give her a civil good-bye before you marry somebody else."

"Unhand me, you booby!" Lee demanded angrily, for the waiting groups along the street were looking on and grinning.

"Sho, now, don't fret; there's plenty of time. Miss Grace hasn't come yet. Mind your lines, Hetty. Don't let that colt run away."

The colt certainly needed attention, if not so much as the girl. He seemed to feel the storm in the air. The bridegroom writhed angrily in the farmer's strong grasp.

"Are you crazy, you lout? Let me go, I say."

"Sure, soon as I've done with you," Seth responded cheerily. "But you see, there's one or two girls out our way that have a crow to pick with you. Not but that a fellow has a right to marry whom he pleases, always supposing the lady's willing and there isn't a prior claim, as the lawyers say. But when it's courting one girl in the orchard and kissing another behind the kitchen door and proposing to a third in the parlor all in the same day, so to speak, why, it's likely to make trouble for a fellow when they get to comparing notes, you see. And when they hear that he's going to marry another young woman, why, that's the time they begin comparing. (Look out for that colt, Hetty! So, boy, so!) So you see, Mr. Armitage, they're just hopping. And I'm to give you their compliments, and a little something to remember them by, seeing it's your wedding day."

And then the grinning crowd was edified by seeing Seth snatch his whip and lay it briskly over the gay bridegroom's shoulders. Hetty started up, but the terrified colt plunged so wildly it took all her strength to control him, and who could tell what she would have said or what caused her excitement? Seth paid no heed. He was doing his work with vigor and despatch, and the slight, dandified young bridegroom struggled in vain. Many voices were raised in protest, calling for help, for the police, but it takes a moment for a surprised crowd to rally its wits for action, and Seth made the most of that moment. Then as the bride's carriage drove up and her shriek was added to the tumult, some one mustered courage to seize the whip, commanding, "Stop that, you brute!"

"All right, neighbor, just as you say," Seth acquiesced with the same cheerful and childlike smile. "You'll remember the young ladies, Mr. Armitage. All right, ma'am, here he is," to the terrified and wrathful bride. "Sorry to have kept you waiting, but we've finished our little business, and you're welcome to him now." He deposited the sadly ruffled bridegroom on her carriage step and returned to his own rig.

Had this little scene occurred a little earlier there would probably have been no wedding that day. But to break off after the wedding dress is donned and the guests assembled—impossible.

Besides, Miss Eldon had not heard what Seth said, nor understood what it was all about. It was still possible for clever Lee to convince her that Seth was a half-witted fellow, put up by some jealous rival to spoil their happiness, and since she could not stop and make inquiries without spreading the scandal hopelessly, she sacrificed any lingering doubt to the necessity of appearing in church as if nothing had happened. No one thought to order Seth's arrest, and he drove away, whistling cheerily.

And Hetty dropped back in her seat, laughing, crying and scolding all in a breath. "You brute, you ought to be thrashed yourself! Poor Miss Eldon will never get over it. 'You're welcome to him now,' indeed! Oh, if looks could kill,

you wouldn't be whistling like that! Poor Lee, he was nothing but a baby in your hands! Seth, stop that whistling, as if you had done something to be proud of! Seth, was it true about those other girls, or did you just make that up?"

"'Come, haste to the wedding, ye friends and ye neighbors,
The lovers their bliss can no longer delay!'"

Seth warbled, then stopped to say reproachfully, "Sho, now, Hetty, you don't think I'd go tell what wa'n't so, do you? You ain't the only good-looking girl in the county. I've seen him kiss Katy O'Toole when he thought nobody was looking, and Mattie Henley was hopping mad when she first heard he was going to marry you. She thought he was sweet on her sure. He's been having heaps of fun. Reckon Miss Grace better keep a sharp eye on him. Well, the colt's about over his scare. What say, Hetty, shall we tie up and go in to the wedding?"

"You cold-blooded wretch!" with a scream of hysterical laughter. "Go to the wedding now! They'd hang, draw and quarter you! No, sir, drive straight home, unless you've got some errands to do, and I don't believe you have!"

"Oh, I dunno. Seems to me I wanted something. Needn't go in if you don't care to, though. Say, you couldn't tell a fellow just how Miss Grace was dressed, could you?"

"As if I could notice then! Seth, are you raving crazy to-day?"

"Me? Why, no. What makes you think that? But, honest, I do feel as if something mighty nice was going to happen. Do you reckon it's catching, Hetty? Not that they looked so mighty happy, either," he added innocently, and Hetty could hardly stifle another scream of hysterical laughter.

"Whatever is the matter with you, Seth? You were never quite so aggravatingly innocent before. Don't you know they could send you to prison for acting so? Or to the insane asylum?"

"Sho, now, could they? Oh, well, I reckon they won't think of it. They say a fellow does forget everything he ought to do on his wedding day." He looked up at the gray fog closing down over them. "Going to be a dull evening for their bridal tour, I guess. In a hurry to get home, Hetty?"

"Oh, no, do as many errands as you like," she answered, drearily. She was in no haste to meet Cousin Fanny's merciless comments. Still, what did it matter, since sooner or later she must meet them?

And then the remembrance how Seth had handed the bridegroom over to his bride set her to laughing again. Who could be tragically miserable over anything so ridiculous?

"That's right," Seth remarked contentedly. "Make a day of it while you're about it, say I. Won't mind if I drive around by the court house, will you? Longish road, but the prettiest one."

It was Hetty's favorite drive, but she only said wearily, "All right."

Seth seemed overflowing with fun that day. He kept her laughing till the tears ran down her cheeks. One might have taken them for the happiest of couples. Not a house by the way, not a team they met, but called forth some droll comment in that grave, child-like air that might have convulsed one less hysterical than Hetty.

"Oh, Seth, do stop," she begged at last, through her tears. "You have missed your vocation. You ought to have been a circus clown."

"Now, Hetty, you don't really think I'd look pretty in a spotted rig riding a trick mule backwards, do you," he protested, in a hurt tone; then stopped, thrust the lines into her hands and disappeared into the courthouse.

Now Hetty had time to realize that for over an hour she had known certainly that her lover was false—and she had been laughing nearly all the time! Should she ever think of Lee Armitage again without seeing him struggling frantically in Seth's strong arms or deposited ignominiously on the carriage step? Would his bride ever forget? Oh, the horror in her face!

Yes, the long, torturing uncertainty was over. She need no longer shut her eyes to facts, or loyally force herself to disbelieve her own convictions. Lee Armitage was false, and now he was married. She must forget that dream—and she could,

too, if only Cousin Fanny and the rest would not persist in talking, talking, and tearing open the wound. If they could only be as thoughtful as Seth, who never hurt one by harping on painful subjects! "He's no fool, if folks do think so," she thought, now as often as before. "It isn't a sure sign of idiocy to be good-natured and obliging and never to hurt people's feelings."

Yes, she had always liked Seth, and he had shown her so many kindnesses. She wished he would come. She wanted to get away from all these staring eyes. He would not embarrass her by word or look. He never did. No, she was not heart-broken. She acknowledged to herself now that though his fine manners and brilliant position had dazzled her, Lee Armitage himself had not been all she could have wished. While she thought he loved her she had shut her eyes to his too critical tastes and occasional arrogance, but now—

"Seth was right; Miss Eldon is welcome to him now," with a nervous laugh.

Seth returned at last, smiling broadly despite the depressing effect of the ever-thickening fog. "I've got the best joke of the season on those fellows, Hetty," he chuckled, showing a legal-looking document.

"What is it? You were long enough."

"Well, I couldn't help it. Those smart clerks just want to tease a fellow from the country. Nothing would do 'em but to sell me a marriage license! They reckoned 'twould plague me no end. You ought to seen their jaws drop when I snapped at the offer like it was the only thing in the world I did want."

"Seth Lorimer! You don't mean to say that you've taken a marriage license? What in the world do you expect to do with it?"

"Why, I don't know," Seth remarked innocently. "What do folks generally do with 'em?"

"Oh, you goose! They give it to the minister that marries them, I suppose. But you aren't going to get married."

"Well, I don't know," he said, deliberately. "I might. Some pretty big fools do get married, not meaning anything against Miss Eldon, you know. Reckon I could keep this for awhile in case I did want it, couldn't I?"

"Let me see it. Why, Seth Lorimer! If you haven't gone and got my name in! 'Granting Seth Lorimer and Hetty Marsden permission to be married!' My patience!"

"Well, they said they had to have the girl's name," Seth explained in an injured tone."

"They didn't say they had to have mine, did they? Oh, let's get home before you go stark, staring mad."

"It isn't my fault, Hetty. They would not let me have the thing unless I told 'em the name of the girl I wanted to marry."

"Well, couldn't you have made up a name? Say Mary Smith or Jane Jones!"

"But I don't want to marry Mary Smith or Jane Jones," Seth objected mildly. "So how could I say I did?"

Hetty lifted startled eyes to his placid smile, colored and said hurriedly: "If you've done your errands, let's be off for home."

"There's one or two things I'd like down town if you ain't afraid Mis' Markham 'll be half crazy about you, eh?"

Hetty shivered. "I wish I needn't see Fan for a month. But there's no use wishing. Poor folks oughtn't to have any feelings."

"Sho, now, Hetty, think what a heap of comfort they'd miss," Seth expostulated cheerfully. Then chuckling: "I reckon our fine bride and groom can afford to have feelings, eh?"

"Hetty broke into a hysterical laugh. "Oh, Seth, you never were so hard-hearted before. What has got into you to-day?"

"Why, I thought you'd like it. I knew Mattie and Katy would."

Hetty flushed and gave him a searching glance. If it had been anybody but Seth! She remembered her own desperate mood. Could he have seen and resolved to keep her from making trouble for herself at any cost? Pshaw, it was only Seth's way. And yet, she had fancied sometimes before that Seth's simplicity was not so deep as some thought. It was too considerate, too kindly. She did not know. She wished she did.

But meantime he was driving up town, cheerily informing the world that he was "bound for the land of Canaan," while the fog closed around them, chill and depressing. And Hetty sat still, feeling herself a mere straw at the mercy of wind and

wave, wondering dully what would happen next. Was there anything pleasant and reliable in the world?—except, indeed, Seth's bubbling good-humor and helpfulness.

"Say, Hetty, don't you want to do some shopping, yourself? Reckon you come off without any money, being flustered so, but I've got mine, so it's all the same. A new shawl, say? You're shivering this minute."

"No, thank you. I'm not cold, only tired. Do your errands and let's get home before pitch dark."

Seth fastened his horses and disappeared into the fog, whistling cheerily, to return presently with a large warm shawl, which he wrapped carefully around the shivering girl. "Not a bit of use catching cold when the town's full of warm clothes," he said, when she protested. "I can keep it for the future Mrs. Lorimer, you know. Not saying but Mis' Markham might make a first class nurse if you was sick abed to-morrow——"

"Oh, Seth, don't! I don't want to think of how Fan will go on one minute before I must. And if you hear that I am down sick to-morrow, I want you to come over and kindly cut my throat."

"Sho! You don't mean that now, Hetty. I say, why not visit a day or two with your Aunt Gaines, while you're here?"

"Yes, I might," Hetty admitted, wearily. Aunt Gaines was a querulous martyr to imaginary ailments, and a visit to her was always more or less of an ordeal; still it was better than meeting Fan now. But when they drove up to her house, they found it closed and locked. She was out of town.

"Never mind," Hetty said, bravely, for now even Seth looked troubled. "I guess I can stand Fan somehow. Let's get home. It's 'most dark already."

Seth helped her in, then stood with one foot on the hub of the wheel, gravely regarding her. The street was quite deserted, the thick fog shut out everything. Dark, chill, dreary! Was life worth living, anyhow? But Seth seemed very keenly alive.

"I say, Hetty," he began slowly, "there's one way you could snap your fingers at Mis' Markham. There's that license—a bran-span new marriage license. It would be a pity to waste it, Hetty."

"Seth Lorrimer! Are you stark, staring mad! Do you think a girl gets married just for the sake of using up marriage licenses? I want to go home."

"Well, now, that's just what I want you to do. Mis' Markham's house ain't no home for you. You know it ain't. And there's the Rollins place—my place—empty and waiting. Nobody to pester you or order you around. And here's the license all ready. Now don't it seem like what the parson calls a special Providence?"

"Oh, you goose! As if I felt like being married to-night! When all I want is a chance to lay down and—and cry."

"You could cry at our house if you wanted to, you know," he suggested, so innocently that she broke into hysterical laughter again.

"Oh, my patience! Does the fellow think girls get married just to have a place to cry in? Don't talk nonsense, Seth."

"But, Hetty, what's the use of being plagued to death when you could just as well be taking things easy in your own house? Now just you think it over. Of course, I ain't like Lee Armitage. You wouldn't have me now if I was."

"Oh, Seth, do be reasonable. I should want lots of time to think it over. Off-hand marriages do very well in stories, but real life is different."

"All right, think it over. That's what I said. I'd have spoken sooner, but you wasn't ready to listen," and Seth turned to look over his harness, softly whistling, "Oh, Happy Day." Hetty drew the shawl closer, shivering. Oh, why couldn't other folks be as thoughtful and considerate as Seth?—folks who thought themselves so much smarter. Not that Seth was half as stupid as some said. When did he ever fail in anything he undertook? Too free-handed to make money fast, but steady and hard-working; a great reader, too, who never failed to understand what he was about, however he might profess ignorance of the commonest facts.

Yes, surely Seth was a "singed cat, much better than he looked," as the old folks said, for all his awkward slouch and airs of simplicity. And a girl might do

much worse than marry him. She wished she were his sister, secure in his protecting care, but——

He stood again with his foot on the hub, smiling at her through the deepening dusk. Such a cheery, kindly, reliable face! She had known Seth Lorimer all her life, but it seemed to her she had never seen him before.

"Aren't you going home to-night?" she demanded, impatiently, to break the spell.

"Sure, just the minute you're ready."

"I'm ready and waiting now."

"That's good. We're off, then. Which preacher do you like best?"

"What? Oh, my patience, haven't you come to your senses yet? I told you I must have time to think it over."

"All right, think," Seth returned cheerfully. He sprang in and drove slowly up the street, still humming "Oh, Happy Day." But presently he stopped, chuckled, thrust the lines into her hands and disappeared into a brightly lighted store.

She sat waiting what seemed a long, long time, haunted by recollections and foreboding till she could have screamed from pure nervousness. But when he did come she could scarcely believe her eyes. Who ever saw Seth holding himself proudly erect in a complete new suit of clothes, fine and well-fitting? But it was unmistakably Seth's pleased, child-like smile.

"Look nice, don't they? Nine tailors to make a man, indeed! One'll do pretty well at it, if he has any sort of a stick to work on. Wonder if the colts 'll know me now," he chuckled.

"You're getting mighty stylish all of a sudden. You'll never be able to pay for that place if you keep on spending money for shawls and clothes and licenses," Hetty protested.

"Oh, well, a fellow has to be extravagant once in a while. 'Twouldn't do for the owner of the Rollins place—no, it's the Lorimer place now—to go around lookin' like a tramp. I've got some left yet. Say, now, Hetty, don't you think they look nice?"

"Nicer now than they will when you've driven home in this fog and done your chores, and got them all over mud and horsehair," she retorted perversely.

"That's so. Why didn't I think?" slapping his knee smartly. "I've got to have an overcoat," and back into the store he marched, to return soon in that garment. "Anything else I ought to get, Hetty?" he asked anxiously.

"You ought to get home," she answered as severely as she could. "When do you expect to get your supper?"

"Oh, I reckon we'll find it waiting for us," he responded cheerily, as he sprang in. "You see, Hetty, when a fellow has a bran-new marriage license in his pocket he feels as if he just had to have new clothes to match. Stands to reason a pretty girl don't want to stand up with a fellow dressed like a scarecrow. And even if you said 'No,' I'd need 'em, 'cause then a fellow needs the moral support of good clothes to help him grin and bear it."

She wanted to rebuke his persistence, but this was too absurd. "Oh, Seth, you will make me laugh myself to death. Do let's get home."

"Poor girl!" said Seth, dreamily regarding the foggy darkness overhead. "She wants to get home and get to crying. The tears are just bubbling up, and she's so busy laughing they can't get out."

"I want some supper, you tormentor," declared Hetty, with more impatience than strict candor.

"That's all right," said Seth, contentedly. "I told Mrs. Rooney to have everything ready at seven, but keep it warm if we were a little late. She's a prime cook, and I told her to have chicken pie and cake and all the fixin's." He turned up a side street, stopped his team, sprang down and turned to help Hetty out. "Here we are. Come on, missy."

"Where? What place is this?" looking confusedly around in the dark.

"Brother Whitefield's house. You like him best, don't you?"

"Brother Whitefield! Seth Lorimer, did I tell you to go to the minister's? Didn't I tell you I wanted time to think of anything of that sort? I never said yes, nor anything like it."

"You never said no either, Hetty," he protested innocently. "Didn't I give you lots of time to think? And silence gives consent, you know. But I ain't going to hurry you, if you want to think a while longer."

He folded his arms, looked up at the

sky and whistled "Happy Day," again. Hetty began an angry protest, but broke off in hysterical laughter. It was too absurd. Seth whistled a moment longer, then remarked serenely, "Reckon I'll go in and tell the minister to get everything ready while you are thinking."

"Don't you dare," Hetty gasped, indignantly.

"Now, Hetty, I don't want to hurry you—but you've been saying all along that it was getting late. And Mrs. Rooney has that supper all ready for us—prime, too. So the sooner you make up your mind, you see, the sooner we'll be snug and cozy at home over our chicken pie."

"Oh, you—you unmitigated goose! How do you suppose I can think with you standing there like a cat watching a mouse hole? No, then, if you must have an answer right away. Now take me home."

"Now, Hetty, you haven't thought good, or you wouldn't say that," he said, reproachfully. "You know you ain't fit to go home and let Mis' Markham worry you half to death. What's the use of walking right into a hornets' nest when there's a good house standing empty?"

"Seth Lorimer, do you mean to keep me sitting here in the cold fog all night?" she demanded, sharply.

"Now, Hetty, I'm only waiting for you to make up your mind, and then we won't lose another minute," Seth protested in an injured tone.

"Didn't I tell you, 'No,' you provoking fellow?"

"But, you see, you didn't think, Hetty. Now, s'pose I was to take that for an answer and take you to Mis' Markham's. You wouldn't more'n get inside the door before she'd begin. She's kinder riled and nervous about your slipping off and being gone so long, and she's all wound up, and she won't run down in one day. She won't let you eat nor sleep nor cry in peace. Before bedtime you'll be that flustered you could fly—and then I'd have to hitch up and come back to town and rout the minister up out of his nice warm bed. That ain't no ladylike way to treat a man, Hetty."

"You scamp!" she gasped, between peals of laughter. "You go home and eat your chicken pie and sleep the sleep of the just. You've got me laughing so I don't believe I can stop to-night, no matter what Fan says."

"Of course, if you got your spunk up, you could stand it for awhile," Seth argued gravely. "Till you broke down. But then, you see, I'd have to nurse you up again—and take all that time from my work, and most likely I'd have to give Mis' Markham a dusting down like I did Armitage, and I would hate to box a woman—my own cousin, too, soon as you've made up your mind. You see, Hetty, it's going to make no end of trouble if you won't hear to reason. And there's our supper all smoking hot and waiting for us this minute."

"Seth Lorimer, have you been planning to force me to marry you ever since you heard what we were saying?"

"Why, I reckoned you'd want some supper," Seth remarked innocently. "And I thought I'd show you over the place and see how you liked it. But you'll enjoy it better if you know it's your own, won't you?"

"Oh, you—— It would serve you just right if I said 'Yes.' If I were a man you wouldn't catch me trying to get a girl that was in love with another man."

"You ain't in love with any other man," said Seth calmly. "You wouldn't take Lee Armitage now nohow, not if Miss Eldon was ever so dead."

"Oh, you goose! If I should marry you I'd torment the life out of you, do you hear? I'd make fun of you and scold you and be cross as two sticks whenever anything went wrong."

"Oh, well, things don't go wrong very often when a fellow is careful," Seth observed philosophically.

"And I wouldn't mind you one bit. I'd boss you around and make you dress up every Sunday and have your hair cut, and carry yourself straight and be somebody, you provoking humbug."

"That suits me," Seth agreed complacently. "I'll run for President whenever you say so. When a fellow gets the finest farm and the finest girl in the State, it's time for him to spruce up. So we'll just walk in on Brother Whitefield."

He extended his arms to help her down. Hetty recoiled, then suddenly seized his big hand with both her cold ones.

"Seth Lorimer, drop this nonsense.

You're just putting it on, I know. Quit teasing and tell me the truth, the whole truth, and nothing but the truth, so help you God: Is this just a good-natured notion that you can doctor me up like a sick colt and I'll do as well as anybody for a wife—— Is it just pity and good-nature and maybe a little liking, or do you really and honestly love me? Tell me the truth."

Seth's hands closed over the cold trembling fingers in a warm, tender clasp. "I've always loved you, Hetty," he said simply. "I never wanted anybody else, and should not even if I had lost you."

Sudden tears filled Hetty's eyes, and she let herself be drawn to his arms unresistingly. "Oh, Seth, I'm so sorry. You deserve a better fate than to have to take the dregs, but there is nothing else. I'm tired and sick and sore-hearted and disgusted. Lee's had all the first soft whispers and kisses and the moonlight walks listening to the mocking-bird, and all the romance and sweetness—and there's nothing left for you but chilly fog and mud, and a girl that's too nervous and upset to be any comfort to anybody."

"Sho, now, Hetty," Seth answered soothingly, drawing the sobbing girl close to his heart. "You don't think all the mocking birds are going to die and the moon to stop shining just because we get married, do you? He's only had the first little green windfalls. Too good for him, I'll allow, but nothing like what we're going to have by and bye when you get rested a bit."

"Well—maybe. But you'd better take me home now, Seth. It's no night for a wedding, and I'm too stupid."

"'Course we're going home, just as soon as Brother Whitefield can get his little job done. Nobody's going to worry you. Home's the place for folks that feel dull and tired. You shall eat or sleep or cry or laugh just as you please."

"I know better. You won't let me cry. I just expect you'll keep me laughing all night. Well, if nothing else will do, go ahead. If it don't turn out as well as you expected, don't blame me."

"That's all right. But it will, you know," Seth answered confidently.

So Brother Whitefield was called into his parlor and rejoiced by an utterly unexpected fee, after which they drove briskly home through the fog. The tears were very near Hetty's eyes, but who could realize misery, disappointment or mortification while Seth was in such high spirits. He had never been so full of droll stories, comic songs and brilliant anticipations. But there was not a word of the love making Hetty secretly dreaded, no reminder of his new claims, save the tender, protecting clasp that drew her tired head to rest against his shoulder.

The Rollins place was brightly lighted up, and Mrs. Rooney was waiting them with broad smiles and a supper that was greatly to her credit. And Hetty found that she really relished it, to her own great surprise. Then Mrs. Rooney departed, carrying a well-filled basket to her own brood, and Seth went over to get Hetty's things from Mrs. Markham, and incidentally to tell her the news. And for once that voluble lady was stricken speechless.

"Is the girl gone stark, staring mad?" she managed to gasp at last.

"No, I reckon I got her away time enough to prevent that," Seth smiled innocently. "Tell you what, Mis' Markham, she's going to take a heap more comfort than Mis' Lee Armitage—else I miss my guess."

And she has. There isn't a blither, happier, prouder wife in the State than Hetty. And everybody says that marriage was just the making of Seth, which certainly isn't fair, for he is just the same cheery, kindly, helpful friend to everybody that he always was. But he isn't a "singed cat" any more. Being a prosperous farmer, who holds his head well up and dresses irreproachably on occasion, no one thinks of calling him simple now. "You see," he says, "folks think a good deal more of what you say if you say it in a broadcloth suit with a fat pocketbook in your hand. And that's the only way to make folks hear to reason—to get 'em to think. Why, Hetty wouldn't ever have married me if I hadn't got her to think it out."

A MISPLACED LAUREL

BY ISABELLA HOWE FISKE

"MISS MAYNARD." "Present." "Miss Howe." "Present." Miss Harris." Pause and no response.

"Miss Harris seems to be the Mrs. Harris in this class," said the professor, cuttingly, whereat several girls exchanged glances or giggled appreciatively, and one on the back row next the empty seat whispered to her neighbor:

"I thought she hadn't noticed that," and the other wrote back, "Don't you believe it."

But even the professor was seldom sarcastic in Angelica Harris's presence. The junior had somehow hypnotized all Arden College community into a certain reluctant awe of her. Even the president, who had a better than purely academic perspective, signaled her out, tentatively, and with a sort of uncertainty foreign to her usual methods. The seniors pretended, entirely unsuccessfully, to ignore her, and thereby did her the more honor. The freshmen and sophomores—freshmen once removed—were unreserved in their adoration and its manifestations.

It was not long after the above mentioned roll-call that Miss Slade, Professor of Poetic Literature, sent for Miss Harris "to account for her frequent absence from English XVIII," the note read.

Such an appointment was the sort of thing most to be dreaded at Arden College, and especially with Miss Slade. In this case, however, to speak truly, it was the professor's knees that shook as the hour approached. To inquire if those of Angelica Harris did, also, would perhaps too much invade the atmosphere of mystery which surrounded them—or her. During the interview, the professor was successful in extracting from her delinquent pupil a promise to attend her class appointments more regularly, but her tone had been one of sorrowful reproach, and Miss Slade had been ever so delicately reminded that few indeed of the geniuses of the very English literature which she taught had been regular attendants at their college classes, that some of them had even been expelled—and afterwards honored by monuments in those very institutions which had so cruelly failed to appreciate them. She also referred to page 32 of "Some College Memories," by Robert Louis Stevenson, whereupon he stated that his college professor did not know him by sight. Miss Slade saw her perplexing pupil depart with an inner thought of how grateful she would some day be to have taught her, and how she would even, perhaps, prepare a paper on her in the village woman's club, before which she had already spoken.

So, generally, was Angelica considered a genius. "A second Mrs. Browning," she had been called, but she herself, when told of this, said modestly, after a moment, "Oh, no, only a minor poet." Angelica certainly had temperament. Even the casual visitors who were not apt to pick out the most prominent girls in the college at first sight seldom failed to say, if she passed them in the corridors, "Who is that interesting girl?" The name usually only partially satisfied them. Angelica did very well, but Harris left the combination something to be desired. But Angelica's pen name in the college magazine, "Angelica Lyly" was more successful. One thought vaguely of annunciations and similar Pre-Raphaelite mysteries, and of the Elizabethan whose name she had adopted. Her own style alternated between these two models, and in her frequent contributions even the most moderate admitted great promise. A few seniors called this "cleverness," and said that Mary Blake ought to be the ivy poet next year. But at the elections in May, Angelica was chosen, although to the surprise

of the tellers, with a small majority over Mary. "But that is just because Mary is the most popular girl in college," was the verdict.

Mary, indeed, was beloved in the way that only one with a simple nature "that thinks no evil" is loved. Angelica was with her more than with any other girl, although Mary was no more with Angelica than with many others.

Mary had a way of always seeing the other person's point of view; also of not caring for a thing that did not easily come to her. Thus far, at least, in life, her love had always been returned, and her wants had been optimistically simple enough to have been fulfilled. Hers was the temperament to idealize what she had, and be happy. But in the matter of the ivy poem it is true that she was disappointed. She had not thought much about the position of class poet, but since her freshman June she had dreamed about the ivy poem. She had looked up to the girl who had given it that year, and she had lain awake in the June moonlight with the first conception of a new Ivy Poem strong upon her. She had never put anything upon paper, but the night after those class elections she awoke suddenly toward morning, trembling, and with the Ivy Poem full-born in her brain. With no thought of class offices and with no choice of action, indeed, she wrote it down, each line wrapped in mystery until it transferred itself to the paper. A couple of hundred lines in all, a classic ode in form, an idyl of youth in lyric spontaneity. After that she lay down again, trembling yet more, and knowing it still-born, since it might not live and be read. She never spoke of it then or afterward.

When the following June came, it was whispered about—no one knew how the rumor started, for no one quite dared to broach the subject to Angelica, although several had promised to and balked on the brink—that Angelica had as yet done nothing on the Ivy Poem, the chief glory, with its accustomary attendant pageant, of Senior Week. It was, however, ascertained, to the helpless dismay of the class, that this year the pageant must be independent of the poem. Angelica had been especially solitary all the spring, scarcely seeing even Mary. But the mood became her. Mary, who alone if any, might have thrown some light on the matter, was not questioned on a subject which might be considered a delicate one for her.

More than once, indeed, Mary had tried to destroy her "Spirit of the Ivy," but reading it for supposedly a farewell time, she was, as it were, maternally unable to do so. Its choruses were to her the girl-voices of all her class-mates, singing their own dreams of the future. The coolness and freshness of the waters and woods of her Alma Mater were in its rhythms, and it clung to her heart as the ampelopsis to college hall.

One such time, in the early June, she had again taken it out. The song of the orioles nesting in a near branch, came in at the open window by her desk, and the fresh breeze of the lake rustled the pages. A knock came to her door, and she hurried down, with some alarm, to answer the long-distance telephone. When she returned, after a call, not meaning illness at home as she had for the moment feared, but only one more importunate young man, the few pages had entirely disappeared. She glanced around the room, dazed, then hurried to the window. Below, the gardener, building a brush fire, was raking in some loose papers, and already setting fire to them. She started to call out, and then decided, with a feeling of accepting a decision, that it was too late. Strangely, she grew more contented, and so the time went on to Commencement.

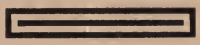
The moment for the reading of the Ivy Poem came. A stir went over all the audience. Angelica looked her part—the mystic incarnation of lyric youth. It was evident that she was trembling—she who, unlike others, was calmest before an audience.

Musically, the poem was read. In its choruses were girl-voices, singing their own dreams of the future. The coolness and freshness of the waters and woods of their Alma Mater were in its rhythms, and it clung to the hearts of its listeners—as the ampelopsis to the college halls.

Mary Blake stood transfixed. She did not tremble, but her eyes were full of vision, and many watched, but did not understand. The speaker did not turn in her direction, and some near Mary therefore complained of not hearing. But Mary

lost not a word. An unparalleled silence followed the reading. At that moment, every one present understood in some measure the meaning of inspiration. Then a great applause came. But Angelica had disappeared—she who always took gracefully and quietly all the applause that so frequently came her way. Then the pageant began, and all the Commencement exercises following went on as they should, in many of which Mary Blake had parts, which she performed as she had rehearsed, yet so far as her own knowledge went, in a dream. But she did not speak to any one of the Ivy Poem, except in one case to assent when it was praised. To herself she whispered at intervals: "I am glad; I am very glad." Her child had, after all, lived.

She did not see Angelica again. The girl left early, and they did not chance to meet. Angelica never became famous, nor did she write, except as an editor in a household magazine, where she did hack work at a fair salary and with considerable cleverness. She did not rank among the prominent Alumnae. Yet her life after college was more useful than her undergraduate years. Mary Blake did no professional writing, but a well-known little book of "Tunes for Two Babies" bears her name.



DAVID

BY HERBERT HERON

Singing, he roams the quiet hills of dawn,
And makes a psalm of rapture to his God;
And comes upon the martial camp, that stirs
Like some great beast awaking: and the voice
Of Saul the King sounds on the echoing rocks.
Then prophecies of splendid things to be
Hold him amazed; but through the mist of awe
He sees a girl's form, and the singing harp
Is mute with love; the clangorous camp is gone;
Forgotten is the crown of Israel:
He only knows a face upraised to his,
And eyes that yearn, and little trembling hands
That let the lilies fall.

O Shepherd-boy, my soul is bound in thine!
I pass with thee among the troubled years,
And feel thy joys and sorrows. I have strayed
With Alberon beside the moving flocks,
And slept with love beneath the sleeping stars,
And dared the tents of Saul; my spirit hears
The thunder of the battle, and the moan
Of women: I have seen the mighty fallen,
And I have raised their crowns upon my head;
And Askelon has trembled at my woe,
That only spoke a name. For I have set
My heart into his heart, as it shall be
On that night when the king calls to Michal
Across the void of life, and never sound
Answers his cry, save the slow drip of blood
Upon the harps of death.

UNCLE SAM'S PARIAH

BY LOU RODMAN POLLEY

HIS MOTHER died when he was born. His father and stepmother wished *he* had. So did the teachers at the public school that he brought disgrace on, when he could not play hookey.

He often ran away from the place the law declared was his home. At fourteen he got away without being arrested, and returned, to cause his father extra exertion with the heavy black whip, kept for the purpose of making home interesting to the boy.

After his escape from home, for seven years the boy drifted from place to place, worked hard, was kicked, cuffed and cheated out of his earnings. However, the last four of the seven years he varied by kicking back, getting drunk and swaggering around the shameful resorts of the city. Then President McKinley called for volunteers to face Spain's Mauser bullets. Of course, the pariah enlisted; mostly because the fellow who worked with him did, partly because there would be change and excitement, and ever so little because of that dumb feeling that used to stir within him when they sang "The Star Spangled Banner" at school. That same feeling made an unknown ache come in his throat and fierce joy sweep over him when he first heard his regimental band playing patriotic airs, after he had been enlisted as Private Ad Smith.

He went to Porto Rico, and when he had ceased to be a rooky, was sent to the Philippines. During his service there, he was more than once in the "mill," but always for drunkenness. He was never "a coffee cooler," and the most casual observer knew he was never an "orderly bucker." No money could have hired him for an officer's servant—in the language of the private, "a dog robber," and no man in the army was less likely to be dubbed "a hospital beat." So, it was with a fairly good record that he was discharged and returned to the land of the free. This, and his fine athletic appearance (the hardening of his muscles was begun very early), induced a comrade to get him admitted to membership in "The Spanish American War Veterans." They pinned the dull metal emblem of courage on his breast, and the first love of his life blossomed like a rich, red rose in his heart. Yet the only expression of his holy love the pariah could give was:

"If any guy pinches my wad—let 'er go. But de skate dat tries to lift dis pin 'ull sure get hell wellered outen 'im. See?"

But there was no change in his way of living. He did not in the least know how to make a change if he had wished; and —he did not wish. Again he worked, drank, fought. His money, moistened by the sweat of the hardest labor, he flung to card-sharps who cheated him, to a vampire who picked his pockets while he slept. Money all gone? All right—back to the lumber camps or mines for more.

One night there was an unusually uproarious celebration on that street that people seek when they wish to celebrate. Ad was drunk. So were some fashionably-dressed young men whose early training and present positions left them without Ad's excuse for seeking that company. The whisky never stopped circulating; but Ad did. He crawled under the bed in a familiar room, took a last pull from a bottle, and for the time, his body lay dead. Perhaps his soul had never been alive. By and bye he roused, because the noise he had left down stairs seemed to have followed him. There was a trampling of feet in the room—a scream—an oath. Then the voice of a drunken woman fury, a man's repeated, "Let go of me! Let go or I'll kill you!" A choked curse, then that awful cry that ended in a groan as

one fell on the bed, while one ran with flying steps down the back stair. Ad rolled from under the bed, pulled himself to his feet as the light, the crowd and a patrol wagon load of police came into the room.

The vampire had been stabbed to death. Ad was in jail before he was sure he had not dreamed it all. The newspapers said he was a cowardly murderer. "That's a lie," said Ad, and thought no more about it. The police told him to confess, or he would certainly hang.

"Oh, *I* didn't kill 'er; but I wouldn't lay a buck on de judge's not giving me de rope necktie; for de hardest lickin' I ever took was fer anudder feller's game."

After this statement he finished the jail dinner apportioned him, scraping his plate closer than any other inmate, and they were not a few. Next day a committee of the Spanish American W. V.'s came to the jail, read him out of their ranks, and tore the dull, copperish button from his coat lapel. He did not speak, and that night he did not eat. But the police had been investigating the circumstances surrounding the murder. The hair in the clenched hand of the dead woman was soft and fine as Ad's was rough and coarse. Ad's knife was in his pocket—unstained. There were those who saw the man that left the room below, going upstairs with the vampire. Money began to find its way to those who did not ask for it. The Coroner had often accepted money, but never so much as he received for manipulating the jury that brought in the verdict that the murdered woman came to her death "By some person or persons to us unknown."

No one else was arrested for the crime, but Ad was discharged. His sombre face did not lighten; he was unconsciously fingering a little, frayed spot on his coat front. As he stepped into the street, a legal-looking gentleman drew him aside, saying quietly:

"You would better get out of the country. If you get talking about this affair you will certainly be arrested again. I have orders to buy you a ticket to Manila, with some pocket money for you when you get there. Want to go?"

"Sure," Ad grunted; but his face twitched convulsively. He had won the right to wear *it* there, and he was going back without it. He touched the torn place on his coat as a mother might stroke her dead baby's pillow.

He did not stop long in Manila. Too often he met men wearing that familiar button, the sight of which sent a sharp pain in his breast, just beneath that empty place on his coat. Then, too, the Manila bands seemed to be always playing "The Star Spangled Banner." He would start singing the words, then stop with a bewildered look on his strong animal face, his hand involuntarily seeking that rough place on his coat lapel. He left the city, first pronouncing this characteristic malediction: "Ter hell wit' de Star Spangled Banner. Ter hell wit' Meriky an' her smart soldiers; an' ter hell wit' me if ever I bodder wit' 'em nother minute. I'm tru wit' de hull damn layout."

He settled on that isolated island, then almost unknown; now, forever occupying a place in history as the stage of a nation's treachery. He lent his great strength and energy to building a reed hut for the head man whose old habitation had become untenable. He did in one day what it would have taken the bolo men six days with half a dozen men laboring, to do. By this he won favor, shelter, a mat to sleep on, and an occasional dish of rice. He staid on, falling in with the native life. Nalogi, the head man, was not certain he was a spy, so did not tell him lies and lure him away on a false scent. He was equally in doubt as to the Americano being only an innocent man, so did not kill him as he would but for the doubt. One thing the shrewd old leader at length knew was true; namely, that the fervency with which his guest cursed the Government, army, navy, and Stars and Stripes was born of a sincerity that could hardly be feigned. Ad had not long been with them before he knew there was some movement on foot, something secret, absorbing, all-engrossing, but known only to the leading spirits of the village. He did not try to learn their secret. He did not in the least care what it was.

No assumption of innocence is as convincing as the real thing. After a time Nalogi knew Ad was not a spy. But then, he had seen a few other Americanos who cursed their country and kept out of the

soldiers' way. Americano Smith was strong as a buffalo, never sick, and also he knew about guns. Nalogi knew the rifle, but the great, black-mouthed cannon! He decided he needed Ad. So, after weeks of leading up to the subject, he took his guest into the plot.

"You hate the Americanos—the soldiers? Come with me, then, my brother. You shall yet be a king."

Ad followed him, muttering to himself, "He's likely going to kill me for my automatic and the little silver I've left; well, his heirs 'ull git more fun outen 'em 'n he will."

A tangle of vines removed, and they dropped through an opening that led into a large, well-timbered cellar. The native made a light, and as it flared up, stacks of rifles gleamed, and out of the darkness came the ominous shapes of shells, torpedoes, bombs, boxes of cartridges and a few grim-looking cannon. No relics of the days of Spain's rule, but new, clean, and the latest models of destructiveness. Nalogi patted them fondly: "There are more guns coming to-night. Help us. You shall be a great generalissimo."

Then he told Ad—told him of a nation still bound by a sacred treaty of peace that was secretly landing immense stores of arms on every island in the Filipino group —taking natives to their country, instructing them in the art of drilling soldiers and returning them to train the islanders.

"They are strengthening their navy, they are making firm their finance. They have spies in every place where floats the hated Striped Stars. We shall place bombs to tear up and scatter to the winds every Americano garrison on these islands. You will see khaki clad arms and legs, blown in pieces, hanging on the trees thick as cocoanuts. Our powerful ally has her warships coaled—manned. When the time arrives, their fleet makes an excuse to sail here. At the signal, every island will blaze into insurrection, while the warships bombard the ports. There will be not one Americano left, save you, and the few others who have thrown off the tyrant's yoke and cast their lot with us."

The old bolo man was delighted at the enthusiastic interest of Smith. Really, Smith never before had asked so many questions at one time, in his twenty-three years of life. That night, with a little company of nude natives, the ex-soldier stole down to the harbor, where a long, dark hulk, with lights covered, carefully lowered cannon after cannon into the Filipino boats and the natives toiled like horses to get them into the hidden cellar. When the last gun was stowed, some of the officers and men came ashore from the ships and brilliant promises were made to the natives, followed by inflammatory speeches. A Filipino who was present had an American flag which he slashed and tore. An officer from the ship flung it upon the ground and trampled the torn thing under his feet. As they were leaving the hidden arsenal, unseen by the others, Ad snatched up the bedraggled bunting and hid it under his blouse. He lay on his mat under a tree, and brain cells he had never used suddenly vibrated to thought.

"So dey's a-goin' to make an officer o' me, heh—wit' all de buttons an' badges on my swell uniform I want, heh? I reckon dey's one button dey can't give me —nor de right to wear it. Dey's goin' to give me a sword, is dey? An' dey'll blow up de boys an' stamp on *you,* will dey?"

He was smoothing the defaced flag, wiping the dust from it with his sleeve.

"Dey's goin' to wipe ole Meriky off de slate, air dey? Oh, I guess not, Willie."

He wrapped the flag around his body, beneath his shirt; and the next night when it was quite dark, he tightened his cartridge belt, sharpened his knife, and with a bunch of bananas slung to his shoulder, stole away to reach the soldiers that he knew were one hundred miles away to the northward. He had his compass and the stars for guides, and he was not molested, though he traveled all that night. Just before daybreak he stumbled on a native man and woman sleeping under a tree with their little child. He tried to glide away, but the man was on his feet. Ad heard a whirring sound as he sprang behind the trunk of a tree, a knife struck it, and Ad was covering the unarmed man with his gun, cocked. The man covered his face with his thin, dusky hands. But the woman sprang before him, holding her baby close, as she uttered piteous cries. Ad stared at the knife,

with the handle still quivering from the force with which its blade had been buried in the tree—then he glared at the couple, lowered the hammer of his automatic and bounded away. The pair from whom the death angel had turned aside, ran all that day to warn the natives that Nalogi's Americano had escaped and must be slain though it cost the lives of half the islanders. Nalogi and his trustiest men were now trailing the fugitive like bloodhounds on a fresh track. That night the man who was bearing the dread secret reached a shallow stream, and against a rather stiff current waded up it, all that night. When he left the stream he had come less than thirty miles from the village, and he was too tired to move another rod. He forced his way into an all but impenetrable thicket, and was asleep before the leaves beneath his head were still. He had chosen his course wisely. His pursuers were certain he would go down the stream and try to reach the sea. Only four men took the precaution of going up the stream. Of these, three turned back when they found no sign of their quarry. One man doggedly climbed toward the head of the stream.

Ad woke, refreshed and hungry. He ate half his bananas, studied his compass and moved cautiously but at a telling pace still to the north. The timber was heavier now but there was less of the undergrowth, and each long, loping stride was taking him nearer the men to whom he could tell the treachery of a great nation—the sharp danger to America's possessions—to Uncle Sam's boys. He had come to the brink of a steep descent, with slender trees bending till their tops almost touched the ground, and was plunging down the bank when the report of a rifle roared close behind him. The elbow of his left arm felt as though some one had struck it a fearful blow with a poker; it felt numb, with fiery thrills darting through it. With the sound of the gun, he gave a great leap down the bank, alighting on two of the bending saplings, their broad leaves completely hiding him from the runner who, gun cocked, knife ready, dashed to the brink of the cut. Ad made a stealthy attempt to draw his gun. The light movement bent the tree he lay on, and the top stirred the tropical growth beneath. With one spring the native was directly beneath him, glaring ferociously at the slightly swaying leaves at the bent tree's top. His lips were drawn back, his head thrust forward, while his black eyes glittering with the thirst for slaughter, reminded Ad of a huge snake about to strike.

With every muscle rigid, the hunted man held his breath and waited for his foe to move far enough so he could safely draw his gun. "Der-r-r-op—der-r-r-op." The drop and splash sounded in the American's ears loud as a drum. Ah, now he saw what it was. A rapid procession of big blood drops were chasing each other down his arm and dropping swiftly from his wrist with a "chuck" on a wide leaf below. "Gee, this won't do!" Acting with the thought, he seized his knife in his uninjured hand and dropped like a plummet on the native's back, just as he half turned at the sound, and so got the knife in his throat instead of in the neck, where it was aimed. He was dead with scarce a struggle. With his broken arm, the ex-soldier could not carry the dead man's rifle —but he took his bolo knife and his pouch of rice and dried meat. Making a sling from his blouse for his wounded arm, he traveled in safety all the next day, and began to hope they had given up the chase. He did not realize that, while he alone was escaping with that awful secret, there could be no giving up the chase. He *must* be stopped. His feet were sore, his face scratched by cactus-like growths, and his wounded arm tortured him even while he slept the sleep of extreme fatigue. On the morning of the fourth day, he came out of a forest of giant ferns, and stopped, poised, ready to dash away at a stir in the hut that was but a few yards away.

"Why be in fear, senor, I am quite, quite alone." The woman who spoke was hidden by a flowering shrub, so near his side he could have touched her. She laughed at his violent start—and raised her voice as she again bade him enter and have food and rest. He followed her to the hut, but with cocked gun and every sense alert. As she passed inside the hut, two men sprang out so suddenly that the Colt's spoke only when a knife struck the corner of the American's eye, cutting cleanly through the socket bone on the side nearest his temple. Then the auto-

matic barked in one continuous roar, and the two men lay one across the other, dead in the doorway. A heavy stone, with a blunt, polished edge, flung with all a woman's strength, struck the victor a smashing blow in the ribs. He lurched to the door, the gun aimed at her head. She caught up a white hemp fibred cloth, and waved it at him as she fell on her knees, one hand extended toward him, the terror of death in her face. Thirty dreadful seconds he hesitated. Then the thought of the frightful consequences to the United States if he failed to give the warning clutched his brain and dwarfed every other feeling. Again the sawed-off gun's report crashed out, and the woman sprang to her feet—took a step toward him and fell dead. He picked up the white cloth, flung it over her face with the murmured:

"I wuz nigh bein' hung once for a woman I *didn't* kill. Now I *hev* killed one; but yous 'ud a trowed me down if I'd a let yous go, an' I'm hurt too bad to take any chances. Reckon you broke two o' my ribs wit' dat rock—durn you. But I must git outen here 'fore the sound o' dem shots fetches yer relations, er I may hev to use some more cartridges."

Yet he was obliged to wait in the hut for some time to staunch the blood that poured from the cut in his head. He took cloth for bandages, and what food he found in the hut, though he felt so deathly sick it seemed to him that he should never again eat.

"But I will," he said, with a bulldog set of jaw and lips.

"I'll eat 'cause I'm goin' to give Uncle Sam the tip, spite o' the hull seven million o' 'em."

As he plunged desperately on, he knew by the trees he was constantly bumping into that his left eye was totally blind, and before the other, strange lights—red, green and yellow, were flashing. When he lay down and drank from a little creek, he found he had no strength to rise. He bathed his head, soaked the bandage in the cool water and lay down with his shattered arm in the stream till the pain was benumbed, and he fell asleep. At the first gleam of dawn he sat up, and by will-power alone forced himself to carefully masticate and put in his stomach a reasonable amount of the food he carried. He soon felt stronger, and again moved steadily on. Judging by the distance he had come, he knew he could not be more than forty miles from the fort. But to-day every step brought the sweat of agony. His broken ribs made it difficult to draw the long breaths necessary in his strenuous climbing. He was half delirious from the pain of the wound, in his eye; and his most intense longing was to find an axe and chop off the heavy, burning throbbing thing that had once been his arm.

Just before dark, when his strength seemed ended and he was constantly putting his dry canteen to his blackened and cracked lips, a bullet knocked his hat off, and like a rat he dropped in the long, spicy weeds and crawled forward. Another shot plowed the calf of his leg, and one cut the rim from his ear. "Good pot shot," he grunted, springing to his feet, just as a Mauser bullet shattered one side of his lower jaw, passing just above his tongue, knocking out three teeth as it passed out of the opposite cheek.

Not a head showed and his assailants used smokeless powder. Excitement gave back to the wounded man his strength, and he ran like a hunted stag. Rifles roared and bullets cut the leaves from the trees; still he tore through the underbrush, blood streaming from his mouth, his eye constantly deceiving him as to the distance of objects. On—on—on—to gain time to find a hiding place—or a place where he had some chance to fight. With a shock, he ran squarely against a hut, dark and seemingly deserted. He staggered in, fell over a great pile of hemp, and swore savagely that this sick feeling with the roar of falling water in his ear was not death. He felt as if he were being whirled—dropped down through space. But he clenched his hand and gasped:

"I *won't* die—till—I—*tell.*"

A light blazed in his face and a square, squat figured woman with a shock of unkempt, black hair, bent over him. His cold fingers felt for the gun-trigger. She kicked the gun from his hand, and all the world went out with the light, for him, for a little time. He came back to consciousness, and the touch of a gentle hand bathing his wounds with some sort of cooling, aromatic lotion, bandaging his

splintered jaw with a firm, tender touch. It was the woman of the squat figure and tously black hair. Next day, and for three days more the rain fell in torrents. He stayed with the woman, who nursed and fed him as though he had been her own. When the savage, desperate men who sought his life came to the hut, which was often, he lay hidden under a great pile of hemp fibre on which the woman worked. And they never dreamed she was not as anxious for his death as they.

"Why do yous be so good to me," he questioned when they were alone. "Maybe yous like Mericans?"

"No, I hate the Americanos, their soldiers. I *hate* them. They killed my husband. It was a long, cruel chase; but they never gave up, never let him rest; they got him at last. After that, they shot my son, those tiger soldiers. He was all torn across him; but he crawled here. I went out and carefully covered the blood marks, as I did for you the night you came; came hunted, wounded, suffering, as he was. I could not let them get you, it would be like giving my boy to those soldiers. You are an Americano. Perhaps I should have killed you; but I think if my boy had crept, wounded to some white woman's door she would have hidden and cared for him as I have for you."

When the rain ceased, he *would* be going on. She begged him to stay—at least for a week. She told him it was almost certain death to go out, that every leaf would be shaken to find him. He knew she spoke the truth, but he dared not think what changes might sweep over the islands in that week. A mist rose in his eyes as he bade his benefactress good-bye. The woman wept, till she raised her eyes to his face, swollen into a grotesque caricature of humanity. Then, being a woman, she laughed hysterically, and he went out chuckling.

He moved slowly, listening, crouching, but always moving on. The following morning he was very weak and sore, but with a growing confidence; for he knew he had almost reached the river, and beyond it was safety. He heard the ripple of the water—then the well-known song of a bullet, the crack of rifles, a bullet tore across his shoulder, and once more he tried to run. But on the high bank above the river a rock rolled under his feet and he pitched forward, rocks rolling before him, bounding behind him—then a sheer drop, and when he struck he knew his leg was broken. He rolled into the river, a projecting root hid his head—the little bank he lay on keeping him safe from the deeper stream, and there he spent the night. In the morning he got upon the bank, tore the flag he wore round him into the vitally necessary bandages, and bungled tortuously through his surgeon's work. His broken jaw made it impossible to take nourishment, save the delicious gruel with which the woman had filled his canteen. This he drank, and clenching his hand, he shook his fist at fate, growling hoarsely. "Think ye've done me, don't yeh? Goin' teh blow up the boys and tramp on Ole Glory, ain't ye. Well, yeh everlasting'ly can't do it. Smash my arms an' laigs—blind me, shoot my head off—but ye'll never *kill* me till I've showed de trick. You've done fer me all right, all right—but yeh can't stop me."

Somehow he crossed the river. Only the God that sees and the dying men who have performed such miracles of desperate courage know how; but he crossed it. Late in the afternoon of the next day, a detachment of soldiers sighted a strange object. It was a half-naked man, on one hand and one knee, with one arm dangling and one leg trailing behind him. A blood-soaked American flag bound his head, and a piece of it covered a wound in his shoulder. The sun beat pitilessly on his naked back, and he was so weak he was obliged to stop every few feet; but he started again, each time with desperate energy, and always headed toward the fort. At the sound of their approach, he blinked in their direction with his one eye that was swollen nearly shut, then rose to his knee and drew his gun. As they challenged him in lusty Yankee voices, he dropped the gun and waved a tatter of his bloody flag with a rasping, cracked:

"Hurrah!"

He lay quietly in the tent. He had told his story to an officer, then to several officers. He had not questioned Nalogi for nothing, and his information was very exact. He knew now that a score of horse-

men were galloping madly, with secret messages. He knew the wireless was calling our nearest battleships, knew rocket signals were flashing in the tropical skies, that a cable message had been sent that would throw the capital of the United States into fierce activity.

He wanted no food, but oh, he was so thirsty! A sergeant sat by his bunk, moistening his lips with water.

"It's hotter 'n a furnace," the pariah panted drowsily.

The sergeant laid his finger on the all but pulseless wrist, then stole from the tent, to return with several men, one of whom wore shoulder straps. Ad started up, pushing the bandage from his eye to find the sight had returned. The officer took his hand as he spoke softly:

"Smith, can you hear me?"

The uninjured hand gave the military salute.

"Sure, sir, I can hear, but I guess I'm 'bout passin' in my checks."

"I hope not, boy. For you have saved thousands of lives, your countrymen's lives. By your desperate courage you have given our country the time to prepare for a war which we have blindly, criminally, refused to see was imminent. Some of the soldiers—regulars now, but volunteers in 1898—want to come in and see the bravest hero that ever gave his life for his country."

The soldiers crowded round him, unconsciously saluting. He smiled and stammered out:

"Am—am I that, sir—a hero?" Then as he saw the well-remembered cross on a young soldier's coat, the last tears he was ever to shed rose to the eyes, too weak to drive them back. With quivering lip he said faintly:

"Colonel, am I fit to have—me—button back—dey took it offen me."

Without a word, the young private took off his S. A. V. button and handed it to the officer, who pinned it above the faintly fluttering heart.

"Every S. A. Veteran will feel honored to know you wore this," he said.

A light of joy triumphant flooded the dying eyes. He patted, smoothed the button, then pressed it with sudden passion close against him. Again the Colonel spoke:

"Have you some message—some last word you would like to leave?"

His lips moved almost imperceptibly, the words inaudible, as his fingers stiffened on the emblem on his breast. Again his lips moved.

"Can't some of you tell what he is trying to say?"

The young private knelt and held his ear close to the white lips.

"What is he saying?" They all whispered the question together.

The soldier held his breath to listen, then he said in a hushed voice:

"He is saying:

"'And the star-spangled banner,
In triumph shall wave.'"

CALIFORNIA

BY OMA DAVIES

Sunrise on poppy fields,
The wild bird's call,
Sun-rest on flaming wave,
Fairest of all!

THE AMAZING OF LUCKY DUST

BY J. WALTER BAIRD

FOUR BLASTING, warping years in a Southern penitentiary for manslaughter; a half-hundred "gun-fights" in hot-blooded regions from the Argentine Republic to Alaska; bitter enemies over this entire stretch of country waiting for the "drop," and then, finally, crowned with the glory of a "price upon his head"—these were the mild agencies which had slowly transformed and molded Sallow Hanks.

Whatever the original thing may have been is doubtful, but the yellow-skinned, lean-jawed, menacing presence, agile as a tiger, and with greasy eyes that never rested, which dominated Lucky Dust, was a thing so deadly definite that old hands forgot to draw at the critical moment, but stood with dropped chins and "took water."

"Ugly"—that was the word, and, when it was applied to Sallow Hanks, it carried with it the withering sibilance of a death-rattle and the wailing of lonesome pines over bleak graves.

Red Mulvy, all-round bad-man, "looked after" Lucky Dust before Hanks came, but one day, as he swaggered before the bar in the Great Jupiter, a yellow-visaged stranger confronted him and spoke a soft insult full into his teeth. Then, while a pair of eyes held him so nerveless that hand and arm refused to obey, a long, thin yellow hand slapped his face once, twice, thrice, as he stood, blinking apprehensively, the saliva running from the corners of his loose lips. Thus came about the fall of Red Mulvy and the sudden rise of Sallow Hanks.

A few there were, however, who demanded "fire-works." There was a stubborn Dutch butcher, who thought he could shoot, a wiry little Mexican of desperate courage, and a "cow-puncher" with a reputation—but all of them woefully slow, as their graves subsequently bore witness.

After these misinformed unfortunates had been set right, and the populace of Lucky Dust had given dry-lipped approval of Sallow Hanks, that gentleman called a meeting in the public square, and there gave such a lightning-flash exhibition of gun-play, from known and unknown angles, and of such superhuman accuracy, that Lucky Dust crawled home on its belly eating dirt by way of obeisance. Surreptitiously the citizens gazed at the graves of the Mexican and his two companions, and marveled upon the foolishness of mortals. Thus did Sallow Hanks become king of Lucky Dust.

For a time matters went on smoothly and quietly, except for an occasional dance given for the especial delectation of the king—a dance, by the way, in which the dancer found himself "keeping time, time, time, in a sort of pistol rhyme"—the pistol being deftly manipulated by His Majesty himself.

But this sort of thing could not last. Into the domain of Sallow Hanks came invading monarchs, who desired to try out his prowess. Hanks disposed of each successive invader as fast as he appeared, receiving nothing more serious than a flesh-wound in his arm, but these encounters, drawing heavily upon his nerve force, made him peevish and fretful.

Understanding his mood, Lucky Dust, having known bad-men before, walked wide when it passed him, and purred as soothingly as apprehension would permit, but each day the movements of the desperado grew more restlessly alert.

"There'll shore be hell some fine day in this part of Arizony ef Saller ain't let alone," said the proprietor of the Great Jupiter, one Loredo Pete. "They ain't any of 'em kin stan' it. A man kain't pike the whole world, he shore kain't—at

least not when half of it's busy ambushin' 'm. There'll be a gent arrive some day a tenth of a second too soon for Saller, and then Lucky Dust 'll begin a new dynasty."

Loredo Pete spoke prophecy, so far as the end was concerned, but he was "some shy" as to the manner of the accomplishment. The favored gent was not a fierce man-killer from the border. He was just tremulous, soulful Brother Larwell, temperance evangelist, from as far east as Boston.

Columbus could not have been a more amazing spectacle to the natives of San Salvador than was the Reverend Kent Larwell to the populace of Lucky Dust. Tall, thin and with a waist like a woman, white of face, black of garb and meek of voice, he moved down the one principal street, a thing in the midst of Lucky Dust and yet afar off. Even his mild, well-mannered sneeze was a curiosity, and his brow represented the culture of generations. Lucky Dust fell into line as he passed, and followed silently.

Sallow Hanks, noting the commotion, gave a few crisp instructions to certain bystanders, looked furtively about for lurking confederates, and prepared to "drop" his man. But when the man approached, scholarly face turning doubtfully upon his long neck, earnest hands gripping his Bible piously, all the tiger went out of Sallow Hanks at once, and left him laughing nervously.

"Why, good morning, Rev., *how—do—you—do,*" the bully cried, catching the long, beautiful nose of the temperance man, and lifting it up, down, and sidewise by four distinct motions. "Lookin' over the future flock?"

"Sir!" bleated the startled evangelist, "sir!—you——"

"Well, maybe I does, but don't *you* start to say it, or you'll probably say most of it on t'other side. Sabe?"

The discomfited minister gasped something into the black muzzle of the big Colt's that had appeared suddenly close to his face. The bad-man nodded approvingly and laughed softly.

"Honor bright, now, Jasper; what did y' come fer—health er mazuma? Er was it jist the charm of the West that brung ye?"

"I came," gasped the trembling Larwell, "to—to—organize a temperance society—I'm about my Master's business—saving men."

"Savin' men! The hell ye are, and who's to save *you*—Saltpeter?"

The laugh that followed this sally was Lucky Dust's undoing. Somewhere in the vicious, sordid being of Sallow Hanks lurked an element of fair play. The laughter of Lucky Dust grated upon these sensibilities. The bad-man made a resolution.

"So you aim to run booze out of Lucky Dust—is that it?" The tone was one of extreme politeness, and Larwell, fearing some further discomfiture, stood silent, looking apprehensively at his tormentor.

The sight so amused Lucky Dust that it laughed again, of which the bully took due note.

"I said you was aimin' to run booze out of this land o' promise? I'm askin' in the best faith in the world, Mr. Larwell. Kin I git a rise out of ye?"

"Oh, yes, yes—that's—that's it, Mr.—Mr.——"

"Mr. S. Hanks," said the desperado, smiling broadly. "Jist one more question, Mr. Temperance-man—if you'll be so kind?"

"Oh, yes, certainly, Mr. S., M-Mr. Hanks, I should say. G-Go right on!" gasped the agitated minister.

"I was jist a-goin' to remark that you kain't do the job so well so long as the tap rooms is left runnin', kin you, now?"

"N—no; n—not so well," agreed the temperance man.

"Then you take this little piece of ordnance and come with me." He held out a murderous revolver of giant size to the evangelist, who was far too frightened to refuse. Had not Lucky Dust sensed calamity ahead, it must have been tremendously amused, for the minister grasped the weapon gingerly about the middle, like a billet of wood which he was about to lay upon the fire.

But Lucky Dust was sober-faced, and with reason. Striding into the Great Jupiter, Sallow Hank gave his orders.

"Got to close 'er up, Pete. This gent here's come to work temperance, and he kain't do it agin such opposition as yours. Close 'er right now and save funeral expenses."

The proprietor of the Great Jupiter was thunderstruck, but he had sense enough to obey. Strict obedience to the mandate of such men as Hanks had been good policy upon more than one occasion. Silently he wiped off the top of the bar, and moved over to draw down the blinds.

"Leave 'em up, Pete—I may want to look in occasionally," commanded the bad-man, moving out of the place in the rear of a crowd of disgruntled patrons.

"Oh, all right, Mr. Hanks," said the proprietor, "jist as you say." He closed the door and locked it, but in so doing, managed to send a murderous look in the direction of the meek-faced evangelist. The evangelist saw the look and trembled.

From the Great Jupiter, the bad-man and his protege went to two other smaller places in Lucky Dust, and to the single drug store, at each of which Hanks gave his orders, which were promptly obeyed.

"I allows nothing stronger in Lucky Dust than pink-tea er warm water with a small squeeze of lemon in it. I'll test my new guns on the first gent I finds breakin' the rule. Lucky Dust may be shy on some things, but she's whole-souled when it comes to temperance reform. From this on, Lucky Dust is dry."

With a fair field and no impeding elements, Larwell began his work. And certainly his attendance was encouraging. Having no place in which to loaf, and fearing the mighty displeasure of Sallow Hanks, Lucky Dust attended to a man, with a goodly sprinkling of its women—such as they were. Night after night the town-hall was filled to capacity limit by the denizens of Lucky Dust, and night after night, the evangelist, weak voice rising to a thin plaint, exhorted them that they might see the evils which come in the train of strong drink.

At first the audience sat sullen and silent, but as the days went by, and the "lid" was not removed, the nightly gatherings became more and more restless and hard to control. Insubordination was, at last, so thinly veiled that Sallow Hanks was compelled to take his seat upon the rostrum, which had been temporarily installed, and, gun in hand, maintain order while the temperance-man talked. But the shifting and shuffling went on, and now and then mutterings sounded from remote parts of the hall. Once, a woman, relying upon her sex as a safeguard, laughed jeeringly, in the midst of the fervent discourse. Sallow Hanks leaped to his feet with so murderous a gleam in his eyes, as he faced the woman, that she was awed into silence, and the crowd became deeply respectful for a time.

A pledge was produced, and silently, sullenly, and with many shame-faced glances, the citizens of Lucky Dust went forward and scrawled their names at its foot, receiving in return for this chirography a little snip of pale blue ribbon. Cherokee Lilly, who had been duly installed as a sort of secretary-treasurer, gave out the ribbons, accompanying each with a diabolical wink. The wink did much toward salving the chafed spirits of the converts and injected into the high-strung atmosphere the saving grace of humor.

But the moral strain was too great. Lucky Dust feared Sallow Hanks as it feared a rattler—it respected his nerve, and admired his audacity, but it clung tenaciously to what it regarded as its "personal privileges." Sometime in the middle of the night, Loredo Pete crept into his place, and took a deep draught. When he emerged, he brought with him a quart of his best "stuff," bottled in bond and twenty years old. Reversing the rule laid down by the first ancestor, he gave the bottle to Cherokee Lilly, the inconsequential secretary-treasurer, with strict injunction that she drink sparingly of it and then eat something to "kill" her breath. The Lilly readily promised.

The following night, when the temperance society assembled, the secretary seemed somewhat at fault upon several occasions, and did some things which caused Sallow Hanks to watch her sharply. But the meeting passed along without incident until the temperance man called for something for the good of the society. There was a dead silence for a moment, and then the Lilly arose with a lurch, and stood swaying breezily beside her table.

"Hehm! Sheciety needshs a dhrink," the lady stated. "Hehr's shomething fer zh good of zeh sheciety. Whoopee-e! Everybody dhrink!"

From the depths of her capacious half-breed bosom she drew the gift of Loredo

Pete, and raised it to her lips.

"Bully fer Lilly!" some one shouted, and then a providential blast from the open window mercifully snuffed out the light.

Some breaches of discipline and decorum are so glaring that propriety is palsied for the time being, and defers retribution. Propriety, represented by Sallow Hanks, was in this condition by the time the light was relighted. By its fitful gleam, the secretary-treasurer was observed to be absent, as was likewise Loredo Pete. Otherwise the society seemed innocently intact. All eyes were riveted upon the boss of Lucky Dust, and not a few hands crept nervously near to revolver butts, that speed might be facilitated in case wholesale and promiscuous firing began suddenly. But nothing of the sort happened. Quietly, almost languidly, the desperado reached across the table and grasped the bottle which the absconding secretary-treasurer had left behind her in her flight, and shook it slightly. The liquor within sloshed ever so softly, yet Lucky Dust, straining its ears in parched intensity, heard it and sighed. The next move of Sallow Hanks was to remove the cork and smell it thoughtfully. Then he sniffed at the open throat of the bottle.

"Smells like Pete's brand o' goods—let's see." He tipped the big bottle and took rather more than a sample swallow. Again Lucky Dust sighed, and stirred uneasily. The temperance-evangelist gazed at Sallow Hanks in pained surprise, and the look, while it galled that gentleman, put him upon the defensive. In a spirit of bravado he again sampled the bottle. "Nothin' like certainty, parson," he said, apologetically. "I means to square with the gent as has dared to break the rules. Now, suspicion pints to Pete, but I wants to be shore this edge-water come from his place. Perhaps, Brother Larwell, you could——"

"Oh, no—no—no!" gasped the temperance man, as Sallow Hanks extended the bottle towards him. "Perhaps the label—"

"Nope, that don't tell nothin'—it's the taste I must be guided by." The desperado again sampled the bottle, and seemed about convinced, but, upon second thought, decided not to risk his first judgment without further evidence. Smack! Smack! "It shore does taste like Pete's goods."

The temperance-man mildly expostulated, and murmured something about "a bad example." Sallow Hanks was on his dignity at once.

"Now, look here, parson, you go on with your sermon and don't interrupt the court." He laid a hand significantly upon one of his big guns, and looked at the evangelist in an ugly fashion for a moment. The temperance-man plunged frantically into his discourse.

"Strong drink," said he, "has desolated more homes, made more wives husbandless and more children fatherless than war and pestilence combined. It has brought sorrow and ruin and desolation and want and misery and rags and rottenness and almshouses and prison-pens in its wake!" The evangelist in his fear and nervousness leaped all bounds and hit straight from the shoulder. "Nobody but a brute would drink it, nobody but a man lost to all sense of decency and moral cleanliness would drink it, nobody but a man steeped in the filth of damnable dissipation and a slave——"

The cold ring of a revolver muzzle poked him in the cheek, a rough hand clutched his shoulder and turned him round. The frightened man started nervously, his oratory dying upon his white lips. Sallow Hanks stood close to him, one of his big revolvers trained full upon him. There was that look in the bad-man's eyes that meant murder, and the evangelist, unused as he was to the ways of bad-men, knew it, as did every other man and woman in the hall.

For a full minute they stood thus, Sallow Hanks, eyes a-glitter, with his gun leveled, and the preacher, white-lipped and frozen with sickening fear. Outside, the prairie wind moaned and seethed through the stunted arid growth; inside, the tense moments were weird and strained as though time were being ticked off in a far-off, unnatural world. Scarcely a muscle or an eye-lash moved in the hallful of people. Finally, Sallow Hanks spoke, and his malignant tone, coldly sneering, was as final as the summons of a prison-warden to some wretch in the death chamber.

"You'll never make that sort of spiel

again, parson. I'm going to upset your brain-pan in a d—n few seconds. Don't cheep, or I'll blow your tongue out! If you've got anything to say, say it to the Man you pray to, but say it deep down in your d—n blue belly." The desperado laughed disagreeably and cocked his revolver.

The evangelist gurgled a horrible, gasping cry, and half-lifted his hands, as though to ward off a blow. Then the cruel, bullying nature of Sallow Hanks overreached itself.

"I guess," said he, looking critically at his terrified, half-swooning victim, "that Lil's tip was good. You need a drink before you go, and the first citizen of Lucky Dust ain't lackin' in hospitality—even to a skunk. Here——"

He turned leisurely to the table upon which stood the bottle, and in so doing, half lowered his weapon. Then a most amazing thing happened—about the most amazing that Lucky Dust ever witnessed, figuring from its deep-laid prejudice of all things Eastern, and its knowledge of tenderfoot prowess. Into one of the side pockets of his coat slipped the white, nervous hand of the temperance-man, and when it reappeared, it held a foolish little revolver. Then, just as Hanks was turning back with the bottle, the little revolver cracked joyously, and down toppled the great terror in a starchless heap, the bottle clattering to the floor!

To a man, Lucky Dust leaped to its feet and came forward to where Hanks lay, and lifted up his head and disposed his limp limbs into a more seemly attitude, while out of the window, unchecked and unnoticed, leaped the temperance-man, and raced frantically away into the night.

"The joke's on Saller," some one remarked meditatively, as the crowd stood looking down at the outstretched form. "Pity he ain't here to see it."

As if to respect the eternal fitness of things, the body upon the floor stirred suddenly, groaned and then sat up. Then, while the crowd gave way in speechless awe Sallow Hanks arose, feeling ruefully of the deep furrow which the bullet had plowed along his scalp. Catching sight of the little revolver which lay, a shining toy upon the floor, he strode forward and picked it up. Turning it over and over in his big hand, he gazed shamefacedly at its stubby barrel and insignificant cylinder. Then he weighed it gently, gazing down at it thoughtfully the while.

"Hell!" he said, and, turning without a word, he walked out of the hall and disappeared into the darkness.

Thus ended the dynasty of Sallow Hanks. His name and his fame alone remained in Lucky Dust thereafter.

THE POET

BY ALONZO RICE

What do we do when he is dead?
The sweetest prayers for him are said:
  His forehead with fair flowers we grace,
    Defying Time's relentless tooth.

What do we do when he is dead?
The softest couch for him is spread:
  He's left in some still room's embrace
    To dreams of Fame's eternal youth!

THE LAND OF THE SETTING SUN

BY MARITA G. DUNN

FAR UP IN THE great Sierras of California, where the lonely pine tree still sways to the rhythm of the mountain breeze, where the cypress fills the air with a balmy fragrance, and heaven and earth seem to meet in one great universe, there, in a little cottage overhanging the San Juan Canyon, dwelt a miner with his wife and daughter, Rowina.

It was not for its extreme beauty that the miner chose this spot, so remote, so distant from the remainder of the world, to keep the wind and mountain rain from his little family, but because there was money in the rock. Bright, yellow gold glimmered from beneath the pebbly soil. The great round cart-wheel, to-day's greatest idol of man, seemed to roll from its hiding place in the rugged earth.

There was but one thing that brought disturbance or annoyance to these quiet mountain folk. This was the Indians that roamed the vast mountain waste. The country was still in its primitive age, and though the thriving cities in the valleys below were quite civilized, there was a something about this natural territory that made your breath come quicker. It made your pulse beat stronger, and intimated to you that man, though independent, had much to conquer.

As Rowina budded into beautiful womanhood, she became the pride and joy of her parents' hearts. Her very life seemed to thrill them as, day by day, she grew stronger and more beautiful. Her daily tramps and long horse-back trips only added to her beauty and strength. Sometimes, when galloping along the mountain road, her pony's hoof would strike a rock, and the clink, clank, of the iron would be answered by the wild cry of a near-by coyote, or the fierce howl of some distant wolf shielding her young.

One warm day, late in August, Rowina's father was slightly overcome by the heat. He was rapidly advancing in years, and the intemperate weather of the hills was beginning to tell upon his health. He called his daughter to his side, as he rested on the couch in the log-hewn cabin. "Daughter," he said, "I left the cattle gate open last evening, over on Ridge Cliff, to give the poor beasts a little freedom and chance to cool off down by the falls, thinking that I would be passing through there this morning, and be able to drive them back in a short time. Now that I am not able to make the trip to-day, I wonder if you would go down there, Rowina, to pen them and close the gate? I am certain to be better to-morrow, so that you will not have to make a second journey. You are not afraid, child, to do this for your old daddy, are you?"

Instantly, Rowina grasped her father about his neck, and laughingly chaffed him. "I afraid, father? Well, I guess not!" Soon she was in her saddle and off for the long run to Ridge Cliff. After she had gone the old man shook his head meditatively and conjectured: "Well, our little girl beats them all, doesn't she, ma?" The interrogation was answered by a sweet, pale-faced woman of about fifty, who only smiled back at her husband with reassuring warmth.

It was a good twenty mile ride that the little horsewoman had before her, as she touched the spurs lightly to her pony's side, causing him to canter quickly out of the yard and down the canyon road. He soon broke into a gallop, while up mountain side and down hilly ravine they went, like a couple of happy children out for their first joy-ride. Ponto, as Rowina had affectionately named her sturdy little animal, was built for the mountains, his short, strong limbs never tiring as he traveled the rough roads with Rowina as his little mistress. He had been a gift from

her Uncle Dave nearly two years ago, and she would rather have parted with anything else in the world than her pony. He was her playmate and daily companion.

It was nearly three in the afternoon as they drew up to the cattle barricade, and seeing that all the stock was within the range, she quickly swung from her pony and fastened the gate. She knew it would be easy work for her to reach her destination before dark, so they traveled the first few miles leisurely, afterwards breaking into their customary lope.

The two were just clearing the woods when the girl noticed that Ponto was nervous, twitching his ears back and forth, and breathing with widely distended nostrils. Another moment, hearing the sound of hoofs in the rear, she glanced backward, just as a heavy rope swung over her head, instantly tightening at her waist as her pony sped onward. She knew what had happened. She was a captive to the Indians, the fierce, wild, sunworshippers of the West, and apprehended the reason, as the great Chief Tommaho had expressed a wish for her pony. Ponto was the envy of the range, and more than once he had been restored to his little mistress through rigid means. She screamed as the rope jerked her almost from her saddle. Ponto halted, for he seemed to realize if he continued his mad pace it would mean death to the rider whom he loved so well. The Indian was instantly at her side, groaning and grunting fiercely. He headed Ponto in the other direction, and binding the girl's hands together, started out with his young prisoner, with but few ejaculations to make.

Rowina knew there would be practically little use in protesting, as the red men of these mountains were feared throughout the Sierra Nevada range for their ferocity and cruel natures. So the little party of two rode along in silence as they retraced the road back to the Indians' homes in the forest.

Rowina's heart throbbed wildly as she was jerked from her saddle and quickly bound to a neighboring tree. There they left her to stay nobody knows how long. They had the pony, the one that money could not buy.

As night drew on, they began to assemble about a great bonfire, and dance to the sound of aboriginal instruments. Hour after hour they danced and hooted, and as Rowina watched them in their revelry, she realized that she had apparently been forgotten, as she stood, bound to the great tree. She thought that if now, while they were half-intoxicated by the terrible firewater, she could only make her escape, she might have a bare chance to evade their clutches and get into her own country before they would know that she had gone. She tugged and pulled at the great ropes binding her form to the monument of nature, but her efforts were wholly in vain. As she worked at the ropes, they grew tighter and more securely fastened, until she feared she might choke.

As the night slowly advanced and the cold, damp fog blew up from the valley below, the little child of nature realized that it must be past midnight, and that she, with nothing whatsoever to defend herself, was in the hands and at the mercy of one of the wildest tribes of American Indians. The very thought made her shudder as she still listened to the tong-tong of their weird music. A moment later she gave a little scream, half aloud, half in a murmur, for what did she see coming toward her from out of the inky darkness. Something bright—shiny—glimmering—like a luminous star moving slowly toward her through the long grass. Her very pulses ceased to beat, as she clasped her hands to her throbbing head.

Another moment and she felt a smooth, cold blade slip inside the ropes keeping her captive, and then she knew that she was—free. He was talking rapidly to her, begging, entreating, imploring her to hurry, and they could clear the woods within an hour, for he had the ponies waiting. Yes, her Ponto was waiting. He had stolen him back from the wretched horse-thieves of the West.

Quickly, Rowina mounted her pony, asking not a word, but simply obeying her mascot. Half-dazed and stupefied by keeping one posture for so long a time, she rode on, hardly speaking a word until they were completely out of danger.

Then she requested to know who he might be, and how he was apprized of her captivity. He explained that he was the son of a ranch-man on the other side of Verdugo Cliff, and had been out hunting

for a day and a night. He said: "I heard the trample of horses' feet and peeked out through the brush to ascertain who it might be. It was then that I saw you pulled along by the Indian. I know this tribe," with a little nod backward to signify the whereabouts of the red men, whom they had just left, "and understand what they would do if they succeeded in keeping you a prisoner. So I instantly decided on what course I would take to help you recover your freedom. I sneaked up to the camp, and locating you, I simply waited until I thought they would be so thoroughly under the influence of whisky that if you screamed as I approached they would not notice it. I got you, and you, well—you know the rest."

He looked at her from under his heavy black lashes, and as her glance met his, there was a glimmer of something in his eyes that made Rowina's instantly drop as the two pair met. Yes, she thought she knew the rest, but felt a little uncertain about it.

As they rode into the gate that Rowina had left so sprightly the previous afternoon, she heard voices, and then saw her old Dad limp out from the doorway, to be quickly followed by her mother. They soon told the old folk the story of their adventure, and Rowina, grasping the arm of her friend tightly, led him into the house, along with her aged parents, whom she loved dearly.

Before Rowina's kind friend had made his departure that night, there had been a promise given, a kiss taken, and many other things happened that made the lives of two people the happiest in the world.

BRIDAL VEIL

BY CHARLES ELMER JENNEY

Sweeping with modest grace and rainbow smiles
Along the sylvan aisles,
The chorist winds in low, sweet voices singing—
Thou bowest at the altar of the hills
In maiden chastity, yet Love's great thrills
Within thy breast a-ringing.

The summer sun of radiant happiness
For many days shalt bless—
Thy veil dissolving in an aureoled glory;
And winter sorrow with a pall of snow
Condense it in a fount of frozen woe,
To make complete life's story.

Yet all adown the durance of the years
Through sunshine or through tears—
By tempest chidden or by star-light kissed—
In apparition pale of fog-like wraith,
Or fount of frozen grief, thou keepest faith,
Dear Lady of the Mist.

THE KEY

BY LEIGH GORDON GILTNER

NOTHING COULD more instantly or effectually have roused Mrs. Travis from the appalling apathy into which she had sunk when certainty seemed to succeed suspense as to the fate of Cortlandt's yachting party, which had included her son, than the announcement, apparently on the authority of the young woman herself that that son had been the accepted suitor of Geraldine Farris. *Geraldine Farris!* Through the density of her despair, the mother winced. "Gerry" Farris, with her plebeian antecedents, her uncertain social status, accentuated rather than assured by a beauty so conspicuous and compelling as to seem almost an affront to good taste, and a manner which, while scarcely pronounced, yet differed in some subtle, indefinable way from that of Mrs. Jerome Travis and her kind—it was unthinkable!

The rumor, vague at first, but gradually acquiring definiteness, stung Elinor Travis' stunned sensibilities like the lash of a whip. She and her son had lived in such close sympathy; she had had such confidence in his delicate percipience and finer instincts that the rumored engagement came to her as a distinct shock. It was so unexpected, so incomprehensible, so utterly unbelievable. Of another, yes; but Hugh! He had been always so acutely responsive to mental overtones, so exquisitely alive to the subtler, more elusive things which lie beyond the crasser sense that it seemed impossible that he had, or could have, declined upon this lower level.

At first the more apparent aspect of the case presented itself; she saw it with the casual eye of the world at large—the palpable infatuation of a susceptible youth for a charming, but calculating, young woman several degrees beneath him in the social scale. Then her discerning percipience, quickened by her perfect understanding of her dead son, helped her to a nearer approach to the truth. She had known Hugh so intimately (she half-smiled in tender memory of his charming little weaknesses—an instant's respite before the sense of loss closed crushingly in upon her again), and despite his very general gallantries, she was sure she knew where his heart was. His penchant for pretty speeches and rather exaggerated chivalry and devotion to femininity in general (due no doubt to his mother's Southern traditions) had won for him at college the obnoxious sobriquet "the Auto-Sparker," originated, as Hugh explained in half-amused disgust, by "that vulgar little cad, Braithe, who didn't distinguish coarseness from wit," and the mother, recalling with a pang his impersonal little tendernesses toward all womankind, wondered how far Miss Farris' ignorance of subtler shades of manner and meaning might have misled her.

Mrs. Travis did not for an instant mistake the situation. She recognized Gerry Farris as what is baldly termed a "good" girl—"straight as a string" old Michael Farris, erstwhile sign painter, now "interior decorator" and owner of a many-turreted architectual atrocity in the suburbs, proclaimed her. The girl was generally respected by virtue of her own self-respect and her gallant efforts at self-betterment. She had already lifted herself vastly above the level of her elder sisters (relics of the dinner-pail and overall period of Mike Farris' career), who had married respectively a local liveryman and a conductor on a branch of the huge railway system of which Jerome Travis was vice-president.

But though her proud mother (herself of antecedents the most impossible) was wont to boast to her intimates that "Gerry had got in with the swells," no one knew better than Geraldine herself that she was

distinctly without the pale; that she but clung precariously to the fringe of society's mantle.

Grantham, the little city which had been the early home of the Travis family, and where they still spent a part of each summer, was a mere overgrown village where the line of social demarkation was none too carefully drawn. Yet that such a line existed, and that she had never crossed and might never cross it, Geraldine was well aware. She frequented the Assembly dances and other semi-public functions; a few kindly (or careless) hostesses invited her for their larger affairs; the girls who had been her classmates at the village academy (including Edith Travis) were always courteous, though they did not call —but to the intimate little dinners, dances and bridge parties which made up the daily life of these more fortunate girls, she knew herself as much a stranger as Alice Lemp, the bar-keeper's daughter, in whose envious eyes Geraldine was as the very glass of fashion. At the Assemblies, the men of Edith Travis' set were eager always for as many dances as Geraldine chose to give them; they flattered and mildly flirted with her; but the girl's sensitive pride made her acutely aware of a subtle, infinitessimal something which differentiated their treatment of her from their manner toward the girls of their immediate circle.

Hugh Travis had been the sole exception; he alone had made her feel herself not wholly alien. His manner to this social probationer had been always as gracefully gallant as, for example, to lovely Mignon Ford, who to hapless Geraldine stood for all she herself would have been—and was not.

The girl was accustomed to admiration *ad nauseam;* to attentions, wholly unproductive of intentions, she was not a stranger; but of that deeper devotion which leaps all barriers and bursts all bounds she had no experience, save in the case of Burke, her father's partner, a bluff, good-looking young fellow, happily ignorant of his limitations and cheerfully impervious to Geraldine's snubs and slights. The girl's position was anomalous. She had risen above her own class, but had failed to attain to a higher; and she now seemed to have reached the ultimate of achievement. The men of her own rank were awed by her superior prestige; those of Travis' set admired her (rather too obviously); but Hardy Burke alone seemed in any wise eager for an alliance with the motley tribe of the house of Farris.

Travis' inherent courtesy and native kindliness had enabled him to meet the situation. His manner toward the girl was admirable, adequate but not exaggerated, neither under nor overdone, and she felt for him accordingly a gratitude which he himself would have been quick to pronounce disproportionate. He had never called, but twice or thrice when courtesy made the attention incumbent upon him, he had taken her home in his motor; and at a dance at the Country Club the night before, he left for his ill-starred cruise in Cortlandt's "Volante," he had claimed two dances and sat out a third on the moonlit piazza, discreetly chaperoned (and discussed) by a group of gossiping matrons. He had promised her some corals from Naples (every girl of his acquaintance had exacted upon him her choice of souvenirs) and the corals, along with a breezy bit of a note had reached her just a day in advance of the news which had devastated the Travis household.

In the long, empty, but strangely illuminative hours which follow upon bereavement, Elinor Travis, by virtue of her affection for Hugh, between whose mental processes and her own there had been something telepathic, arrived at a singularly accurate estimate of the situation—love is ever the key to understanding. She did not, however, communicate the result of her deductions to her daughter, who was already sufficiently out of sympathy with the situation so suddenly and sadly thrust upon them; but aware of what Hugh would have wished, whatever the true inwardness of the case, she called at once, accompanied by the reluctant Edith.

Secretly the mother shrank from an expected scene; but Geraldine, with true American adaptability, had schooled herself to a Vere de Vere repose, which rivaled Mrs. Travis's own. Her treatment of the difficult situation was perfect. With her wonted vividness something subdued in her sombre garb, she was so beautiful that for a moment the mother's mind reverted

to the more obvious explanation—surely the girl was lovely enough to substantiate the Circean theory! But apart from her beauty there was about her nothing pronounced or aggressive; she might easily have been of the very elect, as she said and did the requisite things with no hint of nervousness or embarrassment in her manner. It was she who first spoke of Hugh; and that she introduced it with perfect tact did not lessen Mrs. Travis's distaste for his name on her lips.

"We must not abandon hope," the girl said at parting. "It's quite possible the yacht's boats have been picked up by some sailing vessel bound to a foreign port. Don't lose heart, Mrs. Travis. The ocean is a much-traveled thoroughfare these days, and there's still room for hope."

That which Geraldine had suggested, in a random snatching at some straw of comfort for the bereft, proved actually and exactly the fact. The Volante, rammed in the darkness by a passing vessel which had failed to stand by, had filled so slowly as to admit of the boats being lowered without confusion or haste. Indeed, the liner which had picked up the larger boat containing the yacht's crew, reported her still afloat at dawn, though rapidly settling. The smaller boat (which had held the Volante's sailing-master, her owner and his guests), drifting away in the darkness, was nowhere to be seen on the face of the waters; and as days passed without tidings, was ultimately conceded lost. As a matter of fact, it had been picked up, after a few days of fair weather and no particular hardship to its occupants, by a sailing vessel bound to the Azores. Within three weeks, Hugh was in communication by cable with his people; and in rather less than a fortnight later found himself in the New York office of his sister's fiance. He had sent Aylward a wireless the previous day, but was planning to surprise his mother.

"I've just had a letter from Edith," Aylward was prompt to volunteer. "Your mother's herself again, though naturally very impatient. And Miss Farris is better—but of course you've advices direct! She seemed to collapse completely when your cable came; she'd been keeping up so wonderfully, but the long strain finally told. However, she's very much better."

Just why Aylward should have assumed that news of Miss Farris had any special significance for him, Hugh was at a loss to conjecture, but he none the less essayed obligingly the effect of interest evidently expected.

"Delighted to hear it, I'm sure. A handsome young woman, Aylward, and clever and charming as well. She's had a pretty stiff social struggle, but I think she will win out in the end. She's likely to marry well——"

"Refreshingly modest!" smiled Aylward, "but I think the prediction's a safe one. The affair proved a boon to your mother, Travis. You'd kept it so uncommonly quiet and it came as such a surprise as quite to lift her out of the lethargy she'd fallen into when your fate seemed assured.

Hugh's face had gone a little white.

"Will you kindly stop speaking in parables, Aylward," he said, sharply, "and tell me in plain Anglo-Saxon just what you're talking about?"

Aylward felt a trifle awkward. His mental processes were not rapid, and he had never arrogated to himself any particular acumen, but even his slow percipience sensed a situation which he regretted having precipitated. However, there was nothing for it but to answer—bluntly enough:

"Your engagement to Miss Farris. It spread through the village the day we got news of the wreck, and if not authorized, it certainly was not denied by Miss Farris's family. Indeed, she tacitly admitted it, and it was on that assumption that your mother——"

As Aylward spoke, one of those illuminative and comprehensive moments the drowning are said to experience was vouchsafed Hugh. In a flash he reviewed his entire acquaintance with the girl; and in that brief space he accused—and acquitted himself. He recalled with relief the trivialities of their casual converse, the impersonal character of his attentions—yet stay! That last night on the piazza at the Country Club! Had there been anything, a word, a look even, upon which a misconception might have been based? He tortured his memory for details, but none came to his reassurance. The thought of his fatal predilection for pretty phrases

made him wince. He began to feel sickeningly sure that some idle gallantry had lent a personal significance to an interest of the most impersonal. In that case * * he set his teeth hard and took his cue.

"I beg your pardon, Alyward," he said a trifle unsteadily. "You quite took me off my feet for an instant. You see I—we—hadn't meant to announce it quite yet, and it was rather a facer coming like this." He was aware that he was doing it very badly, but equally aware that the effort was his best.

"I quite understand," Aylward answered amiably—and Travis wondered if more than the mere surface significance underlay the words. Throughout his cruise on the luckless Volante and the anxious days which followed, a woman's face had been constantly before Hugh's mental vision, but the face was not that of Geraldine Farris. The thought of this other woman smote him with the poignance of a physical pang. The far-reaching consequences of his course began to present themselves. He felt sick and stunned, utterly incapable of playing up to the situation thus thrust upon him, and it was a relief when he found himself alone at last on board a Southbound train, where he might face the matter and have it out with himself.

His recollection of that last evening at home, as connected with Miss Farris, were of the vaguest. That she had misconstrued some careless speech of his was clear. It was equally evident that there was but one course open to him. But as the miles which lay between him and Grantham decreased, the ghastliness of the situation thrust itself more forcibly upon him. A deeper pang pierced him as the home coming (which had meant something so different three hours earlier) approached. For though there were intervals wherein he dubbed himself "a Quixotic fool" and absolved himself from obligation, not for an instant did he really waive the exactions of a very literal construction of *noblesse oblige*. However it had come about, Geraldine Farris's name had been coupled with his for weeks, and there was no question as to what honor, what even common decency demanded.

He had never greatly admired Miss Farris; her opulent blonde beauty was too pronounced to quite please his taste, and such courtesies as he had shown her had been largely perfunctory or at best a tribute to her struggle against conditions. He was possessed of a fine fastidiousness (against which he strove as a species of snobbishness) which made him alive to a certain hardness and coarseness of fibre underlying the girl's grace and charm of manner. But he did not allow this or any like consideration to influence his resolve. He set his jaw tensely and accepted the situation as best he might. Yet all the while a face "star-sweet on a gloom profound" (for if ever man was shrouded in black and bitter melancholy, Travis was that man) was before him. What would she, what could she think, this girl to whom he had given the best of himself, and who, though he had never quite found courage to put it into words, must know what he felt for her? He knew well enough what the attitude of the world—his world—would be; he could figure perfectly the interpretation Braithe and his ilk would put upon the affair; but in the last analysis he felt that this was a minor consideration, and that all that really mattered was the attitude of two women—his mother and Mignon. Would they, could they understand without the explanations which must inevitably brand him a cad?

Scarcely in the mood for greetings, queries and congratulations, he left the train at Elmwood, got a car from the local garage and drove slowly across the country toward Grantham, praying devoutly for the sheltering dusk to cover his arrival. It was one of Fate's characteristic little ironies that just without the village he should encounter Braithe, his *bete-noir*, who left his car to greet him with a cordiality beyond cavil and congratulate him with a fervor behind which Travis sensed a gargoyle grin.

He found only his mother and Edith at home, his father, the slave of a giant system, was hurrying across the continent to meet him, but had not, as yet, arrived. Through the joy at reunion, Hugh was conscious of a sense of constraint; a veiled something in his sister's eyes hurt him keenly; of his mother he would not allow himself to make sure till they found themselves alone. Then, as their eyes met, he knew with the first sense of comfort he had experienced since

Aylward's revelation that there was need for neither excuse nor explanation.

"Yes, dear," she answered hurriedly, as if he had spoken, "I know. I understood from the first. I see your position. I think it must be—though I know what it means to you. But perhaps something—the girl's intuitions——" Hugh tried to smile.

"Perhaps," he assented. "I think I'll go at once, Madre. I'd like to—be—sure."

"And—Mignon?" The word rose resistlessly to her lips. The next instant she would have given much to recall it. The look in Hugh's eyes was a revelation.

"Don't!" he cried sharply. "Can't you see that I mustn't think of her—now?"

It was a mere wraith of the Geraldine he remembered who confronted Travis in the garish Farris drawing-room. Her face was pinched and drawn; a scourged soul looked from her frightened eyes. She shrank, she almost cowered before him, like a beaten thing. The thin veneering of refinement and repose she had so painfully acquired had disappeared, leaving bare, for the moment, emotions of the most elemental. Shame, fear and apprehension were written large on her face. The hand Travis touched was icy, and it was a long moment before she could force herself to meet the gaze, searching though kindly, he instinctively bent upon her. In that moment he knew the truth; knew himself blameless, and yet knew himself none the less in pity, if not in honor, bound.

"I—I——" the girl panted desperately, dry-lipped and deadly pale, "I don't know what to say to you! I can't explain—excuse——"

"Don't try, please." Travis's voice was so gentle that she started. "There's no need." He had come prepared to "lie like a gentleman," if need be, to save the girl's self-respect, but he saw himself spared that necessity at least. "Geraldine, will you marry me, at once?"

The girl recoiled as if he had struck her.

"Oh," she breathed, "you don't mean it you can't! I won't let you sacrifice——"

"There's no question of sacrifice." Hugh's voice was quite steady now. "I came to-night to ask you to be my wife. No, please"—as she essayed to speak—"don't trouble yourself with explanations. We'll waive all that—if you don't mind. Let's take the situation as it stands. You are a woman of whom any man might be proud, Miss Farris, and I ask you to do me the honor to be my wife."

The girl bent her face upon her hands. For a brief instant a wild hope that a miracle had made all well had flashed upon her, but a glance at Hugh's set face was illuminative. She knew his action for what it was; knew that chivalry alone had prompted the baldly formal phrases which seemed to open a clear path from the labyrinth of horror she had been threading since the news had come of Hugh Travis's rescue. She had dreaded something so different; contempt thinly veiled and humiliation of the bitterest; and here were courtesy and consideration instead. For an instant the girl's better nature fought the baser, urging renunciation in return; but how could she face the consequences of her cheap deception without the sacrifice of her pride? The world would guess the truth; how could she live it down? On the other hand, what possibilities offered! She saw herself in a position to patronize those who had accorded her perfunctory notice; to prove her prowess to Burke (the thought of him gave her an instant's pause); to take high rank as a social leader. She knew she would not discredit the position; she admitted her beauty, her charm and adaptability as assets; it was even within the bounds of possibility that she might win for herself something more than mere toleration at the hands of the man before her. If not, the situation saved by his acceptance of the engagement, it would be easy (so she salved her conscience) to release him at any time. * * * Her decision was made.

"You are very generous, Mr. Travis," she said, quietly, "and I shall be happy to marry you whenever you wish."

What the next fortnight held of exquisite torture for Travis only his mother guessed—and not even she shared the secret of Geraldine's self-revelation. His father had bravely put by his disappointment—he had expected much of Hugh—and genially condoned what he termed "the boy's infatuation," finding extenuation therefor in Geraldine's wonderful beauty; between Hugh and his sister a

constraint which he seemed unable to dispel had sprung up; the attitude of his acquaintance, masculine or feminine, was respectively pitying or sheepishly sympathetic. The one thing which made the situation endurable was the fact that Mignon Ford was in Paris. He felt that he could not have faced her as Miss Farris's fiance.

Geraldine was much at the Travis mansion in those days. Perhaps Mrs. Travis guessed how the girl's environment jarred upon her son; or more possibly she strove to make matters easier for him by sharing his obligations. Be that as it may, he found himself spared too frequent tete-a-tetes with his fiancee, about whom his mother's hospitality centered engrossingly. His manner toward the girl left nothing to be desired; he was rigidly observant of all outward forms and courtesies; and she, in turn, reciprocated by thrusting herself upon him as little as might be. There were moments when she read something akin to revulsion in his face, and contrition urged her to renunciation; but though her heart was not involved, she found it difficult to relinquish her new-found prestige and the social supremacy which was still an agreeable novelty. She daily resolved to be generous; but selfishness and cowardice conspired to suggest procrastination.

At the outset, Hugh, in a very passion of despair, sick with disgust and loathing of himself and the situation, had deliberately determined to make the best by making the worst of the affair; to adjust his sensibilities to the lower plane upon which his whole life must be spent; to drown the memory of Mignon in the wine of this woman's lips; to steep his senses in her sheer physical perfections, and succumb unresistingly to the Circean spell of her beauty. But he could not. He shrank (more palpably than he guessed) from the chance touch of her hand; her very beauty seemed to him tawdry and cheap; Mignon's flower-face interposed ever between him and the woman with whose kisses he would have drugged his soul.

One day, a few weeks after his return, as he lounged in the library, ostensibly occupied with a book while his mother and sister planned with Geraldine the details of the large reception they were giving in her honor, his dulled sensibilities were quickened into sudden, tense alertness by a casual speech of his sister's.

"We'll have Helen and Lucy Kirk and Mrs. Worthington"—Edith was making a list of those to be asked to receive—"and Mignon Ford, of course. Walt tells me they expect her not later than Thursday."

The book fell unheeded from Travis's hand. Mignon was coming home, Mignon, his little white blossom—he pulled himself up sharply. Mignon was coming indeed—to witness his irksome captivity, to pity or possibly despise him. Fate might have spared him this! With a muttered word of excuse on his lips and desperation in his eyes, he flung out of the house—to return at nightfall jaded from a long tramp afield, his hurt unhealed by any soothing balm of Nature's brewing.

But when the next afternoon brought him an imperative summons from Geraldine, he was, as always, promptly compliant. Something in the girl's face as she gave him her hand stirred within him a wild impulse of hope—which he sternly dismissed.

"I want to thank you for your goodness, Mr. Travis," she said, simply, "and to release you from any obligation to me. I've known from the first you were sacrificing yourself, but I didn't know just what a sacrifice it was—till yesterday. I —I saw your face when your sister mentioned Mignon Ford. Please don't think I would have let you go on with this if I had guessed." Travis tried to speak, to protest, but no words came.

"Will you let me tell you about it?" the girl went on. "Please let me explain the whole matter. I didn't plan it deliberately—it all came about by degrees, so gradually that I found myself committed before I quite realized it. Alice Lemp and Hester Darrell were calling the day the corals and your letter came. They attached undue significance to the gift—they'd heard some foolish gossip about your attentions that night at the Country Club—and they rallied me about my conquest, which my foolish vanity wouldn't let me disclaim. I didn't dream of the consequences. Before night our engagement was rumored, and when the news came of the wreck, the neighbors came in

to condole—which was my first intimation of the mistake. My impulse was to explain, to deny; then temptation assailed me. Why not let it stand? It couldn't hurt you; it would mean so much to me. Already I could see I'd gained prestige and I knew that my future position was assured. And"—her voice dropped a little—"there was some one I wanted to hurt, to make feel my superiority. So—so I just let it go on. * * * And then when the news of your rescue came, I was desperate with shame and terror! I imagined all sorts of horrible things, exposure, humiliation—I hardly knew what—indeed, I was well punished for my folly. And when you came and were so generous to me, I knew I ought to be equally so to you—but I simply couldn't. I couldn't bear to face the sneers and innuendos of my world. But I didn't guess, believe me, I didn't, just how hard it would be for you——"

Hugh's face flushed hotly.

"Miss Farris," he began, "if I've been cad enough——"

"Oh, you haven't! You've been all that was kind and good. But I see now that even if you hadn't loved Mignon, you'd never have cared for me. We don't speak the same language; we could never have been happy together." Again Hugh cast himself into the breach.

"Miss Farris—Geraldine," he protested, "I assure you——"

"Please don't perjure yourself," she interposed dryly, "and please don't misunderstand. I've been afraid you might be troubled by the thought that I—cared. But I didn't, really—at least not in that way. I've been grateful enough to have worshipped you for treating me less like a Pariah than the rest—but that was all. I've cared for another man all the while—a man my snobbishness sent away. I telegraphed him last night and he's coming this afternoon." There was a little silence which Hugh tried in vain to bridge. It was Geraldine who first spoke.

"Please set your mind quite at rest about me. I've been a fish out of water, and I'm far more comfortable back in my native element. I could never have felt quite at ease with your people. They tried (I realized how hard!) but the effort was evident. I was constrained, oppressed. I'm sure I'll be happier with Hardy than I could ever have been with you, though you've been so good to me that I can't express my gratitude. But I'm going to give you the best possible proof of it—by setting you free." She held out her hand with a smile in which there was no hint of bitterness or regret.

Hugh could never afterward recall with what incoherencies he made his adieux and got himself out of the house. As yet scarcely able to believe in his new-found freedom, he strode swiftly down the street and plunged into a tiny thicket (sacred to childish sweetheart days with Mignon) on the village outskirts. There in the sheltered depths of cool, green gloom, he squared his broad shoulders and drew in a deep breath of something unchivalrously akin to relief. He had scarcely realized how his fetters galled until he found himself free. Free! Free to seek happiness at his own will and in his own way. * * * But—was he? Was not this most unfortunate entanglement destined to change his life—for life to him just then meant Mignon and nothing more. Would not the taint of this "affair"—its dubiousness emphasized by lifted brows and subtle innuendo—cling to him always and inevitably lower him in her eyes? What would she think of it all? What would she think of him—Mignon, little white windflower, finely exquisite, exquisitely fine? How could she understand? How could he make her know (when chivalry sealed his lips) that not unfaith to her but fidelity to the ideal love for her had engendered had prompted his seeming defection? He was free, indeed; but with the Quixotism of the true lover he told himself he was not worthy to think of Mignon Ford. To proffer a love which Geraldine Farris must seem to have spurned was to offer an affront he loved her enough to spare her.

He was swinging doggedly along, his heart and thoughts full of Mignon, when by some inexplicable compulsion he raised his eyes—to see her there in the path before him—Mignon, the little white blossom of his fancy, looking so childishly small and slight, her delicate face so pale and thin, that his heart swelled with a rush of yearning tenderness, and he longed to take her in his arms.

But she was smiling as she held out her hand.

"It seems almost as if you had come back from the dead," she said in her gentle voice. "Walt cabled me of the wreck, and I grieved for your mother in her bereavement as I rejoice with her in your return." With his hungry eyes on her face, Hugh found no power to speak, and she hurried on as if she feared the silence.

"Doesn't it seem good to be home again —I came only this morning, but I can't stay indoors. I seem impelled to revisit the dear, familiar places I've been missing so all these months. I think I've been homesick—a little. The wanderlust was never strong in my nature. I cling to old places, old friends—I fear I'm sadly provincial." Hugh hated himself for the flippant triviality with which he answered. He knew that his one safeguard was to keep to surface subjects. The girl's nearness, her sweetness, her pallor, the thinness of her cheek, all so moved him that he could not quite command his voice. It seemed to him as if she must see that his hands were unsteady; that his wistful eyes clung to her face. But she seemed not to observe his emotion, and presently she said quite simply and naturally:

"May I tell you how glad I am for you, Hugh? I had Edith's letter at Cherbourg the morning we sailed. I want to congratulate——"

With an effort Hugh pulled himself together.

"Condole, rather," he suggested. "I'm relegated to the discard. Like the elder Miss Pecksniff I've 'lived to be shook.' I'm jilted and wilted, and——"

The pale face went yet paler.

"You—you're jesting, of course?"

"I was never more serious. In all sadness, I've just had my *conge*—deposed in favor of one fortunate Mr. Burke—and I haven't recovered my equilibrium. Think of the shock to my vanity! Can't you find something soothing to say?"

Speech had become suddenly difficult for Mignon.

"I——" she faltered. "If I may offer my sympathy," she stopped in embarrassment. The look in the eyes which held hers confused her. She moved a step forward, but Hugh, with the boldness of despair, barred the way.

"Mignon," he said, huskily, looking wistfully down from his great height at the slight, childish creature before him, "I'm afraid I've forfeited the right to love you, and I suppose I'm a cad to tell you that I do, but dear, dear little child, you are the one thing in the world that really matters. Nothing's worth while without you. I've tried not to speak. I've known how unworthy I am—but Mignon, I've loved you always. It began when we were children together; it grew with the years until now I've given you all the poor best of me and my love has become my life. I'm not making a plea for pity! I know how you must despise me"——he broke off abruptly—"Mignon!" The word had the intensity of a cry.

For what seemed to him scarcely less than a miracle wrought itself before his unbelieving eyes. A change as subtly exquisite as the rapture of dawn swept the girl's face. A faint rose, rising through the transparent texture of her pale-ivory flesh spread and deepened till cheek and brow and throat were delicately suffused. A pure flame leapt into the dark eyes; the passionless, pale, cold face, which had awed him with its chill, white purity, was suddenly instinct with light and life. Her gaze met his for a long moment, frankly, steadfastly, responsively, and in that moment he knew that here again there was no need of words; that Mignon understood as his mother had done and by virtue of the same blessed magic.

THAT PARADISE—HAWAII

BY ELIOT KAYS STONE

WHEN DAME NATURE had finished making all the earth, she rekindled her fires, and heaved an earthly paradise right out of the blue waters of the Pacific. This Mid-Pacific Paradise man calls Hawaii. And, so lavish is Nature in her gifts to man, that if Adam and Eve had only landed here, they need never have missed their garden. She gave the Hawaiian some trees, and plants, and birds, and fish that she gave no one else; things she had overlooked in her former creations, no doubt. She so regulated his climate that he can raise on his fertile soil any tropic or temperate growth. And she was just as kind and considerate in what she did not give the simple-hearted savage, who romped and reveled in her sylvan glades, offered human sacrifices to his hideous wood and feather images, and abandoned himself to all sort of ingenious lusts. She gave him no noxious insects, except a small centipede, whose bite is never fatal; no snakes; no vermin; no poisonous plants or flowers. For vermin he is indebted to a higher and nobler civilization, along with rum, tobacco, venereal diseases, leprosy and missionaries.

Life was easy in the old days—if king or priest let one live to enjoy it. Life would always be pleasant were it not for the "ifs," would it not? Man was man's enemy, not Nature. Nature gave; man took, and when man (or any part of the body politic) takes faster than Nature produces, some one is going to suffer—in this case, the common people. So, though getting a living was an easy matter, keeping it was another thing. If one had a particularly fine *taro* patch, for instance, some king, or chief, or priest, had only to set up his *tabu* stick to make the crop his own. No commoner would then dare to desecrate that sacred field by even so much as a glance in its direction. Now all this is changed. Property rights are sacred. The Men of God and the Men of Rum, owning nearly all the better land, have seen to that.

Speaking of *taro*: it was and is the Hawaiian's staff of life. From its tops, he obtains *luau,* greens somewhat similar to spinach; and from its roots a breakfast food, *poi,* although that is not his style of eating it. The vegetable (the root) itself is considered quite palatable. There are two kinds of *taro*—the upland and lowland varieties. The upland species is more pleasant in his haunts and habits, but is not so good when you catch him. For the lowland species you have to dive in the mud and water, but Hawaiian epicures say that he is worth it. Anyhow, he is prolific, and a very small plot will feed any man a year, even Goliath, or one of Jack the Giant Killer's three-headed monsters. It is fitting, then, that so useful and fruitful a plant should have a divine origin; and the thoughtful natives have endowed him with a pedigree. Wakea and Papa (in this case Papa is Mama) the reputed founders of the Hawaiian race, had among others (probably too numerous to mention) a deformed child. As it was very much against Hawaiian etiquette to allow a deformed child to live, they promptly planted alive their malformed offspring at the end of their grass hut, and he came up a *taro.*

Cultivating *taro* was the only thing that would make a real old genuine Hawaiian work—that and catching fish to eat raw with his *poi.* Lowland taro is planted in marshy plots, each about forty by twenty feet, and surrounded by earthen walls a foot or so in heighth. The beds are excavated two or three feet deep in the earth, leveled and beaten with cocoanut stems, while wet, to produce capacity to hold water. It is propagated in water by planting tops from the suckers of one year's

growth that have sprouted from the sides of the original plant. It is an Arum, the *Arum esculentum*. The raw root is very styptic and acrimonious, and burning to the tongue, and is thus used as a medicine. Boiled, baked or roasted, it is somewhat like the potato.

Poi is made by pounding to a pulp thoroughly cooked *taro*. It is pounded in a hard wood trough, or mortar, by a piece of lava, shaped like a pestle. While pounding, water is frequently added until it becomes a thick paste. It is known as one, two or three finger *poi*, according to its thickness. The mode a la Hawaiian for eating this delicacy is for each to stir his finger in the calabash containing the *poi* until he has accumulated a sufficient amount to scrape off with his lips into his capacious mouth. By a tacit reciprocity agreement, the *poi* is accumulating, too; accumulating all the various kinds and degrees of dirt contributed by the fingers thrust in it. One finger *poi* is of the proper consistency to cling well to one finger; two finger *poi* is of such a consistency as to cling well to two fingers; and so for the three finger variety. The native likes *poi* best after it has commenced to ferment. No matter how well educated he may be, nor how noble his family; no matter how numerous the really good viands set before him may be, he yearns for his *poi* and raw fish. What is bred in the bone will get into the stomach.

Another plant which was very useful to the Hawaiians was the *wauti* (Marus papyrifera) or paper mulberry. From it they made some very beautiful paper cloths. "The plants," says an old writer, "are very carefully tended, and when the rods springing from the roots attained the length of ten or twelve feet, which they did in a year or eighteen months, they were cut at a certain season; and by careful and delicate processes, the inner bark was separated; and women, sometimes a chiefess and her female attendants, devoted them-

Pavilion in grounds of Iolani Hale (the Palace), Honolulu.

An old-time native Hawaiian hut. There are now very few of these remaining in the islands.

selves to make from it *tapa,* or cloth, of various degrees of fineness. By beating it with a mallet, having different patterns carved on its four faces, several varieties of cloth were produced. These formed the *pau*, or woman's garment, reaching from the waist nearly to the ankles; the *maro,* or narrow cloth worn by the men round the loins; the sleeping cloths of the chiefs, etc. The people had a method of printing the *tapa* with very beautiful colors, derived from vegetables and earth; and they even scented the somewhat scanty habiliments of the female with sandal wood and pandanus seeds." For a number of years, the Hawaiians have made no *tapa,* consequently genuine Hawaiian *tapa* is very scarce and rather costly, too. Most of the *tapa* exposed for sale in the numerous curio shops of Honolulu comes from Samoa. *Tapa* is really a paper; it is a cloth only in the sense that it was used for the purposes to which cloth is generally put.

But if *taro* furnished the simple child of nature with food and medicine, and *wauti* with raiment, the bright, green leaves of the *ti* (Dracaena) provided him with a roof for his grass hut, a gorgeous cloak for his mountain trips, an emblem of peace, and, when combined with a young plantain tree, a flag of truce. It also yielded him an intoxicating drink, as did the sweet potato. From the *awa* (Piper mythsticum) he extracted a still more potent and demoralizing intoxicant. The plant itself is curative, or at least beneficial, in obstinate cutaneous diseases. Calabashes formed his pots, bowls and drinking vessels. Large ones were used as drums. The native squats on his hams, and pounding the calabash against the floor, or ground, and at the same time thumbing the sides with his hands and fingers, makes a kind of tiddy-bum accompaniment to the *meles,* or old chants. You may still hear and see this entrancing music rendered, if you enter one of Honolulu's moving-picture houses, where the *hulahula*—the native hoochie-coochie—is presented "on the side." The *hulahula* would not be the

Typical Hawaiian landscapes.

hulahula without the *mele,* so old that no one can now interpret it, and the calabash. These add one more note to the barbarism, which is this dance's greatest charm.

What needs man care for modern conveniences when food and drink, raiment, shelter and medicine, pots, bowls and drinking vessels, musical instruments and emblems of peace, may all be grown in a few feet of ground? But even these were not all the blessings that Nature showered on her favorite child. The *ohia,* the palms (cocoanut, date and royal), the banana, the bread-fruit, the papaya, the *kukui* (candle nut) and the plantain were indigenous to the islands. Large, luscious strawberries and raspberries, the yam and sweet potato also had in Hawaii a native home, while sugar-cane, tobacco, rice and coffee are important among the plants that were introduced soon after the discovery of the islands.

Broadly speaking, there are two kinds of banana: the eating banana and the cooking banana. All of the latter variety are fit for human consumption only when cooked. And though there are more than forty species grown in Hawaii, all of them fall in one or the other of the above classes. Only two of them, and they are both eating bananas, are commercially important. These are the Cavendish, or Chinese Dwarf banana, and the Jamaica, or Bluefields banana; and the latter, though only brought to the islands in 1903, is already, owing to the size and compactness of its branches, and the ease with which it is shipped, requiring no wrapping, the principal factor in the banana trade with America.

Papayas grow on trees from twenty to thirty feet high. The trees look a good deal like gigantic toadstools. They are absolutely bare of foliage, save at the top, where a cluster of broad, green, palm-like leaves shelter the cocoanut sized fruit. The fruit is delicious. It is somewhat similar in appearance and taste to the muskmelon, but sweeter and richer. It makes good preserves. Papaya seeds are very beneficial in cases of indigestion or dyspepsia. They are Nature's pepsin tablets. Papayas, however, will never do more than enter into local trade, until some manner of keeping them fresh is discovered.

One of the richest and tastiest of tropical fruits is the mango. Originating in India, it has spread all over the tropics. It is a large, well-shaped tree, the fruit ma-

View of Honolulu from "The Punchbowl."

turing early in the spring. There are numerous varieties. India alone boasts of over five hundred species, and new forms are being constantly propagated, as the seeds do not come true. For this reason, budding or grafting are very common. The fruit is richly sweet; its odor fragrant.

Hawaii has so many species of fern that it would take a botanist even to enumerate them. Giant tree ferns fifteen to twenty-five feet high bourgeon luxuriantly on the mountain sides. There is one very pretty fern that germinates only in the crotches of trees. In the forests flanking the mountains grow the *kou,* and *koa,* Hawaii's only hard woods. They are too crooked to be valuable for building purposes, but as they take a very beautiful polish they are in great demand by cabinet makers. Fortune hunters have left few of either of these trees standing. Sandal wood, which formerly was very plentiful, was all but exterminated in the mad rush of Hawaiian Royalty for wealth. The value of sandal wood was first pointed out to Kamehameha the Great by Vancouver, an English navigator, who visited the islands about one hundred years ago, and hundreds of natives died from toil and exposure while gathering for their rulers this incense for Chinese gods.

Agriculture and horticulture yield modern Hawaii a large income. The exports for the fiscal year, ending June 30, 1908, were as follows:

Sugar, raw	$38,603,184
Sugar, refined	1,212,926
Fruits	803,376
Rice	140,773
Coffee	174,216
Hides	87,599
Wool	58,133
Honey	38,022
All others	1,064,994
Total	$42,183,223

Of this amount, sugar, raw and refined, constituted 94.38 per cent., which, added to the exports of fruits, rice and coffee, gave to agricultural products 97.04 per cent. During this period, the imports amounted to $19,985,274, of which amount nearly $15,500,000 came from the United States, mostly via San Francisco.

The treaty of reciprocity negotiated in 1876 between the old Hawaiian monarchy and the United States, by which Hawaiian sugar was placed on the "free list," gave such an impetus to that industry that it nearly doubled in value by 1898, the year in which the new Hawaiian Republic became a part of the United States. In round numbers, $150,000,000 are now invested in sugar plantations and mills, which employ some fifty thousand hands, mostly Japanese. Sugar, therefore, for a number of years, has been the principal crop, and it will probably lead for some decades to come, both in extent of cultivation and in value of output, though there is now a tendency to utilize for other products the vast areas of land not suited to the cultivation of cane, and the United States Experiment Station at Honolulu is constantly adding to the number of such products that can be grown profitably on Hawaiian soil. The cultivation of pineapples has within the last decade become an important industry, second only to sugar. The fruits are shipped to San Francisco and other ports, while several large canneries, most of them with large plantations of their own, put up over 500,000 cases annually. There are now six thousand acres of pineapples under cultivation, and this area is being added to constantly. There are extensive coffee plantations in the Kona district on the island of Hawaii. In all the essentials of a good coffee, that produced in Kona seems to me the equal of the best. Two plantations are now raising an excellent quality of tobacco, while half a million rubber trees have recently been planted.

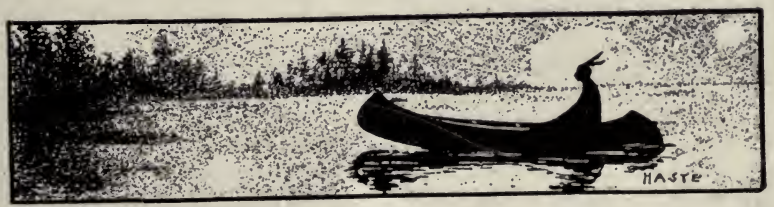
There are several fruits well adapted to Hawaiian soil and climate that are destined to become more or less important industries. Alligator pears are already a favorite in San Francisco, and shipments of this "natural salad" are steadily increasing. The alligator pear is rich and nutty, and is generally served with mayonaise dressing. Excellent oranges, limes, grape-fruit and watermelons are grown. The Portuguese, of which thrifty race there are several thousand on the islands, have long cultivated grapes in a small way, but there is now every reason to believe that this industry will increase considerably during the next few years. Several wineries have recently been erected,

Polo grounds at Moanalua, Honolulu.

while San Francisco should furnish a ready market for the fresh fruit, at least between the coast seasons.

The sisal industry, though in its infancy, is advancing by leaps and bounds. Sisal, be it explained, is a cactus-like plant, whose fibres make a very strong rope. It flourishes on rocky, arid soil, on which nothing else would grow, and requires no irrigation. Its long, concave leaves catch and hold every drop of water that falls into them, forming natural reservoirs to be drawn from at need. If you walk through a field of sisal a day or so after a shower, you will still see water on the leaves, when everything around is parched under the tropical sun. The Hawaiian species is superior to the sisal of Mexico, in that it has no lateral thorns, having only a spine at the top, and produces longer and stronger fibre. Hawaiian sisal invariably brings a cent or so more per pound than the prevailing quotations for Mexican sisal. The heart of the industry is Sisal, a station some three or four miles beyond Ewa, on the Oahu Railway. Here there is a mill, which extracts the fibres from the plants. After the fibres have been thoroughly dried and bleached in the sun, they are compressed into bales of about five hundred pounds each, and shipped to the mills in the States, where they are twisted into rope.

The Hawaiian climate is ideal. It is May or June always. There are no extremes of heat and cold. On the windward sides of the islands the soil is moistened by frequent showers; on the leaward sides the rainfall is not so abundant, but extensive irrigation ditches cover the islands like a network. Soil and climate; climate and soil! What other factors are needed by mankind in the making of an earthly paradise?



IN RAMONA'S FOOTSTEPS

BY A. K. GLOVER

ROMANCE and materialism rub sides together severely at San Diego, to-day, since the trolley car now carries us from the heart of the city to the very door of "Ramona's Home" in "Old Town."

As to this romantic spot, it really never was the home of Mrs. Helen Hunt Jackson's heroine, nor was it ever the scene of her marriage to Alessandro, save in the pages of that charming and historic romance, "Ramona." The house is, however, very old. It is built upon the prevalent Mexican plan, and was owned and occupied in early mission days by a prominent local Spanish family—the Estudillos.

For many years it was in a ruinous state, the tiled roof fallen in, the walls and floors cracked and dirty. During the past few months it has been restored, and it is now newly opened to the public.

The patio is enclosed by an adobe wall about a hundred feet long and seventy-five wide, the house itself being on the north side.

The patio is being planted with flowers which, with nice walks and a fountain, will render it a restful spot in which to muse upon Ramona and her lover.

As one of the landmarks of Mrs. Jackson's story of romance and love, it will last for generations to come, and in the popular mind it will continue to be both Ramona's home and her marriage place.

Father Ubach, the old priest who married Ramona, said four years ago that Ramona's marriage was solemnized in the old adobe church which still stands a quarter of a mile from Ramona's house.

Old Town's quaint little adobe church, in which Ramona and Alessandro were married in 1865, is among the oldest of old San Diego's buildings, but it has been a church only sixty years, after a prior use for profaner purposes. Inside the church, still hanging on the sacristy wall, may still be seen the bishop's consecration certificate, certifying to the year 1851 as that of the building's dedication to the worship of God.

The days of our heroine, "Ramona," we see, were, after all, not so far back in the olden time as is commonly imagined, yet this quaint adobe church, with its two ancient mission bells, and its unique ecclesiastical treasures saved from the ruined missions on Presidio hill and up the valley, will always be a romantic shrine for the tourist and devotee to visit.

The church would hardly be recognized by Ramona, were she to revisit it to-day. It no longer appears in its adobe dress, since the church authorities have covered it over, both roof and walls, with a wooden framing, giving it the appearance of an ordinary Protestant chapel, barring the significant cross at either end. The old mission bells, however, that were brought from the old mission at the head of the valley, after the Mexican War, still hang outside, at the west end, and manage to lend a Mission air to an otherwise unromantic structure. Those antique Spanish bells were both hanging there in Ramona's time. The eyes of Ramona and her lover both saw them when they came to be married by good Father Gaspara (Ubach), and their rich tones rang out as they entered the quaint church to stand before the altar. Within this diminutive shrine, where Mrs. Jackson's hero and heroine knelt to receive the blessing of the church, we notice many other objects upon which the eyes of Ramona and Alessandro must have rested. There we observe the same altar, before which they took their marriage vows, while down to three years ago one might have seen the same priest that blessed them still standing there, offering up prayer and sacrifice.

From the north wall of the church, over the sacristy door, looks down upon us the

Front view of "Ramona's home," "Old Town," (Old San Diego,) Restored in 1910

Altar in Mexican church, "Old Town" (Old San Diego), where Ramona was married.

The old palms at "Old Town," San Diego, Cal., aged 141 years; planted 1769; first palms in California.

face of holy San Diego de Alcala, the Spanish saint to whom town and church and mission were all dedicated. How dimly outlined is that saintly form, painted in oil in Old Mexico or Spain perhaps hundreds of years ago! The saint must have been gazing upon that marriage scene in 1865, and perhaps Ramona stopped a moment to study the face and form of this patron saint of the little church, which she was to remember always as the most sacred to her of all California's holy spots.

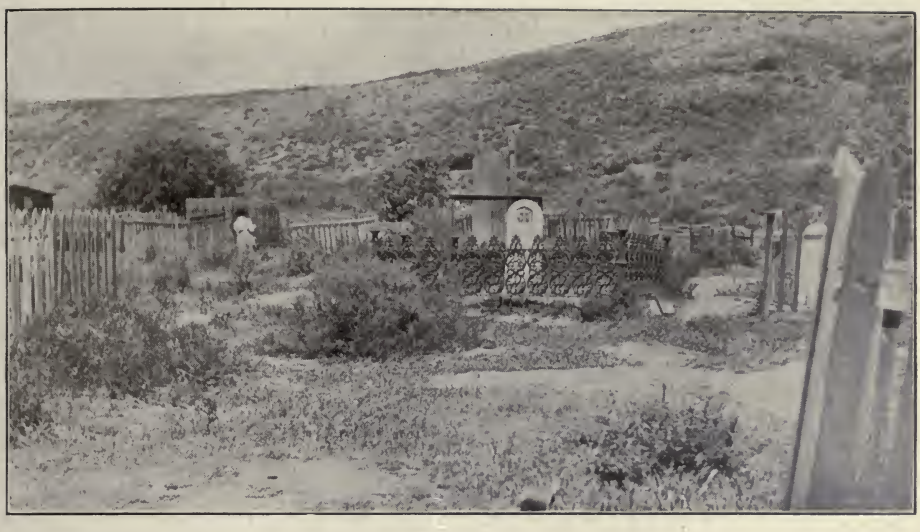
The same candlesticks that adorned the altar at Ramona's marriage still stand upon the gradines of the altar to-day, and the same crucifix, over the tabernacle, that the undevout tourist gazes upon, Ramona and Alessandro also must have seen—and worshiped.

In the south transept of Ramona's little adobe, cruciform church, is another altar, dedicated to the Holy Virgin, and before it, sunk in the floor, is the white marble slab covering the grave of Don Antonio Aquirre, the donor of the church. A pious Spaniard of the old school was the Don, and one who never quite became either Mexican or American—a loyal son of Spain was the Don to his dying day. And there he was, sleeping all alone, when Ramona was being married, and perhaps Ramona dropped a silent Pater Noster, or an Ave Maria, over the holy spot.

When the happy couple were at last man and wife, and had followed Father Gaspara into the sacristy to sign the marriage record, their eyes must have rested upon the same great chests that still stand there, filled with antique vestments and Spanish shawls, while all over the room, which forms the north transept, stand candlesticks and vases and statuettes that have been in more or less use, not only in this church, but in other places where mass was said, long before Ramona had been born. And to-day, when good Father Mesney, the present priest in charge, goes up the altar steps to say the Holy Mass, the onlooker or worshiper, as the case may be, beholds upon his shoulders the same sacred vestments that Father Gaspara wore at the Nuptial Mass on Ramona's wedding day.

Down the nave we sit upon the same dark benches that were there forty-five and sixty years ago, and which even to-day, in the rush and hurry of our generation, are filled every Sunday with the devout and simple-minded Mexicans who still dwell in their beloved "Old Town," in the shadow of yonder Presidio hill, the site of the first mission in all California.

Ramona and her lover must have entered "Old Town" from the north, by the mission road, crossing the almost dried up river at about the spot where the present new bridge spans a turn of the stream, right in front of the old Presidio hill. Winding down through the village by the narrow street, along which the tooting automobile now plunges on its way to La Jolla, they first went to the house of Father Gaspara, which still stands on the main street of the village, some five minutes' walk from the old church. It is now in a very bad state. It is a large structure of the Mexican type, with a porch along its front side and a patio in the rear. Down to the day, three years ago, when he was



Old Catholic cemetery at "Old Town," San Diego, Cal., a few hundred feet from the old church.

taken to the Sisters' Hospital to die, this militant priest, the friend of the poor Indians and Mexicans, and the biggest man in San Diego, from the heroic standpoint, lived humbly in a few rooms of this decaying yet ample building—alone and lonely—yet ever active, and supremely happy in his holy work. Along that porch he often walked on hot afternoons, saying his Office and greeting the poor as they passed by, and through that same doorway he often must have come in the cool of the evening to play ball with the village boys. The priest's house is no longer sightly. Its only inhabitants are some very poor and dirty Mexicans, and their stock of animals, while the empty rooms are dark, and bare, and foul. Still, it is Father Gaspara's house—and that is enough, until the blessed day of restoration shall have come to this, as it has at last to Ramona's home. A stone's throw across the road sleeps the Catholic dead of the silent village, and while to-day the cemetery is in ruins, its grave-stones tottering, and its adobe walls nearly all gone to pieces, in Ramona's time God's Acre must have presented a very neat appearance. Whether its close proximity to the jail—the first jail in California—was intentional or not, we may never know. I have not yet taken pains to discover which of the two was established first.

In Ramona's time, Old San Diego was a thriving little Mexican town of about eight hundred souls, mostly Mexicans, with a considerable number of Irish and others from the States, and the occasional occurrence of such names as "De Cassidy" on the gravestones, is proof positive that the dusky daughters of Catholic Mexico took for husbands some of the wandering Catholic sons of Erin, and then gave them a little social standing in the Mexican community by the adoption of the Mexican or Spanish "de."

When Ramona and Alessandro turned their backs upon Old San Diego, to start over the Mesa northward again, they passed by the two giant palm trees at the foot of Presidio hill, while on the hill-top, fifty feet up, they could discern some of the crumbling adobe walls of the old Presidio and mission house, where the first mission was established by Father Junipero Serra and his companions, with the help of the Spanish soldiers making up the mission guard. The couple must also have passed these spots on their hurried journey into town. Now on their way back they are less hurried, and stop to study things, perhaps.

When Ramona passed by this way, Presidio hill extended out a hundred feet farther, and overshadowed the narrow river road, but since then it has been cut away

to make room for a wider road. However, it is the same old hill, while yonder, towards the south, Ramona must have noticed the ruins of Fort Stockton, high up on another hill, but to her it had no favorable meaning—it gave no pleasant thought. It was only one more sad memory—the conquest of California by the Gringos!

Looking up the broad valley of the San Diego River, two hours' walk away, they could just discern the mission church and other buildings that are to-day known as the "Old Mission." At that time—about 1865—they were in a pretty fair state of preservation, and some mission work was still being carried on among the Indians; but time was precious, and Ramona and her husband must needs push on, over the river valley, and across the Mesa, towards the as yet unknown future of suffering, and terror and death. Looking backward from the Mesa, they saw the mighty ocean, saw San Diego Bay and Point Loma, just as we see them to-day, in all their matchless beauty, while rising out of the East they beheld the dark blue crests of the Coast Range, silhouetted against the sky.

Ramona and Alessandro! In your footsteps we have trod for a few hours, and we feel that we have learned to know you better than ever before.

TOLD IN OCTOBER

BY AGNES LOCKHART HUGHES

"Come, pretty leaves," cried the Autumn wind,
And dance with me over the wold,
I'll robe you in gowns of scarlet silk,
And crown you with wreaths of gold:
You shall ride in gay-colored boats—dear leaves,
On the breast of yon glittering stream,
And the haughty rose all shriveled shall lie,
While you, like rich rubies, gleam.
Summer has waned and the days are chill.
The meadow is stubble and brown,
While over the hill floats a silvery mist,
That I tossed from the thistledown."

"We will come," said the leaves to the coaxing wind,
"So bear us away on your wings,
The trees seem lone with their empty nests,
And there's never a song bird sings.
But wait, dear wind, 'till we say farewell
To the crooning brook over the way;
And then to the crickets we've known so long,
We must bid a fond "good-day."

The wind shook the branches, the poor leaves fell,
A-tremble in sudden affright;
For piled in a sad little drift they lay,
On the ground in the moon's pale light.
A-glitter with dewdrops, the cobwebs shone
In the stubble, like silvery mist,
And grapes hung low on the tangled vines—
By Autumn's red lips kis't.
Then sudden each golden-rod lit a torch
With yellow flames toward the sky—
While a madcap wind chased the red-cheeked leaves,
And the pines weirdly sobbed, "Good-bye!"

OUR PANAMA OUTING

The Story of a Dip Into the Far Interior of the Baby Republic

BY FELIX J. KOCH

THE INVITATION had come from a college friend, now agent for the fruit trust, away up in the interior of Panama.

"If you are immune against malaria, don't mind the spiders, can get out of the way of a snake before he meets you, and don't get lonesome out in the jungles, come down. It will be two weeks before you can get away though, remember."

Somehow there was an air of romance breathing out of that invitation. The little foreign stamp in the corner of the envelope, the stationery of the fruit trust, with its savor of bananas and limes and bread-fruit and guavas, the advice as to summer clothing only, who could resist?

So we took steamer for Colon, and thence on to Bocas. There the boat proceeded up river to Almirante and the wilderness.

That was the start of the outing.

"At Almirante you will be nine miles from the banana plantation," he had written. "Send me a wireless and I will be down to meet you there," he said.

Imagine sending a wireless through the Central American jungles to a college chum, if you will!

The landing at Almirante was attractive certainly. There was a forest along the shore, and at its edge we could make out little native huts of thatch, such as those we'd remarked near Colon.

A long dock extended out into the sea, and there—well, there was Friend. Now we saw him, now we didn't, for a long freight train, car upon car, with bits of green banana leaves sticking out the doors, drew in before the red wharf house, and he was gone. Over the trains rose two square-built, modern, white-painted houses with galleries on their upper stories, belonging to the company. These, too, were set on piers out in the sea.

Over across the dock was another large company building, of white frame, red roof.

Friend, however, did not stay on his welcome. A little boat had come out, and he was aboard.

"Glad to see you! Glad to see you!" and then we indulged in the recollections which come when college Greek meets Greek.

But he was too enthusiastic over the tropics to let these monopolize the moment.

"This is our metropolis, the fruit station," he explained. "It's the center for mile on mile of countryside. You see, it's easier to build thus, out here on piles, than on the land, where there are those ditches.

" 'Pshaw, it's going to be rainy! Rainy season's just coming on.

"Now look at the cars with the bananas. You see, the fruit is picked green. Every car of the eight in that train is full, jammed full. They are of the stock-car sort, and gray painted because that serves the country best. This Changuinola Railway is a fruit railway exclusively—everything is devoted to fruit."

Another train came in, and for a moment he was interrupted.

Other officers of the station appeared in white duck, here and there. Machines for unloading the bananas from the trains and onto the steamer were getting into operation. A negro was selling yams on the dock, and across the bridge over an inlet of the sea where another huge warehouse arose, more blacks were coming.

"There's an oddity of the country," Friend indicated. "See those great tanks over yonder, outside the houses. They're for the drinking water. Then see the warehouse with the great sacks of supplies? It's of corrugated iron, because

that's the easiest to bring down and put up."

Behind us the railway tracks led off, to the plantations, but with a swamp between. Out in this swamp stood a series of one-room negro huts, slope-roofed and built on piles, the forest dense behind them. Farther up the track was another settlement of the red-roofed, gray buildings, each of just one room.

"Got any monkeys for sale?" a shipmate, came up, asking.

"Not just at present." The trains had driven the monkeys back into the interior, and it was only by chance one got them. Sometimes the natives shot them to eat, for monkey-meat is not at all bad.

Again came a whistle-blast and a train of eleven cars, bananas all, pulled in. The leaves against the sides, to prevent bruising, littered the way.

We strolled along to a lumber yard, the timber for building the shanties. Over to the right were a few cabins, and a jungle of trees. At the left, the main track serpentined to parts unknown. Again a line of the one-room huts of the company put in an appearance.

"You'll enjoy dropping into these, evenings," Friend assured us. "The banana pickers 'll tell you stories. their great grand-fathers told away off on the Ivory or Gold Coast. Talk about folk-lore—you'll get more of it, and more of *banshees* and treasure hunts and that, here in an evening than you would in a life-time at home."

Meanwhile we had rounded the inlet into the forest-bound mountains, whose peaks rose into the clouds, and were at the end of the settlement. It was the merest hamlet * * * but a typical fruit-station.

We turned about, through the grass, to the line of huts.

"Now, here's another experience that will be novel," Friend suggested. "Get in."

We took our place in a *bateau*, operated as a rope ferry. Bit by bit he pulled the rope, and so drew us across the *fiords*. There were two stores here, run by Chinamen. At the one side of each was a bar, with a clock at the center of an array of liquors.

"What'll you have?" Friend asked, and, as we hesitated—we didn't want to wound his feelings by asking for what there was not—"look at the array," and then he read

Entering town.

The ferry.
Indian boatmen.

An ants' nest on the tree.

it off from the bottles, and we took it down in our note-books. The list ran as follows:

Old Tom gin, Holland gin—another sort of the last named; Vino de Jarez—these on the upper shelf. Then, old rum, cocktail bitters, cognac, Geneva gin, brandy, claret, Canadian Club whisky, Bon Punch, anisette, rye—this was the second shelf. Beneath it, old rum, Jed Clayton rye whisky, Spanish port wine, vermouth, bay rum, sherry, blackberry wine, cognac, old Jamaica rum, kola-wine and blackberry brandy. All this array of bottles was nicely set on the three shelves protruding out each a bit farther than the one above it.

"This is your Hudson Bay trading post of the Panama wilds," our host explained to us. "Through miles of jungle, natives come here to secure their supplies. While it is supposed to be a cash business, there is considerable barter, and often the Chinamen profit wonderfully. Indians come in with Panama hats; twenty-five dollars they'll bring in the States, and exchange for a few glasses of rum if they're real thirsty."

A fourth and fifth shelf were set close to the wall itself; then the sixth and seventh shelf extended out. Beneath them was an array of opened bottles, packs of cigarettes and of chewing tobacco, plug tobacco twists, and cork-screws, boxes of cigars and matches. One remarked the neatness with which all these things were arrayed. Boxes, for example, with balsams, and of bay-rum soap, were in one section. In the next came cod-liver oil and tonics, even oxidine of ferrovin. After that there followed ink and face-powder and buttons, and lastly, peppermint candy.

The boxes bore names in Chinese, and we tried to make "lace" from the signs that stood for this on these shelves. All these were just one-side the shop.

Off at the rear, likewise immaculately placed, there were bolts of cloth. Above them, shirts were set in boxes, and over these there were more boxes with shoes. Then came ladies' ruching, dolls, hats and belts. In front of the shelves, doors of

glass, as at Panama City, were set, to protect from damp and dust.

The Chinese merchant in charge talked little of his stock. His queue had been cut off; he evidently intended to remain on the Isthmus. Doubtless he could do better here than in Cathay.

"Remark how these shops are laid off," Friend suggested. "All over Central America you'll find them exactly the same. There at the rear in the center, the door; over that the shelves of straw hats.

"Then, on this side, men's white caps * * * see the blankets and underwear! Next shelf," (we were jotting it down) "jeans, suspenders, caps and sandals; then clothes-pins, and down below, dried onions. There in the corner, glass shaving cups, with the Panama flags crossed upon them. Yonder, some cheap glass lamps, with tin reflectors; then some gay cups."

It was interesting, this array. It showed how tastes ran, away out here in the jungle.

"Want the other side, while you're making inventory?" he continued. "Canned salmon, roast beef, baking powder, sardines, tomatoes, canned oysters. Then condensed milk, beans, marmalade, and up above, tins and pots and pans, and buckets. There, in the corner, more soap."

He halted and drew a mental sketch of the counter—three-sided, and with scale at front.

Meanwhile some of the folk off the ship had come in to buy lines for fishing—there was nothing else for them to do.

We passed out again, and over to the railway. Another long train of bananas only was coming in.

Friend was talking old times, as we walked along the track here. Up it and then down another pier to a row of the yellow-painted cabins of workers round the station. Everything here belongs to the fruit trust, even to this line of cabins, built on piles in the swamp. A "dug-out" lay tied to a post.

It reminded him:

"Yes, we'll take you out in one of them after wild-cats. We take them as 'cubs' you know, for pets. Then, of course, you'll go 'gator shooting. There's no end of them 'round."

We were at another Chinese store by

Curing hides.

this time.. We took opportunity to invest in some needed pocket-shears, at a quarter, in this.

Then we passed out another line into the jungle.

"There's our friend, the enemy—the spider," the man indicated. "They're death—many of 'em. Wait, though, till you see the banana-loading and then you'll learn 'bout spiders!"

Ferns, strange red flowers, palms, cocoanuts ready to fall upon our heads, and then down a line along more cottages, he led. On one porch there was a parrot, red a' top, green the rest of his body, and he chattered on sight of us.

Behind these houses again were the huge galvanized tanks in which rain water was collected, from the roofs. Friend explained how the cottages were rented from the fruit trust at five dollars a month. Fruit, in fact, was the very spirit of this countryside.

There were boundless quantities of it—

The pet parrot.

wild—all about, bananas for the asking. The jungle opened off, and in that, strange fruits, unknown to us, could be plucked. Some chickens were scattered about here; they, too, formed an important item of diet. Once again it started to drizzle.

"Might as well turn back," he said.

So, falling in with a New Yorker off the steamer, back we turned, over the trestle to the ship.

"There's your chance," our host proffered.

Some of our company were already bathing in a slip between the piers here. Others were watching the banana-loading, now in progress. A car would be drawn directly opposite an entry to the ship. Inside the car one saw the green bunches, packed closely along the sides, while the edges of the car were veritably tucked about with green leaves. A negro would reach a bunch, and taking it between two hands, toss it to two colleagues standing at the door of the car. These, then, would reach it to another two near by, who reached it to two men standing on a table on the dock. From the steamer itself two steps hung down—each suspended by a rope, and there was a pair of men on each step. These then threw the bunches, each pair to the next, and the next, and so into the ship. This work was going on at four points on the side of the vessel. Meanwhile passengers stood about looking on. Somehow there was a fascination in sitting here, watching. Now and then came an interesting variant. Once it was a tourist with a curious white lily he had found, odd flower indeed. Then as we sat on the pier to watch the workers, we remarked how the quantities of green bananas, dropped, to waste, was ever increasing about us.

A car with 425 bunches of bananas in all came in, and in a trice there was a man inside; the two pair at the doors, the three pair of men on the three tiers to the ship. The human elevator got in motion before the car had come to rest, well-nigh; and like some giant chain they worked on, and on and on; every once in a while a spirit of deviltry seized them, and those below would rush the tossing to crowd those at the top.

In confusion, these would call out

"Watch!" (Halt!)—and then all would stop and laugh roundly.

We wondered how many bananas were wasted each year, as they fell in ones or twos into the sea. It recalled how, in the days of our parents' childhood, a single banana was a luxury.

Meanwhile, we sat on the dock, watching idly and chattering, for there was nothing else to do. We couldn't ramble any farther—there were swamps all about, and it was too far to the nearest plantation. What was more, we would go there to-morrow.

By and bye we opened conversation with an old negress, selling yams on the dock. There were the white yams and the black, and some pink.

"I would prefer the white *wans,* like this *wan,*" she said. "No," she assured us, "the revolutionists had never come here, though they had been at Bocas."

"Why?"

"I don't know why," she answered; she was not interested.

Then in reply to another query: "I'm forty-seven, sir!" She was prematurely gray, as a result of being burned by powder, which caught fire while she was smoking. Her home, she stated, was two miles off. *There* she had a flower garden.

Everything she sold she carried on her head. Occasionally she made three trips to the place. She came down primarily to sell to the commissary, from whom she gets a dollar, gold, the sack, for her produce. Her husband also works for the company, but at another place. She works "to help out," she says. They have seven boys.

"We have to work very hard here," the woman assured us. They would go back to Jamaica if they had the money. It costs her a dollar and a half to go from here to where her husband has his job of a dollar a day on the railway. "I married him twenty years now," she explains.

Idly, then, we remarked the oysters on the piers. Then we took a peep in the company store house, run by the trust, to sell its wares to employees at cost.

Almirante, it seems, was the wholesale station for thirty or forty commissary stations. People from thereabout buy openly—for the stores can sell to any one. There is the position of inspector of commissaries here, and a romantic task it is, traveling from store to store, taking inventory as frequently as possible. Again, it makes one think of the inspectors of the Hudson Bay posts. Usually there is a negro to run each of these commissaries, and this at so much the month.

Employees of the posts must depend on the natives round about for their meat. Vegetables are brought in from the States every week, and put into cold storage. All

Out hunting.

these vegetables, practically, come from New Orleans. Three of the great company boats come to this point, making an average of one a week, and so there is virtually a fresh supply.

If we could spare the time—Friend assured—we would go out to some of these stations.

Each was on a plantation, and there, already now, they were cutting the bananas for the next boat.

Interesting combinations were made by buyers on those plantation commissaries. Rice and beans and cod-fish were sold very largely. Some of them, it seems, got as much as three of the hundred-pound boxes of the fish every two weeks. Even at Almirante there were very few whites about, and at times it was mighty lonesome, Friend assured us. Here at Almirante, even, there were but six or seven. This is a new terminal. At some few stations the number rose to fifty.

The company, it seemed, did not buy fruit from outsiders, running its own plantations, and at one place they had 18,000 acres in bananas alone. Of course they could export some of the odd fruits here, but one must establish a demand for them, and meanwhile the bananas paid so much better.

This place had all sprung up in the six months the company had established it here, so we could see how much work was done.

It was an interesting chat, there on the dock, at the fruit station. Friend told how some of the white boys tried hunting, and how, now and then, a native Nimrod would bring in a wild turkey, which was gobbled right up by a buyer. Then he told how pigs were raised, being fed on the bananas. And he told of the big house for white employees, erected on each plantation by the company, too, and how the trust treats its employees well indeed.

Here, as at Bocas, the company was to fill in the sluices, using a sand pump for that.

In fact, there was so much to tell—to be explained—we sat there till late evening.

"JUDGMENT IS MINE"

BY ALOYSIUS COLL

"Hast thou a husband?"—so He spake
The woman at the well;
He knew that she was wed to Sin—
The woman did not tell.

Then, judging not her soul that she
Were Magdalene or wife,
He promised of His own clean heart
The meat and drink of life.

"Hast thou a husband?"—and the world
That cannot know nor tell
If she be wed to man or Sin,
Condemns her soul to hell!

THE BULWARKS OF OUR ANCESTORS

A Plea for Their Preservation

BY RUDOLF CRONAU

WHEN YOU happen to visit one of the older settlements of our Far West, you may perhaps note some gray, weather-worn structure of heavy logs, standing in strange contrast to the light frame houses, which betray their recent construction by their fresh coats of paint. Sometimes you find these queer-looking buildings surrounded by high palisades or by ditches, and when you inquire as to their purpose, you are told that in bygone days they served as retreats for the settlers, when they were compelled to fly from the attacks of the Indians.

Up to the middle of the last century, such rude fortifications could be found in many settlements, but after the Indians had been subjugated or driven away, most of the structures were torn down to give place to stores and dwelling houses. Today only very few of these places of refuge remain, and it is for the sake of their preservation that this article is written.

Certainly these little forts are interesting enough, if you only recognize to what acts of bravery and noble heroism their gray walls have been witnesses.

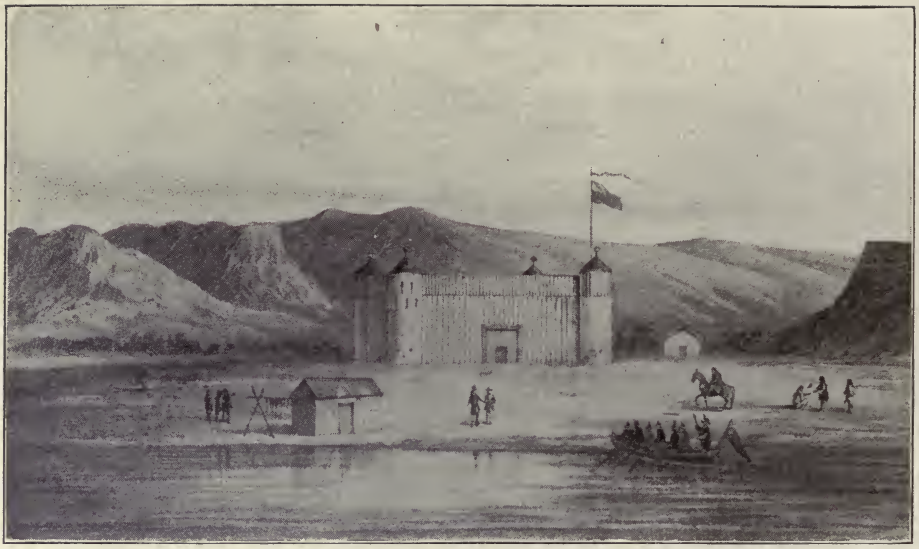
Let us take a glance into history. When our forefathers settled in the wilderness of America, as the first pioneers of civilization, safety was one of their first wants. For this reason they preferred to build houses of stone. If it was not at hand or hard to break, the cabins were constructed of trunks of such trees as could be easily felled and trimmed. Firs and pines answered this purpose best.

In the erection of a log cabin axes and augers were often the only tools used, but usually draw-knives and cross-cut saws were added. The body of the house was mostly an oblong square of logs, raised one above the other. Later on, spaces for the door and windows were chopped out. The wooden fireplace and chimney were protected from the action of the fire by a lining of clay, and the floor was formed either from the plain surface of hewn logs or covered with boards sawed by hand. The door was made of massive boards, split from a log and hastily smoothed with the draw-knife. After they had been united firmly with wooden pins, the door was hung upon wooden hinges and fastened with a wooden latch. Hardly a nail or any particle of metal entered the composition of these crude dwellings. But they gave not only ample shelter, but safety, as their walls were utterly impenetrable for arrows and bullets.

If such huts were intended for short occupancy, they seldom possessed more than one story, with one or two rooms. But if intended for permanent occupation, another story was added. In such a case, the lower one had often no other openings than the door and a number of loop-holes through which the inhabitants, when besieged, could fire upon the assailants.

The floor of the second story frequently projected two or three feet over the first, having openings for firing downward and throwing boiling water upon the enemies when they would attempt to force open the door or set fire to the building. To prevent such approach of hostiles, some backwoodsmen invented very drastic devices. They drove long nails or sharp awl-blades through boards, and then placed these on the ground, so that the Indians, when sneaking up to the cabin in the dark, would step on the nail-points.

Inside the cabin a ladder led through an opening to the upper story. As this ladder could be removed and the opening closed with a trap door, this upper story was another place of refuge, after the lower



Front view of Fort Nez Perces.

one had been taken by the enemy. To prevent the firing of the roof by burning arrows or other combustibles, it was covered with clay, through which the flames could not eat their way. Buckets with water stood distributed over the entire building, so that a fire could easily be extinguished. A well was dug in one of the corners of the cabin or in its immediate neighborhood so that the indispensable water might never be lacking during a long siege. Sometimes closely fitting trap doors led to secret places of concealment provided for the women and children.

That such cabins, when defended by resolute men, answered their purpose very well, is known from many incidents.

When, during our war for independence, the Mohawk Valley became the scene of many horrible ravages by the Indians and Tories, Christian Schell, a Palatine, together with his wife and six sons, occupied a lonely loghouse four miles northeast of Fort Dayton, the site of the present city of Herkimer, N. Y. It was in the early hours of August 6, 1781, when 48 Indians and 16 Tories made a sudden raid upon this family. Schell and his sons were working in the field, but detected the enemy soon enough to make their escape to the house. All succeeded in reaching it, except the two youngest lads, who were captured by an Indian. The latter was shot by Schell, but it was impossible to free the boys, as they were hurried off by some other of the enemy.

Then the battle commenced and was kept up until night, Mrs. Schell assisting her husband and sons in loading the guns. Several times the attacks of the enemies were repelled. But when darkness had set in, McDonald, the leader of the Tories, succeeded in reaching the door of the cabin and attempted to force the entrance by using a crowbar he had found in front of the house. But a shot from Schell hit him in the leg and brought him down. In the next minute the bold German quickly unbarred the door, grasped the wounded man and dragged him in a prisoner.

Enraged by the capture of their leader, the enemy made several furious assaults. Jumping close to the house, they thrust their guns through the loop-holes and began to fire within the building. But Mrs. Schell seized an axe and by well-directed blows, ruined every gun by bending the barrels. As the men opened a terrific fire from above at the same time, the besiegers fell back in a hurry.

When morning dawned, Schell used a ruse causing the enemy to suppose that a heavy force of Americans was approaching to aid the settlers. Running to the

upper story of the house, Schell and his sons shouted in loud voices to an imaginary company, welcoming it and giving directions. "Colonel Small, march your men on this side of the house!" "Captain Getman, you better wheel your company off to the left and come up on that side!"

Deceived by this strategem, the enemy retreated, having already suffered a loss of twenty-three.

Still more remarkable was the defense of a log house that stood upon a prominent part of the Palisades, just across the eightieth streets of New York City. It had been built by the English during the extremely cold winter of 1779 to 1780, to serve as a retreat for the numerous woodchoppers who had been sent across the river to cut firewood for the freezing army. As these men were frequently attacked by the Americans, the two-storied log house had been placed so close to the brink of the rocks that an attack from the river-side was impossible. The other sides were protected by an entrenchment and a line of heavy palisades. About one hundred soldiers served as a garrison.

To drive the English out, General Wayne started with a force of 1800 men and four six-pounders. After distributing the greater part of his army over the hills north and south, from Fort Lee to Weehawken, to prevent a sudden surprise by the English army of New York, he attacked the log house with the rest of his men in the morning of the 21st of July. Posting his guns only sixty yards away from the entrenchments, he bombarded the palisades as well as the log house for over an hour. It is told that 52 balls went into the house, dismantling two guns of the British, killing six soldiers and wounding a number of them. But the six-pounders proved too inefficient to smash the heavy stockade. Therefore, when news came in the afternoon that 3,000 English were crossing the river, General Wayne ordered the retreat. But his soldiers, embittered by the failure of the enterprise, decided to make an assault upon the rude fortress. Carrying the outer works in a few minutes, they met, however such a heavy fire in front of the house that the officers found it necessary to call them back, after having had 15 killed and 49 wounded. The British, fearing other attacks, burned the house a few days later, as with the approach of summer, firewood was no longer in demand.

At places where the danger of hostile attacks was great, the settlers banded together and ranged their cabins in a square or parallelogram, so that the front sides and cabin doors faced the common square, while the back of the huts, connected by rows of palisades, presented a continuous wall. The palisades, firmly planted in the ground and from twelve to fifteen feet high, had their tops sharpened as an additional protection against savage intruders. A narrow wooden support or a walk of earth enabled the inhabitants of the station to stand within the enclosure and fire over the top of the palisades. One or

A frontier fort on the Missouri in the beginning of the 19th century.

two gates, barred by massive doors, led into the station.

None of these stations became so well known as Boonesborough, erected in 1775 by Daniel Boone, the famous pioneer of Kentucky. Collins, in his "Historical Sketches of Kentucky," furnishes the following description of it: "Boonesborough was situated adjacent to the Kentucky River, with one of the angles resting on its bank near the water, and extending from it in the form of a parallelogram. The length of the fort, allowing twenty feet for each cabin and opening, was about two hundred and sixty, and the breadth one hundred and fifty feet." There exists also an old print after a drawing by Colonel Henderson.

Boonesborough resisted several fierce attacks of the Indians, the most obstinate occurring in 1778, when a party of 500 Indians, under command of the British Captain Duquesne, appeared before the station.

Displaying the British flag, Duquesne demanded an immediate surrender, threatening the massacre of all inhabitants in case of a refusal. But Boone and his men resolved to resist, and gave the Indians such a hot reception that they were soon glad to withdraw to the cover of the woods.

A siege of nine days followed. Finding that they could not take the station by force, the Indians attempted to set it on fire by throwing combustibles on the roofs of the cabins. But the flames were speedily extinguished. Foiled in this effort, the enemy resorted to another experiment. The fort stood sixty yards from the steep river bank, which concealed the Indians from view. Under the directions of the English officers, the redskins now began to dig a mine from the river bank into the fort. But one morning the sharp eyes of the backwoodsmen detected the discoloration of the river from the fresh earth thrown into it, and instantly took steps to defeat the project. This was done by cutting a deep trench under the palisades and then in front of the fort so as to intersect the approaching mine. Boone also constructed a wooden cannon to be loaded with nails and stones. It was his intention to place this cannon into the tunnel and fire it the instant the Indians would appear. But the British, noticing that their plans had been discovered, abandoned the siege, having had 37 killed and many more wounded. The loss of the heroes of Boonesborough amounted to only two men, while but four were wounded. After the retreat of the enemy, the inhabitants of the station picked one hundred and twenty-five pounds of the enemy's bullets out of the logs of their huts.

When the construction of such stations was in the hands of persons commanding some strategic knowledge, then they became more elaborate affairs—genuine forts. Careful consideration was given to the situation as well as to all other means of defense. In front of the palisades deep ditches were dug, over which a drawbridge led toward the entrance. The angles of the fort became strengthened by heavy towers or "flankers," the upper stories of which generally projected a few feet beyond the stockade, and were provided with numerous loop-holes, so that it was impossible for any enemy to make a lodgment under the walls after he might have succeeded in reaching the foot of the palisades. As these flankers had but one entrance, mostly in the upper story and accessible only by a ladder, these strongholds quite often baffled the most desperate efforts of the besiegers.

Very frequently a similar log house, but of quite larger dimensions, stood in the center of the fort, to serve as a last retreat in case all other buildings had fallen into the hands of the enemies. In the times of peace, it served as quarters for the officers, and underneath this was the magazine. Small pieces of artillery, generally brass four or six-pounders, stood at the most important parts of the stockade or upon wooden platforms erected especially for this purpose.

Upon the treeless plains the construction of forts was of course much more difficult. In many places it became necessary to rely on adobe, sunburnt bricks of clay, as used in New Mexico and Arizona. A good example of such adobe forts was Laramie, one of the many posts established by the American Fur Company for the protection of its trade. It had an oblong shape. The walls were fifteen feet high and surmounted by palisades. The roofs of the apartments within, which were

built close to the walls, served as a banquette upon which the men stood when firing. At two of the corners were heavy flankers.

According to Parkman, the fort was divided within by a partition; on one side was the square area, surrounded by the store rooms, offices and apartments of the inmates, on the other was the corral, where at night, or in the presence of dangerous Indians, the horses and mules of the fort were crowded for safe-keeping. The main entrance had two gates, with an arched passage intervening. A little square window high above the ground opened laterally from an adjoining chamber into this passage, so that when the inner gate was closed and barred a person outside might still communicate with those within. This obviated the necessity for admitting suspicious Indians into the fort for trading; for when danger was apprehended, the inner gate was shut tightly, and all traffic was carried on by means of the window.

So Fort Laramie stood upon an eminence on the left side of the Platte river, while behind stretched a line of arid and desolate ridges, and behind these again, towering seven thousand feet aloft, rose the grim Black Hills.

The many dangers which the settlers must face at all times caused them to institute signals of alarm, by which neighbors might be warned or called for assistance. Reliable men, well posted on the numerous tricks of Indian warfare, patrolled the so-called frontier, watching all movements of the Indian tribes. When sure of some hostile intentions, these "Rangers" hurried to the next station or fort and gave the alarm. Among the Palatines of the Mohawk and Shoharie, one boom of a cannon was a notification to the settlers to fly to the fort. Two shots following in quick succession indicated that the people on their way to the fort might encounter danger. But three shots gave the warning that the fort was surrounded by enemies, and therefore the settlers must conceal themselves in the forest.

How necessary it was to be always on the alert is shown by the ill fate of Fort Michilimackinac, which stood on the site of the city of Mackinac, Michigan. When in 1763 the war with Pontiac broke out, this fort had a garrison of thirty-five British soldiers under command of Captain Etherington. Warning that the Indians were plotting an assault had reached the fort, but the captain paid no attention to it.

The sudden surprise came in the morning of June 4th, when the Indians, camping on the plain in front of the fort, apparently enjoyed a game of ball. Hundreds of young warriors could be seen running, jumping and exerting all kinds of tricks to catch the ball and foil the adversary. Sometimes the ball rose high in the air or went in graceful curves to far distances, followed by the players, who bounded after it. Without suspecting treachery, the soldiers of the fort, mostly without their weapons, stood in groups near the open gate, watching the fortunes of the game. Large numbers of Indian squaws apparently also interested in the game, had collected in the shade of the palisades.

Suddenly the ball, as though driven by a chance stroke, described a wide curve and fell near the gate, the Indians jumping after it. But in the moment that they reached the spot, they raised their terrible warwhoop and brandished the knives which they had hidden under their breech cloths. At the same instant the squaws threw open their blankets, quickly handing tomahawks and loaded guns to the men, who fell upon the defenseless soldiers like a thunder storm, slaughtering them mercilessly. Rushing through the open gate, the Indians then captured all the other soldiers and butchered them in a frightful manner.

From the day of the landing of the first pioneers, the women were not only the efficient comrades of the men, but also their allies in the hours of danger. The chronicles relating the incidents of border warfare abound with stories of heroines who played a conspicuous part in the defense of single log houses, as well as of stations and forts. Moulding the bullets and loading the guns, they handed them to the men, who could consequently fire three times where they otherwise could have done so once. If there happened to be a lull during the fight, the women carried water or food to the smoke-blackened men, tended to the wounded, baked bread

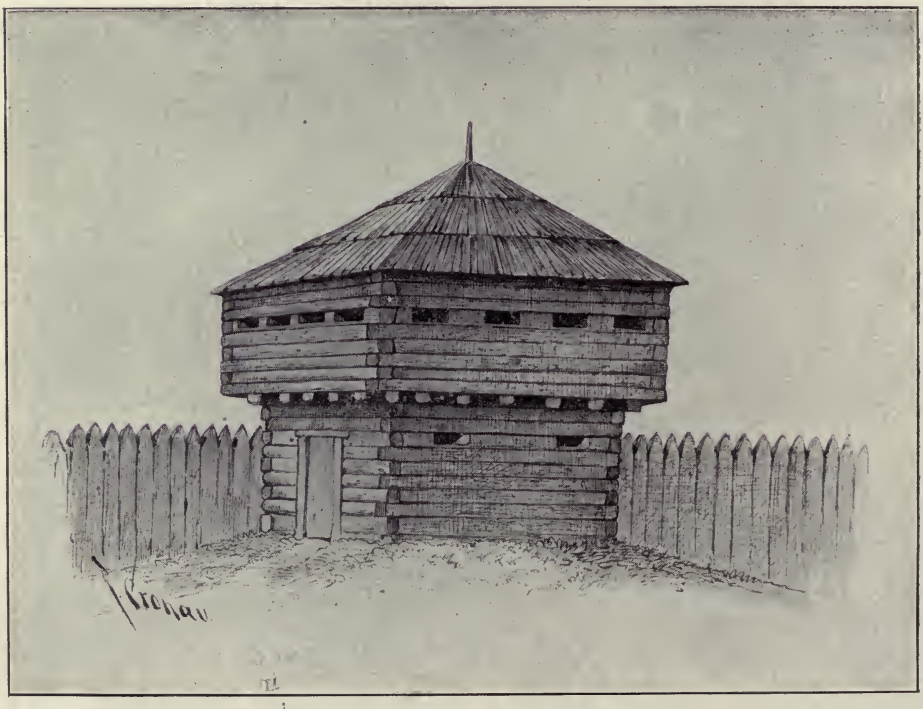
or nourished the infants. In cases of emergency, many women stood at the loopholes, firing the rifles with all the skill and precision of the men.

An example of the noble spirit that swelled the bosoms of such heroines is the instance of Elizabeth Zane, a young girl of seventeen years, living near Fort Henry in West Virginia. When in November, 1782, the fort was besieged and the little garrison of fifty men had been reduced to only twelve, the situation became extremely desperate, as the stock of powder gave out.

There was a keg of powder stored in the cabin of the Zanes', but this hut stood some sixty yards from the gate of the fort and could be reached only by passing the whole distance under fire of the Indians, a feat which seemed altogether hopeless. But the perilous attempt had to be made. When the commandant of the fort called for volunteers, several responded, among them, to the general surprise, Elizabeth Zane. She argued that the garrison of the fort was already too weak for the life of one of the soldiers to be risked. As her own life was of no importance, she claimed the privilege to perform the dangerous task. Defeating all objections, Miss Zane asked to have the gate opened. Passing out, she strolled leisurely to her home, in full view of the Indians, who, wondering what it meant, made no attempt to molest the girl.

Entering the cabin, she found the keg of powder, and a few minutes later re-appeared with the keg concealed under a tablecloth. Not before the girl had gone some distance did the Indians grasp the situation and send a volley after her. But miraculously she was not struck. Reaching the fort in safety, she was greeted by the shouts of its defenders, who, inspired by the brave deed, fought with such tenacity that the Indians despaired of capturing the fort and finally retreated.

Similar heroism was shown by the young women of Bryant Station, Kentucky, when this settlement was attacked in 1782 by the notorious renegade Simon Girty, with five hundred of his Indian followers. The attack found the inhabitants of the station utterly unprepared. The



The last retreat.

Outposts in wintertime.

greatest peril in case of a siege was the scarcity of water, as the spring on which the settlers depended was some distance outside of the station. Everybody knew that the enemy, after their first repulse, was lying in ambush in the neighboring woods. But as the need of water became more and more urgent, steps had to be taken to get it at any price. So the women seized their buckets and started for the spring, while the men, with loaded guns, stood at the loop-holes, ready to fire at any Indian who might try to interfere. Knowing that hundreds of savage eyes were resting on them, the women reached the spring, filled the buckets and returned sound and safe. As had been surmised, the Indians withheld an attack, hoping that some men of the station might be caught at the spring before long.

Among the frontier forts that became famous in the history of America, we find also Fort Schuyler in the upper Mohawk Valley. When in 1777 it became besieged by seventeen hundred English and Indians, the garrison was without a flag, as only a few weeks before Congress had decided upon the colors and arrangement of the American flag. In this emergency the garrison resolved to have a flag made. Having no better material at hand, the blue field of the flag was made from a blue cloak captured from the enemy. The stars and white stripes were cut out of some officers' shirts; the red stripes out of a scarlet petticoat belonging to a soldier's wife. When this patchwork—the first American flag used in the War of Independence—had been sewed together, it was run up the flag staff, and later on floating victoriously over the British colors, which had been won in the course of this siege.

The name of Fort St. Vincennes also shines brightly in the history of our war for liberty. Many hundreds strong, the British came to capture the little fort, not knowing that its garrison consisted only of Captain Leonhard Helm and two men. When the British force was in sight, Captain Helm appeared upon the walls, carrying a lighted stick in his hand, as if intending to fire one of the cannon surmounting the walls. Ordering the British to stand, he asked if they would, in case of surrender, grant the garrison free retreat with all arms and flying colors. The British were glad to do so, but their countenances became very long when the three Americans marched out of the gate and left the place with all military honors.

Well known to the student of history are also the names of the forts, Washington, Campus Martius, Niagara, Sackville, Dearborn, Benton, Snelling, and many others that played a conspicuous part during our Colonial and Indian wars. Unfortunately not one of these interesting bulwarks and stations has come down to us unchanged. The great tide of immigrants which rolled over our country like a mighty wave during the last century, swept away everything that stood in its way or seemed to be a hindrance.

Just as it wiped out our virgin forests and the enormous herds of buffalo, deer and elk, so it demolished the stations and forts, when, after the subjection and disappearance of the Indians there was no longer need for such places of refuge.

Only here and there some of the ancient log houses and flankers have survived the tempests of time. Bleached by rain and sunshine, covered with moss and lichen, they are the only relics of the heroic times of America. It is for the preservation of them I plea.

Where there are such old strongholds in existence, let us preserve them, in order that future generations may become inspired by them, and remember the unknown heroes and heroines who fought so many noble battles upon the same ground where we citizens of the 20th century enjoy a comfortable and peaceful life.

A CALIFORNIA BOY CHUM OF SERVIA'S KING

BY A. H. WRIGHT

IN THE CITY of Stockton, California, there lives a boy who has "hobnobbed" with Prince George Karageorgeovich, the son of the King of Servia. This youth of the Golden State is Peter Krstich, and he is the son of D. P. Krstich, an engineer in the employ of the Southern Pacific Railroad. Peter was born in Berkeley, eleven years ago, but has been living in Stockton for three years. He attends the Jefferson School, and is in the Fifth grade. Last year he left with his father and sister to visit the former's parents in Belgrade, the capital of Servia, returning to this country early last December.

While in Belgrade, his uncle, George Krstich, who is Adjutant to Prince George Karageorgeovich, had a uniform made for him like that worn by the Servian officers, and one day when Peter was dressed in it he was taken to the palace and presented to the Prince. Several times during his stay in Belgrade, Peter was visited by the Prince at the home of the former's grandparents, and when Peter and his father were about to start for home, the Prince presented the California boy with a medal, which he took from his own coat. The Prince said he hoped to meet his American friend again, as he intends to visit the United States and would include California in his itinerary.

Peter Krstich. Photo by author and Felix J. Koch.

IX--The Great Day of Atonement

BY C. T. RUSSELL

Pastor Brooklyn Tabernacle

THE JEWISH civil year precedes our calendar about three months. Regulated by lunar time it usually falls near October 1st. And yet they style their first civil month, their seventh month—their first month beginning their religious year at the Spring Equinox. In the Divine arrangement meted out for Israel, religion always stood first. These two beginnings of their year were prominently marked by their two chief religious ceremonies. We have already considered the Passover Memorial celebrated on the fifteenth day of the first month: let us now consider the Atonement Day and its sacrifices celebrated on the tenth day of the seventh month. Its annual repetition celebrated the inauguration of Israel's Law Covenant by Moses, its Mediator—between God and the people of Israel. But it was more than a commemoration—more than a mere reminder.

The provisions of the Law Covenant were that any person of the seed of Abraham who would keep that Law perfectly would have the Divine favor and blessing to the utmost—including life eternal. But the Almighty, well knowing that it would be impossible for any imperfect being to fulfill the requirements of the Divine Law made provision that the nation might remain in Divine favor from year to year by repetitions yearly of the Atonement Day sacrifices. In the original institution of the Law Covenant, with its sacrifices, the whole nation of Israel in accepting that Covenant came under Divine favor as God's people for a year—and no more. The Covenant would continue, but the justification of the people would not continue. The sacrifices by which the Law Covenant was instituted were the same that were repeated annually thereafter. At the close of the year the Covenant did not cease, but the people were all under special condemnation and Divine disapprobation as sinners until a new Atonement Day made satisfaction for the people's sins and extended the Divine favor toward them for the new year—until the next Atonement Day.

Thus the people of Israel had a trial, a year at a time, continued with them for centuries. But during the entire period of their favor with God, not a single Jew was found able to keep fully the Divine Law—not one was counted worthy of eternal life. Nor could Abraham or anybody else have attained more under the Law Covenant, because imperfect—for the Law is the measure of a perfect man's ability. This manner of continuing sin-forgiveness with annual repentance and repetition of the sacrifices, and the procurement thus of fresh trials for each new year, lasted for sixteen centuries and more, until the miraculous birth of Jesus. His transfer from the heavenly glory produced the one man who could and who did keep the Law perfectly—"The man Christ Jesus who gave himself a ransom price

for all, to be evidenced in due time"—when in the end of this age he shall apply the merit of his sacrifice on behalf of Adam and his entire race, and shall seal the New Covenant with Israel (Jer. 31:31-34.) for the blessing of every nation.

No Jot or Tittle of the Law Shall Fail.

It is the boast of Israel and of Christians that not one jot or tittle of the Divine Law given through Moses could fail. That is to say, each little particle of the Law must have its fulfillment. Moses himself was a type of the great Mediator or Atoner for sins, as he declares, saying, "A prophet shall the Lord your God raise up unto you from amongst your brethren, like unto me; him shall ye hear in all things, whatsoever he shall say unto you. And it shall come to pass, that every soul, which will not hear that Prophet, shall be destroyed from among the people." (Acts 3:22, 23; Deut. 18:15.) As there is to be a greater Mediator for the New Law Covenant yet future, so there is to be a greater Day of Atonement than the one which Moses inaugurated. And that Day of Atonement will have "better sacrifices" than the one which Moses instituted as a type. But now notice that no type could pass away, fail, without reaching its antitype. Next notice that Israel's Atonement Day has passed away! This means one of two things:

(1) That the Law has failed; or,

(2) That the antitypical Atonement Day has come without Israel knowing about it.

Ah, says our Jewish neighbor, Israel's Atonement Day has not passed away—we observe it every year, just as our fathers did. For more than three thousand years we have kept it up! not one jot or tittle of our Law can pass without fulfillment.

But our Jewish friends are mistaken. However honest they may intend to be in making their claims, we can disprove them from their own Law. And the sooner they realize the true state of the case the sooner will they be ready to rectify the mistake—for surely there are honest and sincere Hebrews and many of them.

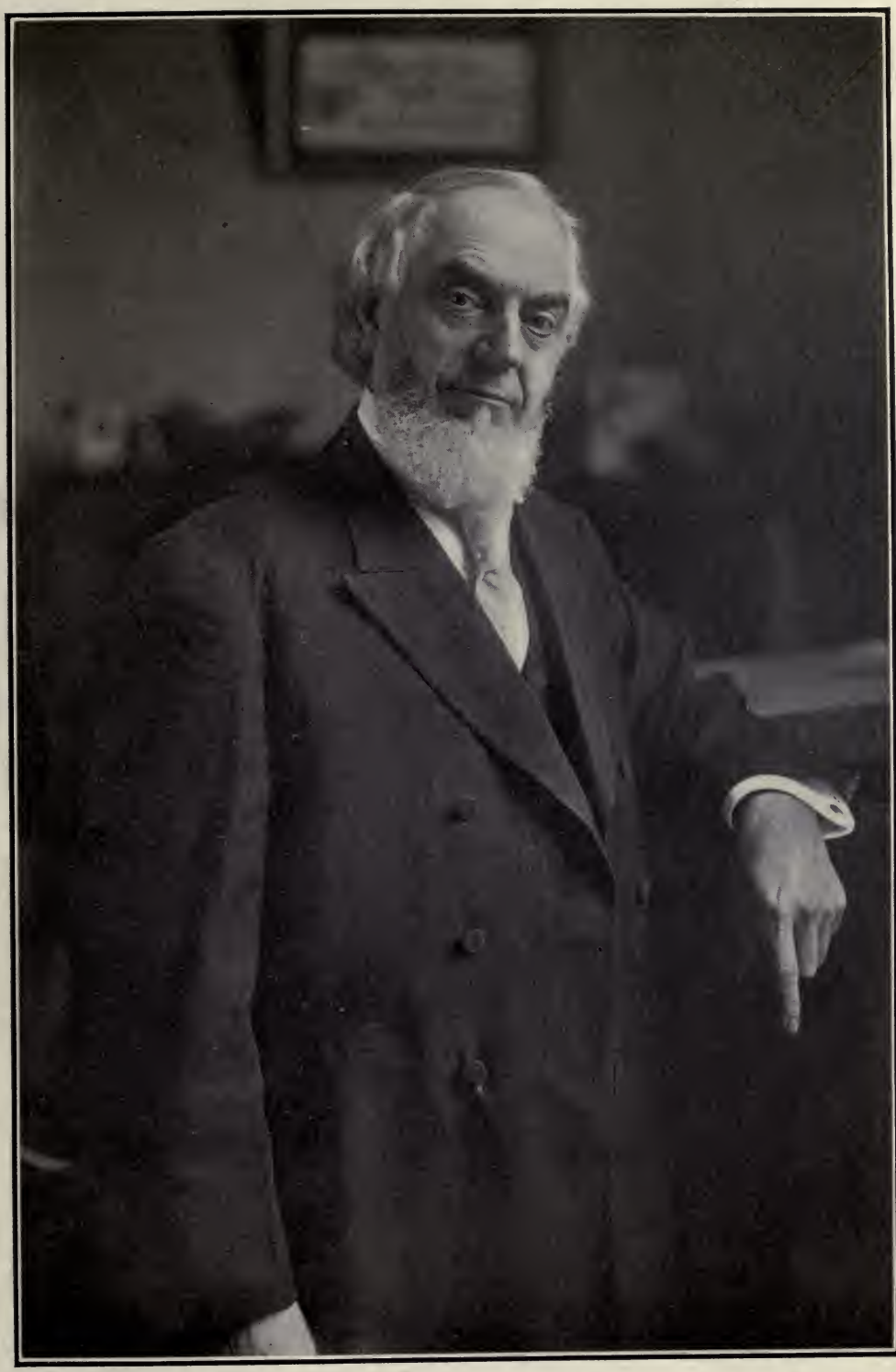
No Priest—No Sacrifice—No Atonement Day.

No Jew will dispute that the Scriptures declare that there is no remission of sin except by a blood atonement (Lev. 17:11.) No rabbi amongst God's Chosen People will deny that the Day of Atonement sacrifices could be offered only by a priest. And not one of them surely will deny that in the eight millions of their race today there is not one who could authenticate himself as a priest—as a son of Aaron. There is not one of the race, therefore, who would attempt a reproduction of the Tabernacle or Temple, with its Court, its Holy and its Most Holy, and its Atonement Day sin-offerings. Even if they had the land of Palestine completely in his possession. And if a Tabernacle or Temple were restored on the sacred Mount Moriah, not one of Israel's eight millions would venture to offer the Atonement Day sacrifices—knowing, according to the Law, that it would mean death for him to pass into the presence of the Ark of the Covenant and the Mercy-Seat where the blood of atonement must be sprinkled "To make atonement for the sins of all the people."

What means it, then, some one may ask, that the Jews all over the world observe most sacredly the tenth day of the seventh month of their year as the Day of Atonement! What means it that those who would even do business on the Seventh Day, in violation of the Law, will religiously abandon all business and all pleasure on his Day of Atonement? What means all this, if God's Chosen People no longer have a Day of Atonement!

Ah, well, if Christian people could really appreciate the situation their hearts and eyes would overflow with sympathy towards God's Chosen People! They know that there is such a thing as sin.

The Jewish masses still have some confidence in Abraham, in Moses, the Law and the Prophets. Whatever may be the motives of sin in their flesh, whatever may be their selfish propensities in common with other men, and perhaps cultivated to a greater intensity, nevertheless they know the meaning of reverence and veneration. The intelligent Jews realize the situation. Yet if they mention it at all, it is with bated breath, with fear, with the realization that this really explains why they have had no favor from the Almighty as a people for eighteen centuries. They try to forget the marks of divine disfavor



Pastor Russell in a characteristic attitude.

—the fulfillment of the prophetic declaration that they would be without priest and without ephod many days—many years.—Hosa. 3:4.

If at any time Christians should have the opportunity of speaking to God's Chosen People respecting this great matter and the fact that his annual celebration of the Atonement Day for more than eighteen centuries has been a farce—the matter should be mentioned in full sympathy and solely with the desire to call attention to the fact that where the type ceased the antitype had begun. In other words (as their Talmud instructs them, as well as the Bible), everything that Israel possessed in the way of a Priesthood and Sacrifices and a Holy and Most Holy have higher and spiritual antitypical parallels or duplications.

Not one jot or tittle of the Law failed. The priesthood did not cease—it merely passed from the typical Aaron to his great antitype, Messiah, of whom God said through the Prophet David, I have sworn with an oath, I will not repent, Thou (Messiah) art a priest forever after the order of Melchisedek (not after the order of Aaron.)—Psa. 110:4; Gen. 14:18.

Until recently Christians have not been able (and only a few now) to give to God's Chosen People any help along these lines. Rather they have hindered them. So-called Christian nations, devoid of the Spirit of Christ, have black-listed and tabooed and defrauded and persecuted the Jew in nearly every nation of Europe. They have called them Christ-killers and told them that God would everlastingly torment them, unless they ceased to be Jews and joined some Christian sect or party. Is it any wonder that the Jew classes the Christian as his enemy? Is it any wonder that he is suspicious, and prefers to believe that the unfulfilled promises and Oath of God must yet be fulfilled to his nation? It is no wonder.

The true explanation of matters, however, is this: As not every one who is circumcised in the flesh and calls himself a Jew is really recognized of God as such, so likewise not every Christian who names the name of Jesus is accepted of the Father. On the contrary, the Scriptures assure us that the true Church of Christ is not any of the sects of Christendom; they tell us that the Church of the First Borns have their names written in heaven. Hence the Church rolls furnish no criterion whatever as respects saintship or relationship to God. The majority of Christendom is properly styled by some, "The Christian *world.*" To them the word Christian is a misnomer. The Cause of Christ would be far better off without their adherence or support. They have helped to deceive both the Jews and the heathen as respects the true Christianity set forth by Jesus and his Apostles. They are of the world, and have neither part nor lot with Christ. We are glad, however, that neither they, nor the Jews whom they denounce are destined to eternal torment, but, on the contrary, that for them God's great provision is a full opportunity for eternal life as perfected human beings in a world-wide Eden. All of these blessed opportunities will be secured to mankind through the antitypical Day of Atonement and its higher priest and better sacrifices for sin.

Typical and Antitypical Sin Atonement.

The worldly-wise of to-day, Christians and Jews, are aligning themselves with the Higher Critics and Evolutionists, telling us that if there was an Adam and Eve, at least there has been no fall and that we should put our trust in Evolution. We should believe neither in the Atonement Day for sin nor in a coming Messiah and his glorious Empire of Righteousness, nor think it necessary to have such aid. Indeed, they doubt if there is a God, or, perchance, acknowledging one, they deny his love for mankind or his interest in human welfare—except as blind laws of Evolution shall, through Trust, Syndicate and Labor Unions, decree the survival of the fittest—the more able in crushing out the happiness and life of the less fit, instead of helping them.

But the word of God stands sure. There is a great malevolent influence at work amongst mankind. Sin and Death are reigning. Constitutional hereditary influences are increasing instead of diminishing. Statistics show us that despite all the acknowledged increased skill of humanity along the lines of medicine and surgery, nevertheless the death rate amongst infants is not diminishing. The

records of insane asylums show that insanity is rapidly increasing. Prison records and newspaper records show that crime and immorality are increasing. Every fact agrees with the declaration of Scripture that our race is under the dominion, under the rule of Sin and Death, and not under the reign of righteousness and Life-everlasting, its reward. We therefore should be deeply interested, Christians and Jews, in Sin-Atonement. If anything can be devised or done to release our race from present conditions of sorrow, pain and death—to joy and harmony with God and everlasting life, surely every member of the race is deeply, intensely interested therein.

The Bible, that wonderful Book so sadly misunderstood and misrepresented, both by friends and foes, gives the only key of hope. It tells us of a great Day of Atonement in which, by Divine provision, better sacrifices for sins will make complete atonement for the original sin of Adam and grant complete relief from its death sentence—"Dying thou shalt die." Israel's great Atonement Day and its sacrifices and the Covenant with which they were connected and the Priests and Levites who served, and the people who thereby were blessed, were all typical of this great arrangement which "God has purposed in himself from before the foundation of the world"—that all the families of the earth shall be blessed through the seed of Abraham—the Spiritual Seed, as the stars of heaven, the glorified Messiah and his Bride—and also through the earthly seed, natural Israel, who ultimately joined by all the nations, will become as the sand of the seashore for multitude. Let us look first at

The Type and the Antitype.

In the type first came the consecration of the priests—the bullock, representing the High Priest, was slain and subsequently the Lord's goat, representing the under-priests, was also slain. Thus was indicated the great fact that the sacrifice of Christ and of his followers—their renunciation of the earthly nature—was necessary in order to their attainment of the kingly priesthood typified in Melchisedek, who was a "priest upon his throne." —Lev. 9:23; Psa. 110:4.

Next in turn the Atonement Day sacrifices show the same bullock and the same goat; typical of The Christ, Head and Body, whose sacrificial death not only served for the consecration of the real priesthood, but also will be acceptable by Jehovah as *the* price of the world's At-one-ment with God. These "better sacrifices," fully rewarded and more in the exaltation of the sacrificers to glory, honor and immortality in the Kingdom, are applicable for the sins of the whole world—"all the people." Thus did Israel's bullock of the Day of Atonement and bullock of the priest's consecration represent the consecration and death of Jesus the great Sin-bearer, who died, the Just for the unjust, to bring us back into harmony with God. His high exaltation by resurrection to the highest plane of spirit being has been a reward not only to his own sacrifice, but has qualified him to be the great King of kings and Lord of lords. Through him Jehovah God will fulfill all the gracious promises made to Abraham and reiterated to Isaac, Jacob and through the prophets —"In thy Seed all the families of the earth shall be blessed."

As the Lord's goat was taken from the people, so the Little Flock, the Royal Priesthood, the followers of Jesus gathered from every nation, Jew and Gentile, will constitute Messiah's associates on the spirit plane. As the Lord's goat in the type underwent all the experiences of the bullock, so of the footstep followers of Jesus it is declared that they must walk in his footsteps, must suffer with Christ, must be dead with him, must go with him "outside the camp," must with him bear the reproaches of those whose eyes of understanding are still blinded by the great Adversary and who therefore know them not, even as they knew him not. The sacrifice of the antitypical bullock was accomplished more than eighteen centuries ago.

The sacrifice of the antitypical goat class has been in process from the Day of Pentecost until now. According to our understanding of the Scriptures, therefore, this Gospel Age has been the antitypical Day of Atonement in which "the better sacrifices" have been offered.—Romans 12:1; Heb. 9:23.

The privilege and opportunity of join-

ing in this sacrificial work is limited to a certain number who must have certain characteristics—character-likeness to the Great High Priest. We understand that this elect Church and saintly few is almost complete, and that the nominal Church systems have neither part nor lot in the matter, being unrecognized of the Lord, unauthorized. In all of them there have been saints and proportionately as these saintly ones were therein, the light of the world was in them, and proportionately as these were fewer there was grosser darkness. All the time, however, God recognized the few, and not others, as his Church, saying, "Fear not, Little Flock; for it is your Father's good pleasure to give you the Kingdom." (Luke 12:32.) "Gather my saints together unto me, those who have made a Covenant with me by sacrifice." "They shall be mine, saith the Lord of Hosts, in that day when I make up my jewels."—Psa. 50:5; Mal. 3:17.

As we have already seen, two different classes have been elected, the one during the Jewish Age of Favor, the other during this Gospel Age. And these are to colabor during the reign of Messiah for 1,000 years for the blessing of Israel and all the families of the earth. The non-elect, instead of being doomed to an eternity of torture, are to have glorious privileges and opportunities for attaining eternal life and eternal harmony with God under the reign of the elect—the Kingdom of Heaven primarily spiritual, secondarily the earthly, its agency or channel.

The Atonement is Two-Fold.

The word At-one-ment refers to two parties out of harmony becoming reconciled. Original sin brought humanity under the condemnation of the Divine sentence of death. The real Atonement Day sacrifices will fully accomplish the satisfaction of Divine Justice, but still more will remain to be done. And it is for this great work that Messiah's Kingdom has been promised and will be inaugurated. Man will still needs to be reconciled to God. Not that man has any real grievance against his Creator, but because his fall brought him into a condition of "enmity against God" and righteousness.

Instead of love, peace, joy and goodness which were originally part of his character when created in the image and likeness of his Maker, man now finds himself full of an opposite spirit—selfishness, envy, hatred, strife—works of the flesh and of the devil. Man now needs to be reconciled to God—to be brought back again to the place where he cannot only properly appreciate Divine Justice, Wisdom, Love and Power, but to the place where he can live in full harmony with that high appreciation—live acceptably to God and therefore to be permitted to live forever and to enjoy his Creator's blessings as fully as do the holy angels.

The great work of the Day of Atonement, therefore, may in this sense of the word be considered as including the thousand years of Messiah's reign, during which he will make atonement with the Lord for all the willing and obedient of Adam's race, assisting, encouraging, uplifting, correcting, reproving, blessing every nation, people and kindred. Ultimately we are assured that all who decline this free gift of God's love will be completely and everlastingly destroyed, annihilated in the Second Death, from which there will be no recovery.

In the type the blessing of the world was represented as accomplished by the high priest on the Day of Atonement after he had made satisfaction to Justice. Then coming out of the Most Holy he laid aside the sacrificial garments and put on the robes of glory and beauty, which foreshadowed his great work as the Mediator of the New Covenant between God and the World. Proceeding to the altar of sacrifice, the high priest lifted up his hands and blessed the people, who lay prostrated before him in sackcloth and ashes. No wonder that the people rose up and gave a shout of thanksgiving for the cancellation of their sins for a year, in the type. In the antitype they will rise up from the dust of ignorance and superstition and sin, and arise from the tomb, to praise God and by his grace to attain unto the glorious perfection he has designed for mankind in an earthly paradise, world-wide. Ah! there is a wonderful force and beauty in God's Plan, and nothing illustrates it better than the Day of Atonement and its sacrifices and ultimate blessings as God gave these in a typical way to his Chosen People.

OIL AS FUEL FOR WARSHIPS

BY ARTHUR INKERSLEY

One of the favorite arguments of many naval officers to the wider use of oil as fuel for our warships has been the plea that, while oil is superior to coal as fuel, and is preferable in the cases of merchant steamers that make regular runs between ports where oil may always be secured, the navy is called upon to send its ships all over the world, at out of the way places and far from sources of oil supply, while coal may be had at nearly every port of any consequence. In this article, Mr. Inkersley effectually disposes of this fallacious argument by showing that vessels may be economically fitted with convertible furnaces, which enable them to use either oil or coal, and points as examples to the steamers of the Toyo Kisen Kaisha, the Japanese line which runs between San Francisco and the Orient.—THE EDITOR.

BEFORE THE CLOSE of the 19th century, vessels plying along the Pacific Coast were using oil as fuel, and in the last year of the century the conversion of the steamers Alameda and Mariposa, owned by the Oceanic Steamship Company, into oil-burners attracted the attention of shipping men generally to the advantages of crude petroleum as fuel. On one of the early voyages of the Mariposa a naval engineer made the round trip from San Francisco to Tahiti, but, though his report was favorable, the Navy Department did nothing in the direction of the adoption of oil as fuel until a year or two ago, when the coast defense steamer Cheyenne was converted into an oil burner for the purpose of testing the value of the new fuel. The experiments on the Cheyenne convinced the naval officers who made them of the great utility of oil, and the Navy Department gave orders that all the small vessels going to navy yards for repairs should be equipped with oil burning apparatus.

The experience of more than a decade has shown conclusively that liquid fuel is not only more economical than coal, but more efficient. Nor does oil involve greater danger than the use of coal; for the exercise of the same care and intelligence that prevents fires from occurring in the coal-bunkers will prevent damage from the explosive gases contained in petroleum. Of course, some accidents have happened on craft using oil as fuel, but it has been shown that these were due to the fact that some common precaution was neglected. It has been said that liquid fuel is more economical than coal. Four and one-quarter barrels of oil will evaporate as much water and generate as much steam as one long ton (2240 pounds) of coal, though the oil weighs only 1423 lbs., or 817 lbs. less than the coal. A steamer that formerly used 135 tons of coal per day is now securing better results by the consumption of 560 barrels of oil. The coal, at $6.75 per ton, cost $911.25, while the oil, at one dollar a barrel, costs $560, or $321.25 less. And the lower initial cost is only part of the saving effected by the use of oil. To coal a ship requires a gang of highly-paid stevedores, and, when the work of coaling is over, the whole vessel is black and grimy with coal dust, and the ship's crew has a long, hard job of scrubbing and cleaning to do. All that is needed to put oil on a vessel is a pump and a sufficient length of rubber hose. The process of taking on oil creates no dust, and interferes with no other work that may be in progress. Whereas it takes a day or two to coal a ship, it can be "oiled"

in an hour or two. When it comes to burning the fuel, the advantage in the matter of cleanliness again is with the oil. Coal, while being burned, scatters cinders and dust widely, whereas oil is free from this drawback. Coal must be supplied to the furnaces by gangs of firemen, each of whom receives wages of forty or fifty dollars a month. Oil is supplied automatically to the furnace, and one man tending the burners can keep a hotter fire than a gang of stokers at a coal furnace. On an oil-burning vessel ten men can do the work that on a coal-consuming craft would keep four times that number of men busy. On a coal burning vessel, especially in tropical waters, the stoke hole is an inferno, and deaths from prostration are not infrequent among the firemen, whereas the fire-room of an oil-burner is cool and clean. No shovels or other firing tools are needed on an oil burning craft, and the saving on these implements amounts to a considerable sum in a year. On an ocean-going vessel that burns coal, the task of keeping things clean is a never-ending one, while on an oil-burner, most of the dirt is eliminated, and a smaller force can keep the vessel spotless. The freedom from soot, dust and cinders adds more to the comfort of passengers than any improvement that has been made in ocean-going craft in recent years. The use of oil renders it possible to maintain a steady steam pressure, and saves the machinery from much wear and tear. The oil occupies less space than coal, thus leaving more room for freight and passengers. It increases the speed of a vessel and its steaming radius.

Where circumstances render it desirable, a vessel can be equipped so as to burn either coal or oil. For example, the Japanese Company, Toyo Kisen Kaisha, equipped its turbine liners Tenyo Maru and Chiyo Maru with oil-burners, but, finding that coal could be obtained more cheaply in Japan and oil more cheaply in California, the vessels were fitted with convertible furnaces, capable of using either coal or oil. On the way from Japan to San Francisco they burn coal, but on the return trip to Japan they burn oil. At times, some of the furnaces on these ships may be burning oil, while others are consuming coal. It was supposed at one time that a vessel equipped to burn oil would be helpless if she could not get it, but evidently that is not so.

California is greatly interested in the adoption of oil as fuel in the navy; for, if American warships burn petroleum, a great market will be created for Californian oil, insuring a steady price for one of the most abundant products of the State and a great development of the oil-producing industry. Urged by these considerations, the oil-producers of California intend to make concerted efforts to induce the Navy Department to adopt petroleum as fuel for the nation's fighting ships and transports.

IN THE REALM OF BOOKLAND

Edwin L. Sabin, one of the best writers in the world on the picturesque life of the great cattle ranges, and author of the popular "Bar B Boys," has brought forth a sequel to that excellent story, under the title "Range and Trail, or The Bar B's Great Drive." In it he introduces the reader to many of the characters of the earlier book, and the story is one calculated to stimulate more than ever the interest in the life and history of the cowpunchers and the methods of the old cattle ranches now so rapidly diminishing. The tale is based upon the adventures of Phil Macowan, a young Easterner, who reaches the Bar B ranch in midwinter, shares the hardships of the cowmen and assists in the driving up of a new herd of cattle from the south in the spring.

Thomas Y. Crowell & Co., New York.

Especial interest attaches to a work just produced by S. S. Curry, Ph. D., Litt. D., entitled "Mind and Voice," in which the author discusses instructively the principles and methods of vocal training. It is Dr. Curry's opinion that there is really a science of expression, a science of the voice, and he deals with his subject in a scholarly and impressing manner. Exercise and training, the motive power of the voice, education and faults of breathing, the co-ordination of diaphragm and vocal bands, and extensive discussion of sound waves, are among the many interesting features of the book.

Expression Company, Boston.

The works of George Wharton James have long been standard in the literature of the Far West, his delightful writings about the old missions and other features of the Pacific Coast having earned him nation-wide, even world-wide, fame. He has just added to the list of his productions an admirable volume entitled "The Grand Canyon of Arizona," which is quite up to his usual style. It is highly entertaining and instructive, splendidly illustrated with half-tones, and makes the reader eager for a trip to the picturesque wilds of which it treats.

Little, Brown & Co., Boston.

An invaluable book for hunters, campers and other lovers of the out-of-doors is "Backwoods Surgery and Medicine," by Charles Stuart Moody, M. D., who, in this handy volume, gives excellent practical advice for the preservation of health in the woods and fields. He mentions the various ailments apt to be found, and the remedies for them, and for a variety of hurts from accidents. First aid treatment, remedies for bites of snakes and insects, and a list of surgical articles and medicines apt to be of service during an outing are included in the book.

Outing Publishing Co., New York.

Hudson Maxim is not only a leader in the material sciences and in invention, but he is likewise a writer of high ability, with a truly admirable power of analysis. In "The Science of Poetry and the Philosophy of Language," he offers a practical method for literary criticism and a standard of uniform judgment for determining the relative merits of literary productions. The work is marked by its scientific originality, and certainly proves the versatility of the author's mind. In the book he has applied to literature the same analytical methods of thought that have made him famous among the Governments of the world for his production of smokeless powders and high explosives.

Funk & Wagnalls Company, New York.

"Chinese Fairy Stories" is exactly described by its title. It is an attractive volume, by Norman H. Pitman, who is an American teacher in the Provincial College, near Peking, and has obtained his material at first hand. The book is a collection of interesting Chinese fairy tales and folk lore, suggestive of the Arabian Nights. It is well printed and handsomely illustrated in colors.

Thomas Y. Crowell & Co., New York.

One of the strongest stories of the year is "The Doctor's Lass," by Edward C. Booth. It is strong not only in its language and dramatic features, but in the originality of its plot, which proposes many problems of human nature to the reader. The Doctor, abandoned by the woman loved for another man, lives a life of sorrow until he learns that his former sweetheart has died, leaving him her daughter for a ward. The tale is full of intensity, and the growth in love of the Doctor for the young girl makes a strangely attractive story. The work is well illustrated.

The Century Co., New York.

As a testimonial to the late Bronson Howard, who died two years ago, his fellow members of the American Dramatists' Club, of which he was the founder and president, have published a neat volume, in which the biography of that brilliant writer, together with the addresses delivered at the memorial meeting held in the Lyceum Theatre, New York, are printed, together with illustrations well selected, showing Bronson Howard at various ages, and members of his family.

Many interesting data are contained in two recent publications of the Census Bureau of the Department of Commerce and Labor. They are the reports on Street and Electric Railways and on Benevolent Institutions. Both are rich in full tables of statistics.

In "Rhymes of Home," Burges Johnson, whose "Beastly Rhymes" and "Rhymes of Little Boys" have already placed him in the forefront of humorous yet appealing versifiers, has collected a number of very clever verses, mostly relating to such domestic subjects as Mating, Building, Life Year In and Year Out, the Little Folks, and so on. Each of the fifty-seven poems is of high quality, the treatment suggesting the work of Eugene Field.

Thomas Y. Crowell & Co., New York.

The reason for the publication of "College Days' Essays" is difficult to discover. The volume, a small one, consists of a collection of sophomoric essays, written during and immediately after the Civil War, by Reuben Alonzo Gibson, LL. B. One of many entertaining excerpts that might be made is the following, written in 1864:

"We have no doubt but that in very ordinary times Mr. Lincoln would make a capital President, to say the least. Together with his honesty, he has good judgment and a desire to do right. He would be a useful and honorable member of society, and could fill a position in a State Legislature, but he is not great enough to command the destinies of a mighty nation in her hour of greatest peril. He has proved himself not competent to manage our national affairs, and why shall we deprive the world of the good he might do elsewhere and perhaps seal our national ruin by keeping him longer outside of his natural sphere?"

The book is trivial and untimely, and not worth the reading, except for many such humorous effusions as that above.

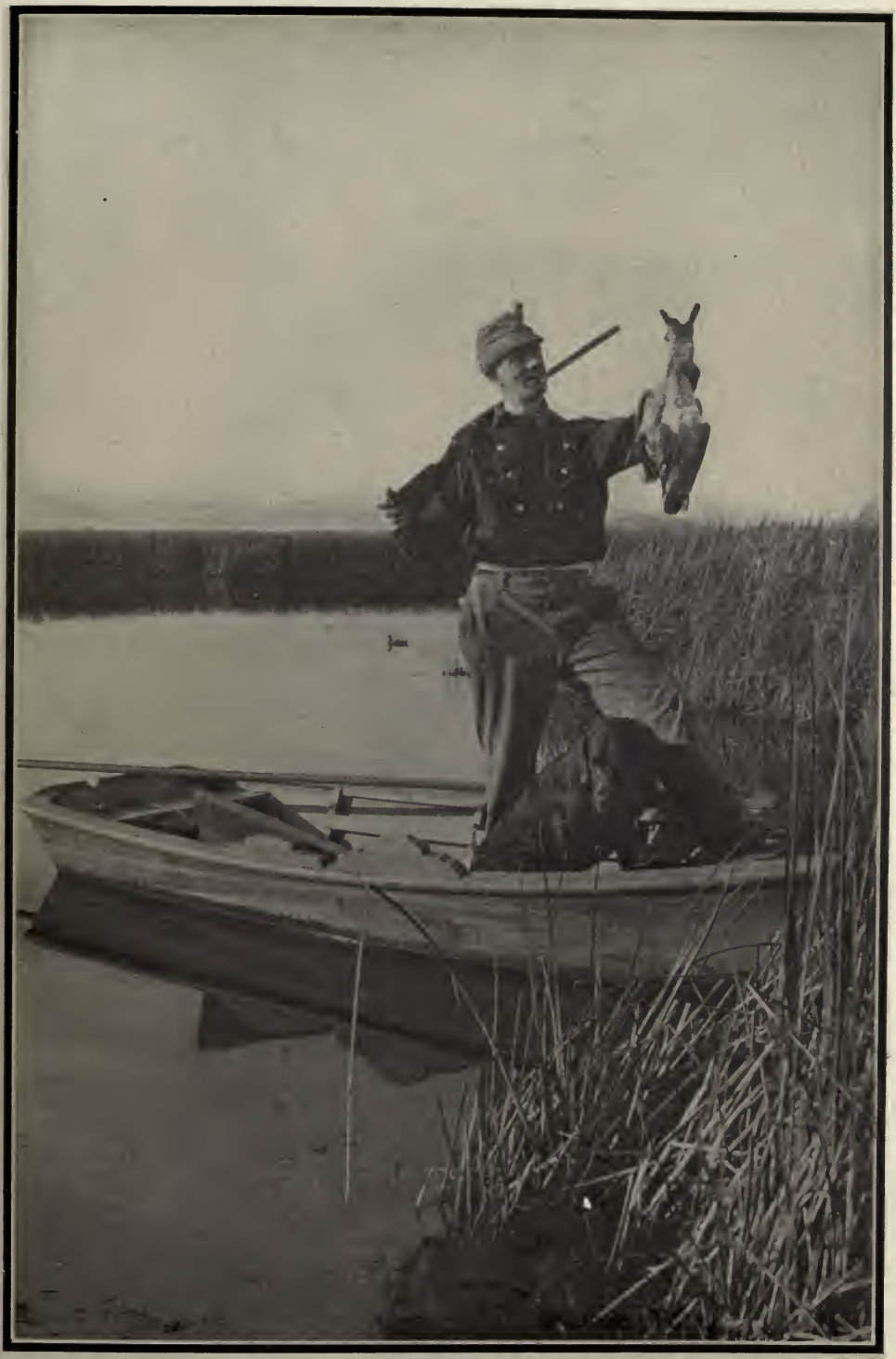
Nixon-Jones Printing Co., St. Louis.

"Flamsted Quarries" is a pretty story by Mary E. Waller, which is descriptive of present-day conditions in the United States, social and industrial. The heroine is a little girl taken off the stage of a vaudeville theatre in New York by a fatherly priest and transplanted from the metropolitan night life to the healthful atmosphere of a little Maine village, among the granite quarries. It is a story of love, honesty and the simple life, well worth the reading.

Little, Brown & Co., Boston, $1.50.

A delightful little story is "The Wheels of Time," by Florence L. Barclay, in which are narrated the experiences, the miseries and trials of a young married couple, who become cooled toward one another by reason of the husband's devotion to his profession and the wife's fondness for gayety. Finally, in an hour of deep agony, the true natures of each are mutually recognized, the true love that has existed all along asserts itself, and the ending is happy. The book may be read with profit by many a married couple, to whom life seems unattractive by reason of mutual misunderstanding.

Thomas Y. Crowell & Co., New York.



A. D. Sherreff and his dog "Buster."

"Bill" Richards, in 1909, in the old Spanish cedar lap-streak sculling boat, in which that famous hunter, Jim Payne, made his living thirty-two years ago.

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DUCK SHOOTING IN CALIFORNIA

BY JOHN DE WITT

BACKED BY ITS unfailing popularity, so well expressed in the sporting adage which says: "Once a shooter, always a shooter," the game of duck hunting seems this fall season in California to be having a veritable "boom" similar to that which has brought tennis, golf, bowling and other sports before the fun-loving people at various times within the past decade. Whether the well-established weakness of the American public as regards going in for fads and then dropping them, will eventually restore duck shooting to its normal proportions, can only be told in the next two or three years, though the large investments in money necessary to equip a preserve forms a weighty argument for the longevity of this particular phase of sport with the shotgun—provided the supply of wild-ducks lasts.

With those who have seen golf, tennis, billiards and bowling come and go back to their comparatively small clientele of regular devotees, the financial argument will hardly appeal; however, since each of these sports also represents a considerable expenditure in money.

Interest in shooting, however—duck-hunting in particular—has this season reached a plane that surprises all the veterans. Hundreds of business men who, for years, many of them since boyhood's days, had not touched a gun, have been taken with a more or less virulent attack of "duck fever," bought into or organized duck shooting clubs, hired somebody to run them, and tasted the ideal recreation for a business man—one that does not require of him the muscular strength and endurance of quail hunting, a condition that must be the outcome of practice and patient training.

There are at present in the vicinity of San Francisco, and, in fact, throughout the State, wherever there is a chance to indulge in the sport, twice as many duck clubs as ever before, and this fact alone tells its own story. Indeed, many conservative sportsmen, referring to the experience of past seasons, when the sport has been of ordinary productive variety, advance the argument that there are now too many associations of sportsmen bent upon the decimation of the ducks. They argue that the present conditions are inimical to good sport in the future. In some shooting sections the clubs have failed to come together on dates, with the result that the webfeet are being pounded somewhere in the district every day of the week. While conceding that this lack of arrangement is not for the best interests of all, most sportsmen believe that the more clubs there are, the better will be the sport, as more birds will stop over for the winter, owing to the greater expanse of fresh water, more ponds, and the bettering of their food supply.

In other shooting districts, notably so on the Suisun marsh, regular shooting days, Wednesdays, Sundays and holidays,

Seymour Gun Club's clubhouse.

during the season, is the schedule for the powder burners. This gives the birds a rest, and induces newcomers from the North, or birds bombarded out of other grounds, to get settled down in new quarters before the chilled lead distribution puts them in the bag or sends them away to other feeding grounds. Too much shooting on a preserve, particularly at the opening of the season, will drive birds away.

The amount of money invested by local sportsmen in duck clubs and preserves would about cover the sum total of a national bank's yearly operations; and the annual cost of maintaining them would run several small cities.

Few persons have any idea of the number of men who, without saying much about it, slip away quietly of a Saturday afternoon for a few hours' duck shooting, and are back home again the next afternoon or evening. The trip to and from the shooting ground is made in every-day garb; the ducks shot reach the city by express. The next morning the telephone conveys the pleasing information to the sportsman's friends: "There's a pair of ducks for you in So-and-So's ice-box." Or, it may happen that a dozen fine birds are sent to the club, or a popular down-town restaurant, and a duck dinner will be on tap later in the week.

In the early days of the shooting season, most of our ducks are homebred varieties, sprig, mallard, greenwing and cinnamon teal. The birds breed in the vast tule stretches of the Sacramento and Yolo basin overflows, and in the connecting tule morasses of the San Joaquin. Round about the bay counties district, the Suisun and adjacent marshes, the Napa, Sonoma and Petaluma salt marsh sections and the sedgy stretches of the Alameda marshes, also contribute their quota of wild-fowl, more or less as the season is favorable or not.

Here and there down the San Joaquin Valley, almost to the portals of Tehachapi Pass, Tulare, Kern and other lakes of greater or less size and innumerable marshy districts, there are regions that can also be counted upon annually for a supply of home-bred webfeet.

Ibis Gun Club's new clubhouse.

A month before the opening day of the present season, the Suisun club preserves and Joyce Island ponds were alive with flocks of thousands of mallard, sprig and a big showing of cinnamon teal. Never in years past were so many ducks, in September, observed in the Alameda marshes. On the west bay shores flights of sprig-tails were daily observed for hours. These birds were not all local ducks, but undoubtedly came from up-river and other breeding grounds that were more or less dried out.

Last year, particularly in the Yolo basin, large tracts were inundated; immense overflowed areas furnished plenty of food and sheltered the birds that summered there. This was a state of affairs that no doubt induced the presence of an unusual number of summer breeders.

This year has been an exceedingly dry one. Coupled with that fact, thousands of acres have been reclaimed, including Jersey, Bouldin and Victoria Island, and all the overflow country near Little River. All this meant that the wild ducks were compelled to seek sanctuary in more congenial places. That is why, early in the season, ducks were so very plentiful at every available resort where there was food and fresh water.

Early this season, quite a few geese made their appearance, heralds of the musical army of migrants soon to follow in flight from the frozen fens of the northern breeding grounds.

The first ducks from the North are generally the birds from the Klamath Lake and other Oregon wild-fowl resorts, principally sprig and teal. The season in Oregon opens September 1st. Wild game is wary; it takes but little disturbance of the balance of ordinary conditions to cause speedy exit from uncongenial or dangerous localities. The flight of the different varieties of ducks is of a quality that requires but a comparatively short period of time to reach a far away southern haven of refuge, where the climate is more acceptable or the breech-loader does not greet them at every pitch into a pond or waterway. The teal is credited with covering nearly one hundred miles an hour when he is strictly on the job. Can-

vasbacks also do a space covering flying stunt, in rapid time, for a short distance; the sprig can cut out a good sprint also. The mallard is probably the slowest of the webfeet, with his 40 miles an hour, and at that, this is a trying speed for many guns.

Unless Northern rigorous conditions of climate insure early arrivals, and such seems this season to be the case, the main flight of Northern ducks does not usually arrive until about the first days of November, coming down in easy stages, as feeding grounds in different latitudes along the line of migration are sealed by winter's chill.

These aerial wayfarers are mostly sprig and teal, accompanied by small barrels of widgeon and spoonbill. Following in short order come the royal canvasback and the handsomely plumaged blue-bills. These latter varieties are essentially deep-water fowl, and find quarters in and about the tide waters. San Francisco bay and its connecting arms, Richardson's bay, San Pablo bay, Suisun bay and the tributary large creeks and sloughs, for years past have been frequented by flocks of countless thousands of these ducks, attended by a motley camp-following of butter-balls, copper-eyes, mergansers, oyster ducks, coots, shags, divers and their miscellaneous kin. Frequently a family gathering of these aquatic deep-water birds has been observed resting on the placid stretches of San Pablo bay that would number thousands, and cover a distance of a mile or more.

These bay refuges of the birds, up to two years ago, invited forays by murderously bent gunners in launches. Surrounds were made by a flotilla of boats, and the hunted birds were given a bombardment that sounded more like a naval engagement than duck hunting. Long-range shooting wounded more birds than were bagged. This questionable system soon became an abuse. The conditions of this pursuit eliminated all phases of legitimate sport, and, what was of more importance, the incessant harrying of the birds threatened to drive them away entirely, to the detriment of the sport in all of the surrounding marsh shooting grounds.

Relief was afforded by legislative ac-

On Big Basin Pond.

tion, which prohibited the pursuit or hunting of wild-fowl by motor boat approach. Whilst the bay flocks of ducks soon become exceedingly wary of launches or rowboats, sailboats have but little difficulty in working up into range, particularly so with the canvasbacks, which bird, by the way, is exceedingly stupid at times.

One deterrent feature for the future that will materially cut down the annual sojourn of wild-fowl on our bay waters, is oil and oil refuse. This nuisance adjunct of present commercial conditions is becoming more apparent every year. Hundreds of ducks and seabirds are captured every year so permeated with oil that the poor creatures are unable to fly, and in some cases even to swim, but they float about helplessly with the tides until they are drowned and washed ashore or die of starvation.

Few canvasback ducks breed in this part of the State. Now and then, cripples escape the hunter and his dog, and a wounded "can" is very clever in getting away, and will recover and stay in the marshes and breed. The mating of these birds is often Hobson's choice. Some peculiar and interesting hybrids are the resulting progeny.

The mallards have a peculiar custom in the early October days of flying up and down the coast in large flocks. Why they do so before settling down to winter quarters is unknown. This duck breeds to quite an extent in many tule and marsh sections of this State; in fact, covers a wider range of breeding localities than any other variety. The Alaskan country, Vancouver Sound, and British Columbia, Oregon and Washington, all furnish prolific breeding grounds. Mallards have been seen in flocks of thousands in the marsh ponds and lakes of the far-away Kurile islands as late as August.

The dainty cinnamon teal breeds in the Suisun, Sacramento and San Joaquin marshes in considerable numbers. They take flight to warmer southern territory, however, when the cold weather sets in. The Mexican tree duck and the beautifully feathered wood-duck are now rather rare visitors in the up-river tule country.

Sprig breed in this State in considerable numbers. Home-bred sprig have

Big Basin blind, Green Lodge.

been more numerous this season than for many past years. Our main supply of these grand birds come from the North.

The Northern ducks can easily be distinguished from the home-bred article. Their plumage is in better condition and of different color. When the sprig come in from the North, their pelage is almost white. One infallible token of a Northern duck is the appearance of its intestines. The viscera are literally covered with layers of almost transparent fat. Such birds are always in the best condition.

Most sportsmen fancy the sprig as the table choice of all the varieties early in the season. Spoonbills are also in succulent condition at this time.

The Northern spoonbill arrives rather late, but makes up for his tardiness in brilliancy of plumage and palatable table condition. But of all the webfooted denizens of the marshes, the teal is the drawing card.

Sometimes whizzing by like a badly-fired bullet, and again almost noiselessly darting into the decoys and dropping contentedly to rest with but a half-stifled quack to betray their presence, these little wills-o'-the-wisp fill a space in the sportsmen's calendar that is not quite taken up by any other bird. Canvasbacks are great in their place, but that place is not on every hunting marsh. Mallards are but occasionally customers at decoy stands south of the Suisun marshes, and the big, slow-sailing sprigs occupy a niche that in no way conflicts with the teal's title. He is a sprightly chap, more like a quail in his demeanor than like a duck, and his pert ways endear him to the gunner so markedly that his devoted little plump body is seldom lacking from any limit string.

Shooting sprigs is rather a hard game, mainly because the big, white-bellied beauties are chary about confiding in any lumpy heaps of tules that have been known to belch forth veritable volcanoes on previous occasions. But the teal, and his bosom companion the spooney, are eternally willing to take a chance, and they are the ducks the novice first becomes acquainted with. Getting them, especially the little green-winged chap, is mainly a matter of pointing the "lead spout" right, for long shots are not necessary. At times, however, the teal will baffle some of the keenest shots, particularly when they take it into their pretty little heads to "tower," or when on a flightway they are going at top speed bent on business miles away.

There are days when the big duck supply fails, but the teal seldom go back on the gunner, and therein lies another reason for their popularity. Like the English snipe, they are always ready to give the hunter a run for his money, and to their credit be it said, the run is usually a good one.

Over a decade ago, when the preserve system was placed on a permanent basis by a number of wealthy sportsmen's clubs located on the Suisun marshes, it was believed that the first day of the shooting season would be made notorious by pitched battles between the clubmen, their keepers and a small army of individual shooters, whose sole grievance was that the hunting grounds over which everybody had shot ducks for 30 years past unmolested were to be closed against them for good. Common sense and a recognition of legal rights prevailed, except in a very few instances, one or two serious in results, and now about all of the best hunting territory, marsh and upland, within a radius of one hundred miles of San Francisco, has been sold to or leased by gun clubs and individual sportsmen, who now solely enjoy the shooting offered.

Marsh land that ten years ago was regarded as not worth more than $5 an acre, cannot now be purchased for $50 an acre. An instance of the present value of Suisun holdings is the Chamberlain tract of possibly 2,000 acres. This was bought for $120,000. Within two years, half of the tract was sold for more than the purchase price. The last open piece was sold a year ago, two hundred and fifty-one acres at about $35 per acre, to the Seymour Gun Club. The total cost of the land and improvements will reach nearly $20,000. Another sale recently was that of an 1100 acre tract for over $40,000—the former duck-shooting preserve of the late Herman Oelrichs—reaching from Cygnus Station to the foothills south. James Irvine, Guy Earl and associates were the purchasers. This tract will be developed into one of the finest preserves

Shooting lodges on the Suisun marshes.

Two veteran duck hunters, W. B. Bradford and Dr. W. F. Sharp, at Green Lodge.

on the marsh. A palatial new club-house will be built, new ponds dug, and many other improvements made. During Mr. Oelrichs' holding, one could go out to the blinds in a dress suit and pumps, shoot ducks and come back to the club-house without a change of raiment being necessary, so convenient and handy were the appointments.

On the Suisun marsh are established a number of commodious and comfortable club-houses, some of them more pretentious than well-equipped city residences. Windmills and pumping stations furnish water for all purposes. Lighting plants, granaries, storage houses, kennels, barns and every accessory required for comfort, convenience or utility, are there.

Green Lodge is the shooting preserve of Mr. W. W. Richards, of Oakland, embracing about two hundred acres. This beautiful shooting estate is worthy of a brief description. It is located at Cygnus Station, a run of about two hours from Oakland. The "layout" is most complete to the very minutest detail, from the daintily furnished living rooms in Mr. and Mrs. Richards' cottage down to the kennels. In rotation, connected by a wide, cool veranda, there is the guests' rooms, lounging rooms, keeper's quarters, bath house, granary, game house, tool house, duck pond, where live mallard decoys are kept, barn and kennels.

Board walks lead to different ponds and blinds. One pond is for the exclusive use of Mrs. Richards, and is but a few hundred yards from the lodge. The "big basin" ponds, a series of ponds nearly a mile in extent, will accommodate five guns. The blinds are comfortable, and boats are ready at hand for use. The levees running through the marsh, built up of thousands of clods, are planted with vines, fruit trees and a sprinkling of eucalyptus trees. A slough, half a mile long, was

recently dammed up, at the railroad track end. From this blind slough, which is destined to be a refuge for canvasback ducks, an 800-foot ditch connects with a navigable slough that runs into Cordelia Slough. Scull-boats for "jumping" mallards can be taken through the ditch into the main sloughs. The hunter can, after making a detour of several miles, land in front of the cottage.

The flower garden is also worthy of passing remark. In it are sweet peas in great profusion, roses, many varieties of fruit trees, berries, vegetables, melons and everything that goes to make up summer gardening in a rich soil. Vines trail all over the spacious verandas. Burbank's creations are visible here and there.

The laying out of the entire preserve is a work of art, and Mr. Richards was the artist who is assuredly deserving of much praise for the taste he has displayed in converting a mud-flat into a beautiful country residence. The game-book shows that the feathered dividends are on a par with the other pleasant accessories of a model duck-hunting preserve.

A station further north is located El Allegre, Mr. Achille Roos' preserve, containing about seven hundred acres, whereon is located the famous Whittier pond, and also a mallard pond unequaled on the marsh. The main lodge is perfectly appointed in every respect, even to beautiful stained glass windows. Outbuildings, fruit trees, vegetable gardens and all, make up a resort that any sportsman would envy.

Detailed description of the manifold excellencies of the different gun club establishments would be endless. Among other noted shooting preserves are Frank Maskey's preserve, 380 acres, where John W. Bourdette has shot several years; Cordelia Club, 700 acres (owned by Louis Titus), where Hall McAllister, E. L. Cuthbert, Ed. Goodall and Dr. Davis burn smokeless powder; Teal Club, 700 acres, where Louis Titus, H. L. Tubbs, Wickham Havens, W. G. Henshaw and Tyler Hen-

A family of Chesapeake Bay dogs.

shaw do expert wing shooting with hammerless breechloaders; Jacksnipe Gun Club, where W. C. Murdock, Jas. Prior and James Rolph, Jr., get limit bags; Ibis Club, 200 acres, where Henry Pfortman, Judge Henshaw, Ed. Graney and several other sportsmen know the duck possibilities of these ponds; Seymour Gun Club, 251 acres, the members of which are Henry Klevesahl, John Seymour, A. R. Harper and others; the Family Club of San Francisco now owns the preserve formerly known as the Canvasback Club. The Marsh Club just south has a membership composed of E. L. Gerstle, H. E. Rose, George A. Story, F. G. Phillips, George R. Hughes. The club holding comprises 700 acres and provides splendid shooting.

The above clubs are located in the center of the marsh, which is about fifteen miles long and eight miles wide, accounting for a tract of over 2,500 acres. Numerous other clubs are located here and there throughout their expanse of tule and marsh sedge. Among these may be mentioned the Pringle Pond Club, one of the best canvasback shooting resorts on the marsh. Amby Buckley and B. P. Upham have shot there several seasons. The Stewart Ponds have been leased this year by Dr. Clyde Payne, Guy T. Wayman, Templeton Crocker, Lem Gray, Frank Anderson and associates. This preserve is located a few miles from Suisun.

East of the Suisun marsh, on Joyce Island, the Volante Gun Club preserve covers about 25,000 acres. The new clubhouse is fitted up for fifteen members and guests. The hunters are conveyed by launch from the railroad station to the shooting ground, a method of quick connection in vogue with several other clubs. The preserve of Patrick Calhoun lies between the Volante and Joyce Island Gun Club preserves. The duck, snipe and geese shooting here, particularly on the Volante preserve, cannot be excelled anywhere in that region noted for wildfowling sport.

The Alameda Gun Club preserve is located on the Sonoma marsh, near McGills. Several seasons ago, nineteen members each shot limit bags of canvasback —950 altogether.

The Napa, Sonoma and Petaluma marshes are dotted with gun club bungalows. In sheltered sloughs innumerable hunters' arks are anchored. These districts contain quite an area of open ground; the best hunting sections, however, are preserved.

Down the west shores from Petaluma Creek to Greenbrae, wherever the marshes offer opportunity for a crack at a duck, will be found a club-house, ark or shack, resorts for hundreds of gum-booted hunters during the shooting season. In this territory the sport has been of a desultory nature, for several seasons past. At times when the birds are storm-driven for shelter on that side of the bay, good shooting falls to the lot of the hunters.

From San Leandro bay down south to Alviso stretches the Alameda marshes, along the southern bay shores. To enumerate the hundreds of shooting clubs and resorts would be a task. One of the best fitted up shooting preserves in this

A good day's bag.

In Little Basin pond.

territory is Curlew Lodge, two hundred acres, where Phil B. Bekeart is located, near Mowrys.

The Alameda marshes are patronized mostly by the independent hunter who seeks his sport on open ground.

On the west side of the bay, from San Bruno down to the Belmont marshes, the best shooting is found in the preserved sections, where well-baited ponds have been maintained. Many individual shooters, however, who know the intricacies of the marsh, get excellent duck and rail shooting during the season.

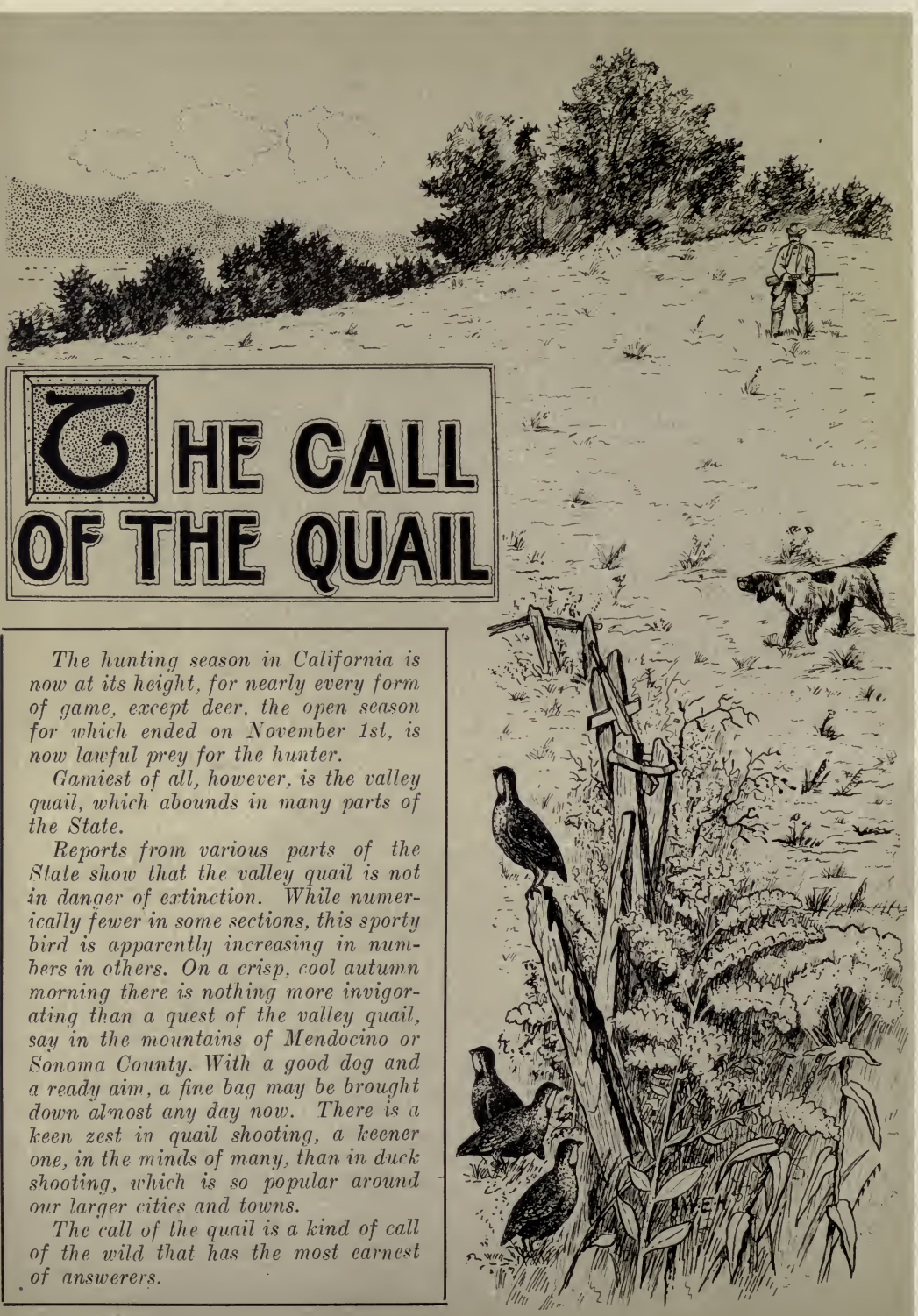
Between the Key Route mole and Selby's Smelting works, following the bend of the east bay shores for a distance of over twenty miles, the shallow mud flats are dotted with hundreds of duck blinds, some of them in dangerous proximity to each other. All this water ground is open to the gunner.

Many San Francisco sportsmen will shoot ducks this season at Newman's, Gustine, Firebaugh's, West Side, Los Banos and other resorts down the San Joaquin Valley. The club holdings cover thousands of acres and the shooting, both for ducks and snipe, holds good throughout the season.

It would hardly be fair to pass the Empire Gun Club and the three thousand acre preserve in Monterey County, on Elkhorn slough. The club has thirty members, prominent business and professional men of San Francisco. The clubhouse and all other appointments are up to date.

When conditions in this vicinity become unfavorable—bad weather, scarcity of feed or too much hunting—the birds work south through the San Joaquin Valley. From there the Colorado delta and Imperial Valley feeding grounds engage their attention, but that is another story.

It is estimated that at least five thousand gunners left San Francisco and Oakland bound for many duck and quail hunting resorts, October 1st and 2d. Here it may be mentioned that our sportsmen are singularly fortunate as compared with most Eastern shooters. Sunday is barred in the East and Middle West, for indulgence in sport by either gunner or angler.



THE CALL OF THE QUAIL

The hunting season in California is now at its height, for nearly every form of game, except deer, the open season for which ended on November 1st, is now lawful prey for the hunter.

Gamiest of all, however, is the valley quail, which abounds in many parts of the State.

Reports from various parts of the State show that the valley quail is not in danger of extinction. While numerically fewer in some sections, this sporty bird is apparently increasing in numbers in others. On a crisp, cool autumn morning there is nothing more invigorating than a quest of the valley quail, say in the mountains of Mendocino or Sonoma County. With a good dog and a ready aim, a fine bag may be brought down almost any day now. There is a keen zest in quail shooting, a keener one, in the minds of many, than in duck shooting, which is so popular around our larger cities and towns.

The call of the quail is a kind of call of the wild that has the most earnest of answerers.

THE CALL OF THE QUAIL

BY W. E. HUTCHINSON

In the morning, when the dew is just a winking on the grass,
When the robins all are singing and the jay-birds giving "sass,"
And the flock of crows are cawing 'round the edges of the corn,
And every one just feeling good to think that they were born:
Then I hear a sound that thrills me, as it comes from hill and dale,
And echoes down the valley—'tis the calling of the quail.

At noon-time, when the orchestra of crickets draw the bow,
When the 'hopper and the locusts join the chorus, don't you know,
And you hear the bees a-humming like a fiddle with one string,
And the air is just a-throbbing with a soothing kind of ring,
There comes floating 'cross the meadow from the hazels near the swale,
Full of cheer and woodland music, 'tis the whistle of the quail.

In the evening when the shadows linger 'round the garden gate,
And the turtle-dove is calling to its drowsy little mate,
And the swallows twitter softly from their nests beneath the eaves,
And the squirrels scold and chatter as they hide beneath the leaves,
There comes from out the orchard, where, perched upon a rail,
He sends his pleasant challenge—'tis the "good-night" of the quail.

SUGGESTIONS TO THE HUNTER

BY E. M. STETSON

Taking Care of a Deer.

MUCH TIME is lost, and sometimes considerable meat is wasted by a hunter who does not carry with him sufficient materials and implements for taking care of the body of a deer after it is killed. This could be saved if he would go prepared to take care of one, instead of thinking the possibilities of getting one too limited to take along necessary things.

If there is to be quite a long stay in the camp, and a hunt to last over several weeks, the hunter should take a sack of salt to cure the venison, after it is cut into strips and hung on the line to dry. A generous covering of salt keeps away the yellowjackets and other insects that come to devour the meat. If this will not do, then a covering of thin netting should be placed over it. The salt can be more easily washed off when the meat is later being prepared for eating than the insects can be controlled or the flies prevented from blowing it.

In skinning the deer, it should be hung up, hind feet highest, and drawn first, by opening the pelvis, very carefully skinning the body backwards from the stomach toward the sides. If the animal is to be shipped, a generous covering of salt and some saltpeter should be rubbed in the inside of the carcass. These two articles,

A camp on Pend O'Reille.

"A long chase, but we got him."

salt and saltpeter, and a great many sharp knives, a broad axe, and a chopping block, are as much a necessary part of the hunting outfit as the guns and shells.

The broadaxe is especially good for chopping up the leg bones and ribs for stews and short rib roasts and broils. These are the very best part of the animal for food, the venison steak being liable to dryness and toughness; and there should be provision made to take care of and enjoy these more tender and juicy parts of the body, else there is a great loss in the killing. A little foresight in preparing for the taking care of the game after it is brought in makes all the difference in the world in the success and enjoyment of a hunting expedition. Go prepared for game and get it.

Dangers to the Hunter After the Killing.

There is often a great deal of danger to a hunter after he has struck an animal with a rifle ball, and it has fallen apparently dead, if it is a fierce and large animal, and one capable of putting up a big fight. Some animals will feign death just to get the hunter near enough to kill him, and others may be really stunned or suffering from the shock, so that they cannot rise until the hunter is close and bending over their prostrate body.

Then, with a spring and a ferocity that is maniacal in strength and suddenness and intensity, they will spring upon their adversary and oftentimes do him to the death. More hunters have been injured in that way than in any other. The fear having passed away by the shock of the bullet, the animal is prepared, nervously, to do terrific damage.

A deer will often arise and charge, striking with its front feet and tearing the clothing and flesh from a man's body in a short time. They have very sharp, pointed hoofs, so sharp that they can hit

a snake's head off as smoothly as if it were done with a knife. Their horns are not any pleasure party to meet up with, either. They are especially forceful in aiming for the face and the pit of the stomach. They seem to know the vital parts as well as a human being. Even when tame and in pastures, they will often attack their friends and keepers without any provocation.

The cougar, a large species of mountain cat or lion, is especially liable to feign death, and then arise with a sudden spring, biting and tearing with its claws, and especially the hind claws, in a most deadly fashion. They can hold on with their teeth and front claws, and with a ripping, tearing stroke of the back feet and claws, they can disembowel a person or animal with as much surety as can a surgeon with his knives.

It is just as well for a hunter to put one more bullet into the body of the slain animal before coming too close. The risks are too great to trust to the fatal effects to the one that brought the beast to the ground.

Numbers of Unknown Animals and Insects.

Insects and small animals offer an almost unlimited field for exploration. In 1895 Sharpe, the naturalist, estimated the number of known species of insects at a quarter of a million, and expressed the conviction that ten times as many yet awaited discovery. Small animals, in large numbers, also, are on the list for the explorer. Larger animals, and especially mammals are not so numerous as unknown quantities. The total number of animal species known in 1840 was over 70,000; in 1880 the number had increased over 300,000. Allowing the average number each year discovered to be not less than 12,000, the total number of species now known must exceed 600,000.

But the number, especially of the smaller animals not known, must be much greater even than this number. This gives a wonderfully large field of exploration in the animal kingdom, and the insect division especially, for the would-be hunters and discoverers. People are inclined to think that the day of exploration and discovery is over, when if they did but know it, there are opportunities for such discovery almost at their back door.

At any rate, they need, if they would find the knowable thing in life, go out into the woods and hit the trail of something new in the animal world at every turn. They do not need to depend upon the books for a classification, at first. Just go out into the woods, go "bugging," if for nothing else, and bring in all the curious-looking things that they can find. It will not be long before the classifications will be hunted up and found, when once the interest is aroused in all those strange things, that may be found by the earnest searcher after them.

Rights of Fishers and Hunters Along Streams and Water.

A judge in Monroe County, Wisconsin, recently gave a decision that will be of considerable interest to fishers in small streams, and should, if liberally construed, be of wider application than to small streams or bodies of enclosed water. He held that the water in the center of the stream was not private property, nor were the fish, but the water and the fish belonged to the commonwealth, and might be taken by any one in pursuit of the same, without trespass, if the fisher did not set foot on the land on either side of the stream.

The question of riparian rights has been duly considered in many States, and the elements of ownership of streams flowing through lands, both as to the banks, boundaries and the use of water therefrom. In nearly all of these, the same idea has been presented relative to sovereignty for the State of the water in the mid-stream. This water could not be taken out, however, without the trespass on other's lands, and so the legal battles have waged. But in fishing it is quite a different matter.

No enthusiastic fisherman would hesitate to take off shoes or even roll up trousers to get trout, even if the danger of being arrested for trespass were imminent. The middle of the stream is just as easy to travel in as the outer edge—often easier.

The extension of this sovereignty of the commonwealth to the use of fishermen in mid-stream could be extended to hunt-

Live bear in the woods of California.

"It is always dangerous to come too close to large game until you are sure it is dead."

ers in boats, along rivers, when not landing, and the gun club's preserves could "go hang." The right, also, might be taken to accrue in the ocean, and hunters in boats there could sail along, and hunt from their boats without landing on the covered and restricted territory, and hunt without interference, safe in the rights of citizens to the use of the mid-stream and the mid-ocean. This phase of the matter will probably be brought up for decision, if it has not been already, and will be decided with similar arguments and pleadings in court.

First Aids for Gunshot Wounds.

One of the first things to do in a case of injury by a gun or pistol is to wash thoroughly the injured part. The water should be slightly warm, unless there is a severed artery, when the same binding should be put on as a ligature, as in case of a bite of a venomous reptile or insect. The powder burn should be greased slightly to keep it from drying up to a hard, painful surface.

There will necessarily come in a few hours after the injury a great deal of pain, due to the rapid accumulation of blood and materials rushed to the injured part for repairs. Nature seems to get hysterical and send in supplies sooner than they can be utilized. This pain will grow worse and worse, until it is intolerable, if it is not alleviated. One of the very best things to put on it is tincture of laudanum. This corrects the pain, prevents congestion, and heals up the raw surface.

No hunter, nor, indeed, any family, for the matter of that, should ever be without a good-sized bottle of laudanum. Even if it were never of use for relieving internal suffering, and were only available for outside cuts, burns and wounds, it would still be entitled to the name of grace, "praise the Lord," for its beneficial effects in relieving and curing these.

The legislation against buying this valuable drug by average citizens of good character without a doctor's prescription is about as senseless a proposition as to deny a man the right to buy a case-knife without a permit from the chief of police. Danger lurks in everything, and the man who wants self-destruction will not hesitate or give up the idea for such foolish legislation. But the real sufferer will be the man or woman who really ought to have the medicine for emergencies, like a cut, a gunshot wound, or a violent case of colic, and will put off buying it, because the purchase requires a previous visit to the doctor and an extra fee. Laudanum is, however, of such a beneficial effect in these cases that it should be always kept on hand, if it requires a personal interview with the President of the United States to obtain a permit to buy it.

Remedies for Ailments in Leaves.

There are, no doubt, a great many herbs and leaves of trees that possess a healing and therapeutic value, but these should be used with caution and care. The average person looking in the woods and along highways for certain kinds of leaf or form of herb, does not always know exactly what it is that he wants, and is liable to make mistakes that may prove injurious. These things have a custom of happening to those who are cock-sure of the weed, herb or tree that they are after.

When J. G. Murray made a brew, while

working at track camp No. 1 of the San Diego and Arizona Railroad the latter part of August, 1910, he thought he was using leaves of a eucalyptus tree. He sent one of his assistants for the leaves, and the man, by mistake, got leaves of a wild tobacco plant. They resemble the eucalyptus in a very striking manner. The decoction produced violent spasms, paralysis and unconsciousness, with possibilities of never recovering from the effects.

There are several leaves like burdock, malva and others that have many others that resemble them closely; even watercress has a deadly counterpart that may easily be mistaken for the edible water grass. The hunter, the wayfarer, the country person or the city, who may be in search of herbs or leaves, must be very careful.

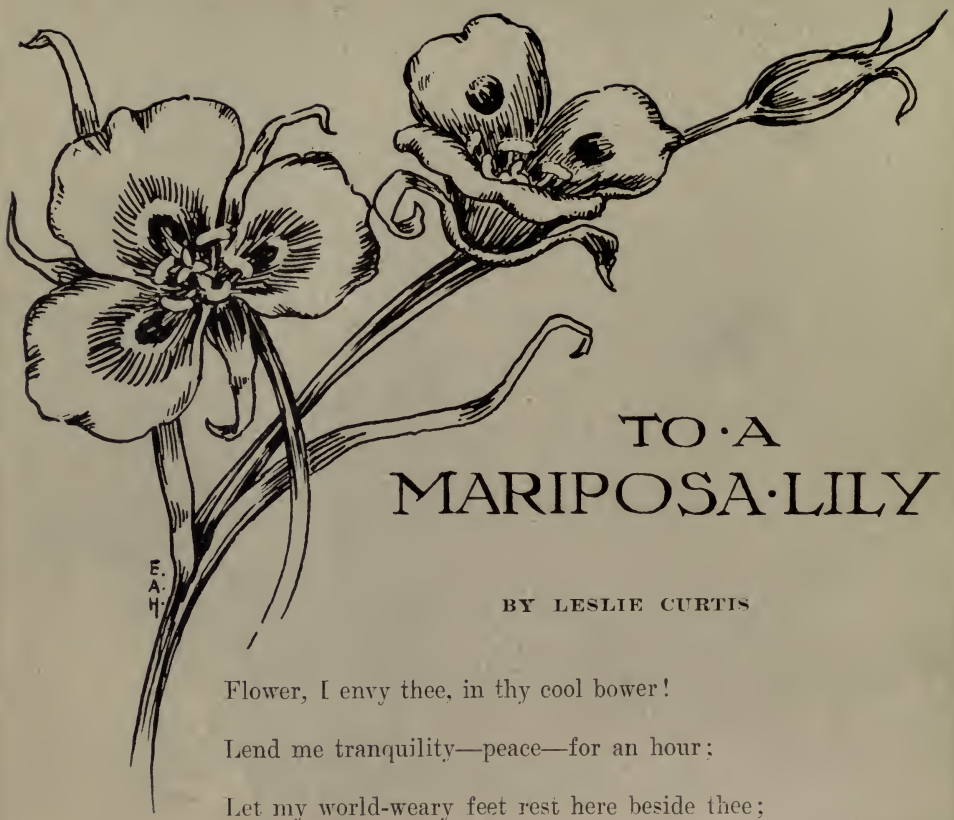
There should be a distinct picture in the mind of how the leaf is shaped, a strong sense of the odor, and a firm conviction about the feel of the leaf. There should be more than the looks of the thing to be considered, or the consequences may not be altogether pleasant or wholesome. Poison oak, at certain seasons of the year, is a beautiful red, and has a bright, glossy leaf. It is often picked for decorative purposes, and gives the gatherer anything but a decorative appearance on the face and body. It is a good thing when not sure of what a weed, flower, bush, tree or berry is, to let it alone.

Fishing in the quietude of the hills in Washington.

THE PASSING RADIANT

BY OMA DAVIES

Who am I that I should see the glorious falling year,
The burnished sky, the saffron leaf-God's radiant passing tear?
The forest all aglow with death. O teach me well to see
That I may link my death with light, and pass in ecstasy!



TO·A MARIPOSA·LILY

BY LESLIE CURTIS

Flower, I envy thee, in thy cool bower!

Lend me tranquility—peace—for an hour;

Let my world-weary feet rest here beside thee;

I find in thy retreat all things denied me.

Thou mightst a maiden be—pure is thy feature,

Tempters come but to me, frail human creature!

Deep in thy lily eye—all things regretting.

I look and wonder why—all things forgetting.

Purity there I see, calmness unending;

Can there be peace for me? Is there no mending?

Why must my weary road know a to-morrow?

Here in thy cool abode there is no sorrow.

Strife, pain, reality—lost for an hour,

Would I were like to thee! Pity me, flower!

HOW JOE WENT HOME FOR GOOD

BY CLARA H. HOLMES

"I hear their voices calling me—
Calling, calling all the day,
And all the day repeating—
My homesick heart to lure away,
To where, below a silver sea,
The snow and clouds are meeting."

JOE BAINES came out of the post-office, where he had been standing in line waiting for his mail for more than an hour; he pushed his way through the crowd, back up against the wooden building, and tore open his mother's letter.

"Joe, my son, why don't you come home? Why stay out there?" He read in these few words not only her desire, but her prejudice against a mining camp, the feeling that it was no fit place for a man to live. He folded the letter and slowly shoved it into the torn envelope.

"Darn' if she ain't more 'n half right; it *is* almighty rough out here; no matter how much a feller gets into line—tough as they make 'em—once in a while he gets a hankerin' for something diff'rent, an' he gets to thinkin' of mother's home-made bread, of a house to live in, instead of a shack with bachers makin' a bluff at housekeepin', and a bed with sheets—Lord! I can just smell the clean sheets mother used to put on the bed and tuck me up in 'em! 'Nother thing, a little talk with the swear left out would surprise my mind agreeably. Oh, I *do* enough of it, but that don't cut no ice—it's almighty rough, just the same, and I'm tired of it."

He let his gaze rove over the two long lines waiting for their mail, and listening to the humorous comments upon Uncle Sam's method of conducting the postal service, or to remarks more or less personal, he smiled. One amateur artist stepped out of line, and with a piece of chalk, crudely sketched a tortoise loaded with bags; beneath it, he wrote: "Uncle Sam's mail; tri-weekly, gets here once in two weeks—sometimes, when he fails he tries again." Having completed his drawing, he stepped back into line nonchalantly.

A man in one line called across to a friend in the opposite line: "Hello, Bill; how are you?"

"Purty well for an old man," was the unsmiling reply.

"Struck it yet?"

"Struck it—no; when I do, I'm going to hire some infernal fool to blow tobacco smoke in my face."

The man behind him knocked the fire from his pipe and put it in his pocket, amid the laughter of the crowd.

Joe listened with lazy appreciation, but with a touch of distaste new to him; he walked discontentedly down the one rocky street which comprised the whole town; a few brick buildings were set side by side pretentiously, but down the narrow gulch the straggling shacks were built wherever a foothold could be obtained; here and there was one which strove valiantly to assume a home-like appearance. Beyond all these, the hills stretched away, scarred by prospect holes.

"Almighty good site for a graveyard—to bury dollars in—can't see anything else it's good for—not a tree, not grass enough to tempt hoppers. Lord! wouldn't the farm look good after ten years of this! Yes, and five more on the plains! Cow puncher, mule skinner, prospector, an' now I'm workin' for the other feller, at three-fifty a day—a miner, and I haven't a red, nor anything to show for my money. Oh, shucks, all you can get here for your money is what you can eat—an' what you can drink," he added, laughing to himself. He picked up a stone and gave it a fillip at a chipmunk.

"Go home, you little rascal. I'm going straight to the shack and write to

mother, and tell her that I'll come home, and I'll come home for good. I'm dead sick of this place."

That night, Bill, his pard, was getting ready to turn in, and Joe's fidgeting around annoyed him: "Oh, let up; you're worse'n some old woman, pokin' yer nose into every hole in the shack; what ye huntin' for, anyway?"

"Nothin' belonging to you, sonny; your wealth's safe."

"H-u-h! If that's the fight, we'll have to quarrel over what we're goin' to git. Ain't either on us got a red," said Bill.

"Oh, shut up your ugly mug. I've found what I was after," holding up part of a writing tablet.

"Oh, if you're goin' to write to *her,* I might as well go to sleep. That's an all-night job."

Joe began by telling his mother that he would come home for good right after pay day. As he wrote, a vagrant thought crossed his mind of the many pay days he had had since he came to the mountains, mingled with a wonder as to what had become of the money; one thing was certain —he seldom had a dollar when the next pay-day came around. So long as he did not cash his check he was beset by no great desire; even a bill he *could* keep intact with great effort—but once let him break in on the money, and a restlessness seized upon him to get rid of it as quickly as possible. Of what use was a nickel or a dime, anyway; they wouldn't buy anything. Then a thought crossed his mind of his mother, and the way he had seen her save up for some little thing which *he* needed—a few cents at a time—and he was ashamed. "I'd better have sent some of that dough to her—it didn't do me much good," he muttered, as he thought of some of the ways in which he had squandered it.

The night of the tenth—pay day—came. Joe looked at his check with more of affection than usual; ordinarily it was but so much paper, representing no more than a day or so of hilarity, commonly spoken of as "a h——l of a time."

He washed up with great care; he felt that this was an important occasion; hurriedly cooked and ate his supper, walked restlessly about for a few minutes, then cut an armful of wood and threw it down by the camp stove with an impatient fling. "Darn it all, I'm like an old cat that smells meat, and dassen't go for it for fear of a lickin'. I want to go down town, but if I do cash my check, it means blow myself, and I want to take all of it to mother —there won't be so almighty much to take after I've bought my ticket," he grumbled.

Just then Bill came in: "Got supper! if you have, let's git a move on ourselves."

"Sure thing!" replied Joe cheerfully. The vexing question was settled. Whatever happened, Bill was responsible for it.

He awoke the following morning with a thumping headache. He recollected getting his check cashed in a saloon, and of course had to stand treat all around; then Bill cashed *his* check, and the treating was repeated, the men following each other until Joe forgot to keep tally. By the time they left the place he was past caring how much money he spent; he had a very hazy remembrance of a lot of girls with dresses decollete at the bottom and of laughing foolishly at the popping of champagne corks.

He took his money from his pocket, and ruefully counted the small remnant—seven dollars and fifty cents. "No going home this month. It *is* cussed strange what an idiot a man can be and keep out of the fool house!" he grumbled as he proceeded to bathe his bloodshot eyes. Bill came in and commenced laughing: "Head aches *some!* Oh, but you're a beaut!" jeeringly.

"Cut it out! Mind your own business," snarled Joe in reply.

"Which train do you take—palace car, *of course!*" tantalized Bill.

Joe fired a boot at him, pulled on the rest of his clothing, and at work time went on shift as usual, scorning complaint, or to coddle himself. Writing to his mother was hard to do, because he felt his own humiliation; therefore, he would neither put it off, nor evade it, so that very night he sat down to the task.

Bill again began teasing: "Must make an apology, something thusly: 'My sweetest——'"

Joe broke in savagely: "See here, Bill Bowers, I'm writing to my mother; I don't want her to know what a dirty, low-down cuss she has for a son, and I'm going to tell her a dam' lie, for which I'm prop-

erly ashamed beforehand, but it's no one's funeral but mine, an' you ain't one of the mourners. See!"

Bill did see, and made no more remarks.

Joe wrote that he was sick, and had been obliged to spend so much money that he would have to put off coming home until next month, "and that ain't so much of a lie, either, for if I ain't sick of myself, I don't know," muttered he.

This brought a reply that made him, as he expressed it, cuss himself for a dirty, lying sneak.

"My Son.—If you are ill, the place for you is where mother can care for you. I send you what I have saved. I wish it were more, but you know how father is. Perhaps with what you have it may make enough, so that you can come." Enclosed was an order for ten dollars.

Joe's lips quivered a little. "Wonder how long it took her to save up that little thimbleful; it wouldn't pay fare to the valley unless one took passage on the bumpers, and *I* threw away seventy-five dollars in one night! Damn a fool!" he cried angrily.

He worked savagely for the whole of the next month. He expected no remuneration for the unnecessary vim, but he was getting even with himself. When the tenth came, he made no preparation for going to town; Bill, as usual, washed up, put on his store clothes, and said he: "Come on. You're slower than molasses in January."

"You just mosey along and tell yourself I ain't a-comin' to-night."

Bill regarded him with open-mouthed amazement, then burst into uproarious laughter: "Well, if that don't beat thunder. Afraid to go down town!"

"If I don't stick my fool nose into the chimbley hole, I won't git smut on it—savey? Won't none of the gang git a plunk out of me this month. I'm going *home,* and going to pay mother that ten *with interest* or my name's Mud," answered Joe in a tone that admitted of no argument.

After a couple of days had passed, he remarked to Bill: "The boys have all busted themselves by this time, so I won't be likely to run up ag'inst them. I'll git my dough, and leave to-morrow morning. I give the boss notice this afternoon."

An hour or so later he sauntered into Johnnie Bascom's, and the very first thing he ran across Jake Davis, a former partner.

"Hello, Joe! It's good for sore eyes to look at you. Where have you kept yourself?"

"Home—where I belong."

"Reformed?"

"'Twouldn't hurt me some if I have," was the laconic reply. "Well, I must hike; I'm going East in the morning."

"The thunder you are? Well, don't be in a hurry. I want to play one more game—it's my lucky night, you see," rattling the coins in his pocket, "and then I'll go up the hill with you."

So Joe walked over to the tables, and watched Jake play, not only one game, but a dozen of them, each time raking in his winnings until it turned Joe's head; it looked so sure, and Jake kept up a laughing banter, half-tempting, half-mocking: "Watch me rake it in! Better'n workin' a whole month for just enough to buy grub," he tantalized, until it proved Joe's undoing.

"I'll play just one game or so, and take what I win home to mother for interest; I'll show her I appreciate her little ten," he argued to himself.

When morning dawned he had not enough left to buy a breakfast.

He sat on the edge of his bunk with his hands buried in his empty pockets. "I wish some one would stand me up in the corner and kick me plenty! I'm the dod-roted-est fool that ever run loose, an' don't know enough to know it, till some tin-horn gives me a jolt, an' *he* gave it to me proper this time."

"You bet!" assented Bill, maliciously.

"Oh, you shet up; you ain't so many if you are so infernal close with your money," jawed Joe, irritably. He sat there gnawing his mustache moodily for a few minutes, then braced up to ask: "Say, Bill, lend me ten to pay that back to mother."

Bill held down his head shamefacedly, looking from under his brows: "Hain't got a single plunk, sure's God."

Joe looked at him disbelievingly, then something dawned on him: "You infernal hypocrite!" he roared.

"Fairies!" ejaculated Bill, sadly, at which they both laughed.

A few minutes later Bill said: "I'll get that for you; I've helped Ike Graves out of the hole scores of times. He won't refuse."

Joe took his medicine. He went to the boss and bluntly said: "I've blowed my fool self, and want to go to work again."

At the usual time he again received his check, hastened to town, cashed it, refusing to treat or be treated. "No, sir, I'm goin' to God's country in the mornin', and by thunder I'm goin' sober. I've got enough of this infernal rock pile, an' I want to see things grow once more; I'm goin', and I'm darned if I'm ever coming back."

The following afternoon, Joe stretched his long legs, and lay back in his chair in the car with a feeling of unwonted pleasure: "Wonder if this is me; makes a feller feel as if he's a millionaire," passing his hand over the plush appreciatively. Away along in Nebraska he called to the conductor as he was passing through the car.

"Say, conductor, stop this car, will you?"

The man looked up at him angrily, but a twinkle in Joe's eye brought an answering smile.

"Oh, anything to oblige. Got the bottle in your pocket?"

"Nope; empty bottles are no use; fact is, I haven't seen any grass—real grass—for so long that I feel just as if I must roll down those hills," pointing to where they sloped in gentle, undulating green waves toward them.

He reached the old homestead just as the sun was going down. He had walked the five miles from the station and enjoyed it. It was like renewing his acquaintance with an old friend. As he came up the dusty road, his father was just bringing in the milk. The stern gravity of the old man's face was so familiar that he instinctively slackened his eager pace, and brushed the dust from his clothing. As in the old days, he felt that he must tone his joyousness to the old man's querulous ideas of propriety.

He held his cap in his hand in awkward, boyish fashion "Could I get a night's lodging here?" he asked.

The old man set down the pails, and eyed him with critical disfavor. Joe thought that it was no wonder that he had been so afraid of that look in boyhood days.

"This is no public house, young man," he replied, gruffly.

"No? I have been looking for one for the last hour. A drink would fit me mighty well. One needs a bracer if they walk much in this dusty country."

The old desire to torment his father had taken possession of him, a trait that had gained him many a whipping. The old man's speechless wrath made him want to laugh, but with a perfectly innocent look he continued: "I see the well over there; may I help myself?"

His grunt of assent was accompanied by so suspicious a look that Joe made haste to turn his back.

His mother, hearing a strange voice, came out on the porch. "What is it, Jared?" she asked.

"This fellow wants lodging," he replied ill-naturedly. To Joe, this was amusing, knowing how eager he always was for the price.

"Just some of his infernal bluff," he thought.

"Father, it might be our Joe," suggested his mother tremulously, as she peered wistfully at the man stooping over the dripping wooden bucket.

"Huh, not very likely," in a tone which roused Joe's ire, although he knew it was but a habit of depreciation; nothing was ever quite as it should be.

"I may be a son of a gun, but I'll bet it don't make a cent's worth of difference to my mother," and before either could recover from their surprise, he had her in his arms, and later shook hands with his father very indifferently.

He was most annoyingly conscious during the whole evening that his father was weighing him, and all that he said, including the place where he left, which seemed suddenly to grow dear to him, because of the unjust prejudice; it was the old story of the self-righteous: "No good can come out of Nazareth."

To his mother it was a tale of fairyland, and Joe, her Joe, was the good prince —not that *he* told things that way, but mother love glorified the homely facts. When time for retiring came, it was mother who lighted him to bed with a sputtering tallow candle. "Father will

not allow a lamp; he thinks that they are dangerous, and—they are so expensive," explained she, falteringly. Joe remembered very well. Always it had been: "No reading in bed, young man," and just so much candle had been given him, to be accurately measured in the morning by half-shut, avaricious eyes.

The stairs seemed so narrow, the sloping roof so low. He did not remember that six feet of well-developed manhood has need of more space than had the slender lad of ten, who snuggled under the covers of a four-foot bed, and found it long enough; the far reaches of the mountains and plains, sleeping under the stars, with no encompassing walls, had illy fitted him for this meagre environment. "What's the use when you have all out-doors?" was his logic.

He could not sleep, because it was so hot and close. "Darned if I don't believe that there is a fire under this bed," he grumbled, and then he got up and opened the door and the one small window. He sniffed with delight the moist odor of the alfalfa field close by, and heard a night bird call musically through the silence.

"If I live here, blest if I wouldn't sleep in the haystack day times, and set up nights," said he.

It was late when he arose the next morning. His father had the milking done, and breakfast was put away, although there was a nice bit kept hot for Joe in the oven.

Joe knew that he "was in for it," as family prayers were over. "I see that you have the same dilatory habits as of old, Joseph," remarked his father, severely.

Joe felt a mighty desire to answer him teasingly, but a look at his mother's anxious face restrained him, so he contented himself with saying to the dog: "Towser, you and I had best hide out, or we'll both get kicked."

When his father went out, he said: "I didn't mean to put you to trouble, mother."

"It's no trouble, except that your father gets so angry."

"I guess I can bear that; don't you let that trouble you any."

The mother had at first meeting felt a little strangeness—a touch of grief—at sight of this stalwart, sunburned man, with his unconsciously free and easy manner. This was not her little Joe, with his teasing, half-caressing way, which had eased her of many a heart-ache; she felt as if here must be a little formality—a "yes, sir" and a "no, sir."

All the forenoon Joe wandered over the farm, away down in the pasture lots where he had hunted the cows, and in the gloaming imagined a thousand dangers, a kidnaper in every shadow that rose before him, bears and lions in every wind-shaken branch; he laughed as he thought how serious it had been to him at the time. He climbed the stake-and-ridered fence to reach the wintergreen patch; he remembered that he used to be unnecessarily long in lifting his little playmate over, and sometimes she would say, irritably, "Put me down, Joe; you squeeze so hard you hurt me."

He was conscious of a disappointment in all that he saw; the hills that, to his boyish eyes had looked so immense, now appeared insignificant. "Wouldn't make decent foothills," was his comment. He missed the wild grandeur, the rugged sublimity of the mountain height, the deep chasms full of mystic gloom; the individuality of the mountains—each regally claiming his own, not sloping away to blend amiably one with the other, as did these hills. "It's like comparing a kitten to a lion," he thought.

A certain moist, earthy smell belonging to the woodland alone, filled him with a vague delight; here was a reminder of other days that seemed real; he used to wonder if the odor of Heaven was not like this, it was so satisfying.

He was now deep in the wood; he leaned against the tall chestnut trees and tried to remember how he felt as a boy; he drew the slender branch of a young beech through his fingers caressingly, but the touch of the glossy leaves failed to stir his heart in the old way; the dancing shadows were just the same, the dry leaves rustled softly beneath his feet, but their music failed to touch the responsive chord; he pulled a sassafras twig from a bush and gnawed it thoughtfully.

"Shucks! It ain't a bit as I thought it would be," he muttered discontentedly. "Well, here's the old wintergreen patch; all *that* needs is Mary Ellen—the very

smell of the leaves is like her. She was as pretty as a peach!" He half sighed as he continued his soliloquy. "A man don't amount to much all by himself—jest like half an oyster shell—no good for anything."

He threw himself down in the dry leaves and picked a few of the glossy wintergreens, stripping them into aromatic shreds.

"I wonder if I didn't come here on purpose to—— Oh, Lord! Some one ought to lariat me before I get locoed," and he laughed rather foolishly; however, he surrendered himself willingly to a day dream which made him forgetful of time until the old-fashioned dinner horn startled him, and he returned to the house with his heart full of sentimental longing for the playmate of long ago.

His father had finished dinner, and regarded him with stern disapproval. "Joseph, I greatly regret that you are still of such idle, un-Christian habits. Has your life in the mining camps been such as to lead you to disregard both morning service and mid-day petition? I much fear that it is so," solemnly.

"I had no idea that it was so near noon until I heard the dinner horn. Mother, that sounded like old times," he remarked boyishly.

"Punctuality should be our rule in life," was the unsmiling response, as his father rebukingly slid out, and softly, one might almost say piously, closed the door behind himself.

Joe looked at his mother solemnly. "Damn!" said he.

"Joe! Joe! He's your father!" rebuked his mother, softly.

"'Tain't my fault, mother. We'd be responsible for a blamed sight more'n we are if we picked out such dads as that," vehemently.

His mother essayed further reproof, but Joe put his hand over her mouth, and gave her a mighty hug with the other arm. "You don't mean it, you know you don't, and besides, I remember perfectly hearing that old admonition ten years before I was born. It makes me feel like grandfather's clock every time I hear it repeated."

"But, Joe, he means to be good!"

"P'raps, and p'raps he means that the other fellow must. Anyway, I'd rather be kicked by a mule than everlastingly preached at."

"Yes, Joe," assented his mother, with a sigh.

Joe pulled her down on his knee, and made her eat dinner off his plate. "Don't this seem like old times, mother?"

"Yes, it is little, naughty Joe, coaxing his yielding old mother," she said between a sob and a laugh, and with this little episode vanished all the strangeness between mother and son. The man was just her boy.

That evening they sat in the starlight on the long porch in front of the house, Joe close beside his mother, his father and a neighboring farmer at the far end of the porch; the crickets were shrilling in the grass, a katydid close by was making her lonely plaint, and a dog in the distance gave out an occasional dismal howl. The sweet odor of newly-mown alfalfa, the moist, heavy atmosphere gave Joe a feeling of suffocation—he was actually homesick; he could not bear the thought of going to bed in that stuffy little room; he longed for the "boys," with their rough but kindly jokes, for the brilliant starlight of the high altitude, for the crispness, the sparkle, the sense of life permeating everything.

He leaned over and whispered to his mother. "How long has it been dead?" waving his hand out toward the silent meadows, the dark, motionless line of wood—the moveless trees on the lawn—all dimly seen in the faint glow of the far-away stars—"dim candles set about the couch of departed day."

She intuitively caught the spirit of the query.

"Forever and forever," she solemnly replied.

"Amen," added Joe.

His father's meek, boastful drone came to them in snatches. "Yes, yes, I allus did own the best hosses in the country!" or "When I was a young man there wasn't many could beat me!" which was instantly matched by: "Well, I calculate next year I'm a-goin' to——" Always some wonderful thing or another, and always at some indefinite time, or still more indefinite place; both seemed to fit in perfectly with the half-aliveness of their surroundings.

Joe leaned over and again whispered in his mother's ear:

"If I had to begin all over, wonder which of them fossils I'd choose—old Has-Been or Goin'-to-be; don't see where the choice could come in—just two of a kind—same old brag with variations.

His father, hearing whispering, shot a suspicious glance at them.

His mother pulled his ear: "You'll get us into trouble," said she.

"That's all right, mother, you just jogged my memory; I knew them yarns was mighty familiar, but they've grown so in fifteen years that I didn't recognize them till you pulled my ear just as you used to. Talk about heredity—I *know* that it is a fact. I've lied just that same old way many a time." He held her hands and laughed teasingly.

The following day he again wandered to the wood lot; this place alone seemed to have the flavor of the olden time. He would scarcely have owned it to himself, but he had a sentimental desire to meet little Mary Ellen, and no place seemed so fitting as the wintergreen patch.

Again the dinner horn surprised him from his dreaming.

"Lord! I'm in for it again—wonder how long I could stand this thing. The old man's worse than a boil. Well, I'm not going to hurry. I might as well die for an old sheep as a lamb," he mused, and he leisurely walked along, stopping now and then to observe some particular thing.

"Holy Smoke! I never was so surprised as I am at these ant hills. Wonder if they've shrunk. And this blackberry patch that he brags about. *'His farm!* Would I not like to chuck him down right in the middle of the plains, and Hank Fair's cattle on a stampede all around him." He laughed aloud at the thought. "But shucks, if they didn't pound the *know* out of him, he'd look up as meek as Moses, and say: 'I think my Jarseys could run a leetle bit faster than these cattle.' "

In such restless way Joe put in two weeks, the longest fortnight he ever recollected, and then he began to count when pay-day would come. "Don't make no difference to me," he thought mournfully.

At the close of the two weeks it commenced to rain, and did not cease for three whole days, and of course his father was about the house the greater share of the time.

"This is the limit," said Joe, and walked into the kitchen one morning, grip in hand.

"Why, Joe!" exclaimed his mother.

"Right you are, mother; good thing I didn't sell my return ticket," answered Joe a trifle airily.

"I thought, my son, that you came home for good."

"So did I; but I rather miscalculated; I'm plum dyin' for one good night's sleep. I can't more'n half get my breath here, an' I'm goin' where I can bite it off by the yard; and there's another thing, I hate to be led—gently led—which means preached into cut and dried ways. I'm old enough to choose for myself."

"But, Joe, your father means all right—I think," she finished rather uncertainly.

"Mebbe he does, but it looks to me as if he intended to ride into heaven on the other fellow's shoulders, an' he be a-doin' jest as he dang' pleases on the side. There's jest the dif'rence 'tween him an' me that there is 'tween gambling run wide open, an' speakin' in through baize doors, an' a nigger outside to see that no one catches on."

His mother tried to speak, but Joe caught her up, and sat down with her on the arm of a rocking chair, holding her on his knee.

"Now, little mother, you jest let me jaw awhile; I've let father nag me, and played I didn't give a darn, but when he tries to round me up by crackin' his prayer whip, to scare me into heaven, I'm scarce. He says I'm goin' straight to hell. Well, if that's so, what's the use of howlin'—I know the way, I guess. He thinks there ain't no good people out there in the mountains; I guess they are 'bout the same as anywhere else, good an' bad, pretty well mixed; a little more push, or they wouldn't be there; a little broader, I reckon, or they'd be liable to get a jolt; an' as to God," his voice falling a little, "guess he's there, all right. Some times when a man's away up on the peak of a mountain—above timber line—the spruce an' pinon running away down the mountain side, like scared sheep, till ye can't see only the tossles on the tip-top of 'em, and

it's so still you can hear your own heart beat, you bet *you know,*" said Joe, earnestly.

A minute later he continued in a lighter tone, as if to do away with the sombre impression:

"For your sake, mother, I could have shied around most of his propositions, but when I saw Mary Ellen, and had to own to 'yours truly' that it was a sneakin' notion of love and marry that helped to bring me here, I jest said, 'Joseph, it's time to go a-prospectin' and let the fresh air blow on ye.'"

He gently set his mother down and kissed her:

"Good-bye, little mother. I'll never blow myself ag'in, s'elp me God! I'll send you some each month to make things a little easier for you, an' don't ye give it to him. Mother, good-bye! Good-bye! The mountains are 'calling, calling me,'" he half whispered, a suspicious tremor in his voice.

NIMROD AND DIANA

BY ARTHUR LLEWELLYN LLOYD

From Mount Olympus came a cry
That echoed far and wide.
Diana fair had lost an eye,
Her beauty's greatest pride.
Shy Cupid, hunting out Love's prey,
Had missed her heart divine,
And struck her lovely orb so grey—
Thus did his dart incline.

Arose then Jove in greatest ire;
Cupid he called above,
And threatened loud from Heaven to fire
The little god of Love.
"Oh, Father Jove," Eros replied,
"Have mercy now, I plead.
I could not miss though hard I tried,
For thou thyself decreed

"When goddess dare to brave the fates,
And for a mortal sigh,
To wed below Olympian gates
She fain must lose an eye.
Diana long her loving glance
On Nimrod did bestow,
Seeing his skill in hurling lance
At fleeing game below."

Long looked great Jove at distant space;
On Dian's sorrow deep.
"I ne'er," said he, "shall from this place
Drive those I wish to keep.
I have the will, the power great,
To bring Nimrod above.
This man to god I elevate."
Such is the power of love.

Diana ceased her flow of tears
As she saw approaching nigh
Her Nimrod, with his hunting spears,
And cared not for her eye.
Now, where the Great Bear leads the way
Each evening, you will find
Hunter and huntress chasing prey.
And all true love is blind.

THE WINDING PATH

BY M. CARLE

SOME ONE KNOCKED softly at the cabin door. I ignored the sound at first, but another knock forced me to open the door, to find, as I had expected, the doctor.

"May I come in?" he asked.

I could not keep the scorn out of my voice, as I replied: "You are so thoughtful, considering the fact that you are my jailer. I am ill. I have not the power, if I had the inclination, to keep you out, Dr. Raye." He came inside without further ceremony.

How I wished this man did not have the power over me that he had. In his presence I had no will-power whatever. The moment he fixed those glittering eyes on me, my courage left me. What strange fate was it that led me to him in my hour of need!

"Have you eaten anything to-day?" asked the Doctor, abruptly.

I shook my head.

"This won't do, in your weak condition. How do you expect to keep up your strength if you don't take some nourishment? Remember what is before you. Ah, you tremble! Then, you do realize something of the situation. I had feared you did not. Come, let us go over the facts again."

I tried to resist him, to turn my eyes away from his glittering ones, but it was useless. He knew his power and made the most of it.

"I know you are ill and would prefer to rest. But you know there is danger in delay—in the present instance at least. I have done my best for you; but they are on your track. A few hours more and you will be in their clutches. Then, no power on earth can save you. Everything is against you. If you will trust yourself to me, I can——"

"If I must hang, why not give me up and have done with it?" I cried in desperation. "It would be better than to have to live in hiding the rest of my days. But I can't think it will end so. I know and you know that I am inno——"

The Doctor raised his hand imperatively. The glittering eyes held me spellbound, like a band of iron.

"I see you will not let me spare you," he said, in a tone meant to be kind; but I could detect the malice underneath: "Listen to the case as it will be told in the court, then judge if there is any loophole of escape for you.

"In the first place, your constitution has been seriously undermined. You have been told that, under existing climatic conditions you have only a few months to live. You know, better than any one else, perhaps, that, could you get to a clime of more even temperature, your life might be prolonged indefinitely. You have a wife, babies, everything, in fact, to live for; but you have not the means to carry out your desires. You feel confident, however, that this difficulty can be overcome. Your wife's uncle is very wealthy; he can help you if he will. You appeal to him. He laughs you to scorn. He is most unkind and insulting——"

I threw out my hands and interrupted the Doctor at that point in his narrative. "If I could only unravel that mystery! You have told me of that visit so often, yet I cannot recall a single instance of it. My wife's uncle is the best——"

The Doctor's foot came down hard on the floor of the cabin. His eyes sought mine and held them. "Please do not interrupt again. The facts remain the same whether you remember them or not," he said sternly. "You are amazed at such treatment from one whom you had always considered a kind, chivalrous gentleman. Then your temper deserts you. You use harsh words, and the servant, at his master's order, throws you out. The in-

dignity is witnessed. You are heard to vow vengeance.

"Two days later your wife's uncle is found, stabbed in the back. You are in the vicinity of the murder, wandering about in a dazed, half-crazed condition. There is blood on your garments——" His voice seemed to come from a measureless distance. His eyes looked accusingly into mine. I lurched forward and fell in a swoon at his feet.

When consciousness returned, I found myself in a Pullman sleeper speeding —where? I raised myself on my elbow and looked about me. A porter, who was evidently on the lookout for some movement from me, came quickly to my side.

"You is bettah, sah? Can I do something, sah?" he asked.

"Yes; call the conductor," I answered testily.

The conductor came. He was very polite. A friend had bought me a through ticket to California. I was ill, in a fainting condition, in fact, when put aboard the train. My friend could not spare the time to travel with me; but everything had been made as easy and comfortable as possible for me. Friends would meet me at the end of my journey. So much I learned from the lips of the conductor. From his manner I learned even more, though he was careful not to mention such a thing. He had been warned that I was not altogether responsible for all I said or did. I must be humored, but no serious attention must be paid to anything I might say. His manner, throughout the journey, proclaimed this theory.

Another thing I noticed, but did not contradict: My name was Johnson now. It had not been Johnson in the old days. Ah, the old days! How far away they seemed as I sat through that tiresome journey, trying to untangle the threads of mystery that had wound about me. But the harder I tried the tighter they seemed to get. A murder had been committed. I was accused of the murder. So much I knew from Dr. Raye. Because of his deep regard for my family, he had kept me from the clutches of the law. I must have been insane for the time being; for I do not remember a thing about the visit to my wife's uncle, the murder, or anything connected with it. I had been very ill, I know, and my wife was seriously alarmed. Our family physician was away, and she had called in Dr. Raye. I remember about his professional calls, most of them.

Then there seems to have been a void in my life. When I really began to know anything clearly, I was hidden away in the cabin, with Dr. Raye as sole attendant.

The greatest mystery about it all, to me, was my wife's strange silence. Not once did she visit me during my confinement in the cabin, nor had she sent me a message of any kind. When I begged Dr. Raye for an explanation, he would look at me pityingly, and say sadly, as if to himself: "Poor fellow. It is hard he should have this new trouble thrust upon him." He would not explain matters further.

The excitement of my strange position and probably something Dr. Raye gave me to make the fainting spell last till I was safe aboard the train, made me wretchedly ill. I was, for many days, dead to everything that took place.

"Ah, so you have decided to come back and square the deal with fate? I am mighty glad to see the light of reason in your eyes at last."

I had been trying to think where I was when these words came to me. I looked up into a rugged but kind face.

"Where am I?" I asked.

"You are on the Buhach Farm, six miles from the town of Merced."

"But how did I get here?"

"In a wagon drawn by two horses." The man's eyes were full of amusement; but I was seeking information and saw nothing to be amused at.

"How did—— Who brought me?"

I scarcely knew how to ask what I wanted.

"I did," answered the man, the amusement in his eyes creeping down to his lips.

I looked up and met his eyes steadily for a second; then, with a sigh, I turned my head away, determined to ask no more.

"Are you treating him quite fair, Bill? You know it is but natural he should be curious to know where he is and how he got here, since he had no choice in the matter himself."

This was a woman's voice, and I turned my head again in order to see her; for I

judged she must be near, though I had not noticed her before. She stood near the window, a very plain, but kind-looking woman.

"Well, Mary, I have told him where he was and how he got here," answered the man, who had moved away from my bedside. "It is really not good for him to talk more now. To-morrow, I will explain further to him." I felt kinder toward the man after that speech, and, soon after, I fell into a refreshing sleep.

My curiosity was satisfied on one point at least, the next day. The man I knew as Dr. Raye, but who evidently had an alias, being known in California as Rayburn, had written to one Jim Houston, with whom he was acquainted, and asked him to take charge of a sick friend, Jack Johnson by name. Mr. Houston, though expecting to find a man somewhat "under the weather," to use Bill's phrase, was considerably amazed to find one too helpless even to tell his own name. Had not the conductor had full instructions about the disposal of my person, Mr. Houston would have been inclined to think there was some big mistake. How near he hit the truth!

As Mr. Houston's ranch was forty miles from Merced, it was impossible to think of taking me there. Some one suggested taking me to the county hospital; but Mr. Houston's friend and brother-in-law, Mr. William Carter, better known as Bill, being with him, had insisted on bringing me to the Buhach Farm, where Bill Carter worked.

Mr. and Mrs. Carter owned a small farm in Newman, Stanislaus County. Every summer they came to the Buhach Farm and worked in the fruit. They had a tent, as did many other families, on the Farm. The tent of the Carter's being a small one, was given over to my use, Mr. and Mrs. Carter sleeping out under the trees. I protested at first; but they insisted that they really liked sleeping out in the open air. The climate was too mild to harm them any. The pure, unselfish goodness of these simple folk was a daily marvel to me as I came to know them better.

Thinking it best to keep my troubles to myself, for a time at least, I never let Bill suspect that I was not aware of Raye's or Rayburn's arrangements concerning myself, but that, as I had become so much worse during the journey, everything had become a blank to me. As I seemed to have been rechristened by my whilom friend, Raye, I did not attempt to enlighten any one on that point, either, but was known as Jack Johnson during my stay on the farm.

Though my troubles weighed heavily on me, they did not keep me from being interested in the life about me. When I was able to do so, I wandered over the farm at will, watched the men irrigate, something I had never seen done before. I rowed up and down the canal, went out in the orchard and got in the way of the fruit pickers, pretending to help them. I went in the pitting sheds and stirred up envy and strife by helping the prettiest girls get their boxes of apricots empty first. These women that I met in the pitting sheds on the Buhach Farm were a constant source of amusement and wonder to me. As they were healthy, vivacious and intelligent, it was really a pleasure to watch them as they worked.

"Their tongues go as fast as their fingers do," I confided to my friend, Bill.

"Talkless work would never suit a woman, would it?" said Bill, with a laugh. "Well, these women laugh, joke and sing at their work; but just the same, when the season is over, they have something to show that they have combined business with pleasure in a most profitable manner."

Over forty women and girls are employed every summer in the pitting sheds on the Buhach Farm. They work by the box. Most of them earn from a dollar and a half to two dollars and a half each day. The apricots and peaches raised on the Buhach Farm are no mean things to pit, being the largest fruit of the kind I have ever seen. Later in the season, the women pack grapes ready for market.

But what was more interesting than anything else to me was the gathering of the buhach. The buhach plant grows from eighteen to twenty inches high, and in rows about two feet apart. The flower of the plant, which is what the powder is made of, somewhat resembles the flower of the marguerite in size and color. The leaves, which are cast aside after the flower

is cut off, look like the leaves of the California poppy. The bush is cut off near the root, and laid in straight rows till all are cut. Then, two men take up their position on a large box, the plants are handed up to them, and they pull the blossoms across two large steel combs, fastened on each side of the box. They fall into a box below. Afterward, the blossoms are sent to the mills at Stockton to be ground into the famous buhach powder.

Though I had made great progress toward recovering my health during this time, my lungs were still very weak. Mr. Houston, or Jim, as I came to call him, was very anxious for me to visit his stock ranch in the Mariposa hills.

"You were meant to be my guest in the first place," he told me laughingly.

I did not put Jim off when he asked me the last time as I had before, but accepted his invitation. My intentions, at first, had been to start back home at once; but there were several good reasons why I could not carry said intentions out. Two of which were: I was not yet strong enough to stand the journey, and I did not have the means to travel on, or did not know where to get it. I wrote letter after letter to my wife, and other relatives and friends, none of which were ever answered. Once, I ventured to write to Dr. Raye. I did not expect an answer, nor did I get one. Every morning I would begin the day by trying to form some plan whereby I might penetrate the silence and gloom, which seemed to have shut me off from my former life entirely; but, when night came, I was no nearer a solution of the problem than before.

Just across the creek from Jim's cabin was a mountain, the walls of which seemed to be nothing but rock. I longed to reach the top of this mountain. Jim told me of a path whereby it might be done. The view from the top was truly a magnificent one, he said. I made many attempts to reach the top by the path I chose. It was a winding path, winding in and out among the wild sage and mesquite-bush. When I thought I surely could not be more than a few feet from the top, I would come to another turn and the path went on and on, twisting and turning and seemingly endless. My strength would give out, and I would be obliged to give it up.

One day it occurred to me that I was letting difficulties get the better of me too easily. I made up my mind then and there that I would follow that winding path till I had reached the top of that mountain, regardless of what might be before me. In and out, up higher and higher, I went. My knees trembled, my breathing became difficult, the perspiration stood on my head in big drops. I set my teeth and kept on winding about; but it was no use. I could not reach the top that way. Sadly, I descended.

As I reached the bottom of the path, I looked around, and lo! there, almost before my eyes, was a trail, steep, it is true, but leading straight to the top, or so it looked to me. At my side stood Jim, looking at me quizzically.

"You've never been trying to get up there that way?" he asked. I nodded.

"You never would reach the top by that path. It simply winds about and comes back down the mountain at another place."

I started. So that was what I had been doing, coming down on the other side. Everything was so much alike around there, I suppose I had been coming down the same place where I started. I suppose that was why I had not noticed the straight path before.

Together, Jim and I went up the right path, the one he had meant for me to take in the first place. It did not take us long to reach the top that way. As I stood drinking in the beauty all about me, it flashed over me suddenly that, all my life, I had been climbing a winding path, ending at last in sickness and trouble. Something I had read long before, but had not understood at the time, came to me. It was something like this: "Why remain on the lowlands when the heights are so easily attained. A great mind can readily rise to the mountain-tops of joy and success. There is no such thing as failure. The path to success is a very straight one, if only one will look in the right place for it."

"The Indians about here have a very pretty legend concerning those two paths, which were made many years before you and I were created," said Jim. "Would you like to hear it?"

I said I would, and Jim began: "Years ago, when these mountains were settled entirely by Indians, a great controversy came up among the tribes. An Indian woman had lost her baby and insisted on claiming the baby of another woman. Friends of the two women took sides, bearing each woman out in her claim. The quarrel threatened to be a serious one, and a wise old chief decided to settle it in a most unique manner. He had the baby placed up here on the topmost peak. He then gave the two women the privilege of climbing to the top after the child. The one that should reach the top first had first right to the baby. It happened that the real mother chose the straight path, while the false one took the winding path. Of course, the mother got her child and the quarrel was settled."

My heart was very light that evening as Jim and I partook of the evening meal. My troubles would soon be over, of that I was confident. I told the whole story to Jim, who immediately signified his intention of going back with me.

Two days later, he and I set out for the East together. I lost no time in reaching my old home, once my feet were on native soil. My wife was gone: she started for California two weeks before. Her mother was with the children, and this is the story she told me:

Dr. Raye, during his visits to our house while I was ill, had conceived a strong passion for my wife, and possibly for the money she would inherit at her uncle's death. Fearing to put me out of the way by poison, he conceived the plan by which he thought that, in my weak condition, would soon end my life.

There had been no murder. My wife's uncle was as much alive as ever he had been. The whole scheme was a concoction of the Doctor. My wife suspected him of treachery, yet pretended to believe the story he brought her of my perfidy. Using her power over him, she succeeded in getting him to reveal the whole plot, without his once realizing that he was doing so. Having no other evidence against him, however, she had decided that the best way was to find me before doing anything else.

Having her address from her mother, I sent her a telegram. Then I started out to settle accounts with Dr. Raye. He did not yet suspect my wife's mission. He believed her to be visiting relatives in another part of the State. Jim and I were going slowly down the street one evening, when I saw a familiar figure just ahead. I stepped quickly forward.

"Good evening, Dr. Raye," I said pleasantly.

The man wheeled about, then staggered back, his face ashy pale. I looked at him steadily, and his eyes wavered and fell. I could have laughed aloud to think I had once feared this man.

"I think, my friend, it would be best for you to take the trail that leads south, anywhere away from this part of the world."

He needed no second bidding, but slunk away in the darkness, and I have never seen him since. Thus will all bugaboos vanish if we tackle them right.

THE BETTER SPORT

BY ERNEST DOUGLAS

"I ONLY WISH," said Brayton, gloomily, "that I were half as successful in love as I am in aviation."

"Don't be silly, Ned," begged Miss Clinton. "Explain your aeroplane to me. It seems to me that it is much larger than any other I ever saw."

"Yes; it's built along the same lines as the Wright, Farman and Curtiss machines, but the wing spread is much greater. Of course, the greater the wing spread the greater the surface offering resistance to the air, but my improved type of motor overcomes that. On the other hand the large wings give me greater stability and lifting power, enabling me to carry two engines and a mechanician."

"But why the extra engine, Ned—isn't it so much dead weight?"

"It makes the Aerialia absolutely safe. If the regular engine suddenly stops, as the best engine that can ever be made will sometimes do, the second motor is started, and the aeroplane continues as though nothing had happened.

"My engine is the only one that can be started while the machine is in the air. Any other aviator, when the motor goes wrong, must immediately come down. He can shut off his power and swoop to earth, but he can't stop his engine and immediately start it again, as I can. By my own electrical device either of my engines can be started in an instant from the driver's or the mechanician's seat."

"You call yourself a 'brainless son of the idle rich,' Ned, but you must have had some brains to build this big flying machine."

"Thank you, Julia. Don't you think I have brains enough to be your husband?"

"Oh, dear! There you start again. It isn't your brains; I'm not sure that I love you."

"And you're not sure that you don't love Archie Kellner. Is that the idea?"

"Yes," she returned pointedly. "If you must know the truth, it is."

"Indeed! Does he know about it?"

"He has asked me to marry him, and I am to give him my answer when we reach El Paso."

"You leave Los Angeles to-morrow evening and reach El Paso the night following."

"Yes. We'll be glad to have you along if you'll be sensible."

"No; I don't see what I have to gain by going along. But, Julia, you have no father or brother to tell you what Kellner is, and I'm going to tell you myself. He isn't fit to associate with a pure girl, Julia."

"Ned Brayton, that is the meanest and most contemptible thing I ever heard you say. I know Mr. Kellner is a perfect gentleman. Mamma likes him immensely. She says he is so kind and obliging."

"I have guessed as much. Neither you nor your mother knows the real Kellner. A woman can never know a man as a man knows him."

"I don't believe a word you say. Anyway, Mr. Kellner is too good a sport to attack the character of a rival."

"Don't you think I am a good sport, Julia?"

"No, I don't."

"Suppose you let me prove it by racing to El Paso for you."

"What do you mean?"

"I'll start with your train in my aeroplane. If I reach El Paso first you say 'No' to Kellner and 'Yes' to me. If I fail, I withdraw and you give him any answer you please."

"Why, Ned, how foolish! And it would be terribly dangerous. You might be killed."

"The Aerialia is safer than a railroad train. You must give me this chance to

prove that I am a good sport, Julia. Do you agree."

"Ye-es."

"Give me your hand."

As she laid her hand in his, Kellner entered the hangar. With his cold, blue eyes he looked suspiciously from one to the other and asked:

"Ah, binding a bargain?"

"Julia has just wished me luck in my cross-country flight to El Paso," replied Brayton. "I start with you to-morrow night and expect to beat you there."

"Ah, very rash of you. Miss Julia, have you forgotten that you promised to run out to Pasadena in my car this morning?"

Kellner led her away, and Ned immediately began making preparations for his flight. He was going to trust his own invention to win for him the girl he wanted more than anything else on earth. It never entered his head that he would not win. Though he had never attempted to fly so far before, he knew his own capabilities as well as those of the Aerialia.

He called Markley, his assistant and mechanician, and explained to him his intention. Markley nodded as unconcernedly as though they were merely going out for a trial spin, and set about cleaning up the engines.

Though there was no man Brayton trusted more than Markley, Brayton confessed that the wizened little machinist, of few pounds, fewer words and uncertain age, was a mystery to him. Markley had been in Brayton's employ three years, and before that was an apprentice of the famous aviator who taught the young millionaire to fly. Brayton sometimes suspected that Markley knew more about his engines and the Aerialia than he himself.

The following thirty-six hours were strenuous ones for Brayton and Markley. They flew most of the next morning, and the big machine worked splendidly. Never before had she been so obedient to Brayton's guiding hand; never before had the powerful eight-cylinder engines, both of which were tested thoroughly, pop-popped with more regularity.

In the afternoon, Brayton managed to obtain a private interview with Miss Clinton.

"I start to-night with the train, Julia," he said. "I'll be hovering over the depot and at the moment it pulls out will cut straight for Yuma."

"Ned, you are the most foolish boy! Won't you give up this silly idea? I'm to blame for making such an absurd bargain with you."

Brayton's chin went up and a determined look came into his gray eyes.

"You said I was not a good sport, and I'm going to prove you wrong by staking all my chances of winning you upon my aeroplane," he announced. "I must hold you to your agreement."

Mrs. Clinton and Julia's two young sisters were thrown into a flutter of excitement when they were told that Ned was to race their train all the way to El Paso in the Aerialia. Like Julia, they urged him to give up the plan, but he was firm.

Kellner, who was traveling on the same train with the Clintons (he said it was a lucky chance he was going East just then) inquired closely into the details of Brayton's plans. Ned answered him briefly, concealing nothing except the wager he had with Julia.

The Aerialia did not start with the train. An hour before the time, Brayton made a final examination. He ran his fingers along each wire and each piece of the frame. At the tip of the left wing he found a break.

A piece of the strong, light wood was broken almost in two, in such a way that Brayton knew it could not have been done during the tests of the morning. It looked like some one had taken the ends of the piece in his hands and pushed down in the center with his knee. The biplane could not have traveled more than a dozen miles without its giving way. It would not have wrecked the machine, but to get it repaired after Los Angeles had been left behind would have been impossible.

So great was Brayton's haste to repair the damage that he scarcely wondered who the guilty person was. It took an hour and a quarter to insert a sound piece. In the meantime the train had pulled out.

"You filled the tanks after our flights this morning, I suppose, Markley," said Ned, as they finished the tedious task.

"Why, no, I believe I forgot it, sir. But it'll only take a moment."

Brayton's teeth clicked, but he said

nothing. The mechanician seized a funnel and proceeded to pour gasoline into one of the tanks.

"Hold on there," said Brayton quietly. "I want to look at that gasoline."

"Why, it only came to-day, sir."

"All the more reason to be careful. It doesn't look right to me."

He secured a cupful of the oil, examined it closely, and finally tested it in a burner.

"Just as I thought," he commented grimly. "Half water. We buy no more gasoline from Starrett's."

Another precious half-hour passed before a barrel of gasoline could be delivered from a different house. The oil was tested, found to be perfect and the tanks filled. Without further delay the Aerialia slid out of the hangar, sought the upper air and darted away to the southwest.

Brayton knew every foot of Southern California, and it was easy for him to steer a straight course for Yuma, following the railroad only in a general way. He had the wind with him, and the flight to the town on the Colorado was made without one accident.

At 5 a. m. they came to earth in front of the garage of the Yuma Motor Company, hired the night watchman to guard the Aerialia, and went to breakfast. After swallowing some near-food at the first restaurant they found open, they returned and overhauled the biplane. Nothing was found to be wrong, and it seemed to Brayton that Markley paid more attention than was necessary to the tanks and engines. Just forty-five minutes from the time of landing they resumed their flight.

Though the Brayton engine was the most powerful of its weight invented up to that time, it used very little gasoline. Each tank held enough to drive the Aerialia 500 miles. They had been filled at Yuma, and Brayton planned to fill them again at Tucson.

But when Yuma was no more than a hundred miles behind, the regular engine went dead, and Brayton knew from the sound of the last few chugs that it was for lack of fuel. Five minutes later, engine No. 2 stopped. Its tank was also empty. Brayton eased the aeroplane to earth.

He was sure the tanks had been full when they left Yuma, yet here he was without gasoline, and he might be twenty miles from any place where it could be purchased. He looked up and down the railroad track, which they had followed since leaving Yuma. A mile back was a section house, but not a soul was stirring about it. To the east stretched the apparently interminable rails and poles, while on all other sides was nothing but giant saguaros and greasewood bushes.

While Markley nervously worked over the engines, Brayton began to examine the tanks. It took him about two minutes to discover what was wrong. On the back side of each tank was a tiny puncture, apparently made with a nail. The gasoline had slowly leaked out.

Leaning against the Aerialia, the young aeronaut began to think. There were several things that he could not understand. There was the broken piece in the wing tip, the watered gasoline and now the punctured tanks.

Suddenly dark suspicion flashed across his mind—suspicion of his mechanician and of his rival.

"How much did Kellner pay you for this?" he demanded savagely, turning upon Markley.

"Why—why—what do you mean?" stammered the little mechanician, his sharp, dark face going very pale. He was convicted by his own fright and confusion.

"You needn't lie to me," went on Brayton, mercilessly. "Kellner evidently learned the real reason for this trip and hired you to make it a failure. I might have blamed some one else for the broken frame and the watered gasoline, but it was unquestionably you who punctured the oil tanks. How much did he pay you?"

"I—I——"

"You needn't answer unless you want to. It's a mere detail, anyway. I trusted you, and I was merely curious to know how much it cost him to buy you. Your engagement with me is terminated right here, Markley."

Taking a roll of bills from his pocket, he striped off several and held them toward the mechanician, who took them without a word.

"Here is what I owe you, with a month's advance salary. Now, the sooner you leave the better it will suit me."

Markley started west along the tracks toward the station house. Not once did he glance back. At the last moment Brayton almost relented. After all, he reflected, the man had been tempted sorely. There was no knowing how much Kellner had offered him to keep the Aerialia from beating the railroad's time to El Paso. But he could never trust Markley again, and it was better that he should go.

Ten minutes later a handcar, manned by two laborers, happened along. At the cost of a couple of ten dollar bills, Brayton hired them to bring him a barrel of gasoline from the nearest station, half a dozen miles eastward. He offered them double pay if they returned in less than an hour, and they barely earned it. During that hour Brayton soldered the holes in the tanks.

Alone he resumed his journey. The day was ideal for flight, but he knew that if he made up for the delays he must get every bit of power possible out of his engines.

But fate intervened to delay the train as well as the Aerialia. As he neared the little junction town of Maricopa, Brayton saw that the tracks a mile or so beyond were obstructed by a wreck of some kind, and that a long passenger train stood at the Station. Sweeping low, he saw Julia, her mother, sisters and Kellner among the crowd that was curiously watching him. He decided to alight.

"Where is Markley?" asked Julia, anxiously, rushing up to the Aerialia as it hit the ground.

"Markley and I have split," replied Brayton grimly, climbing from his seat.

"And you're going to try to finish alone?"

"I *will* finish alone."

The others came up at this moment. Mrs. Clinton and her younger daughters fired a thousand excited questions at him. He told his story briefly, leaving out the part about Markley. He merely explained that he had decided he did not need any mechanician and had left him at Yuma.

Kellner looked far from pleased.

"You would never have caught up with us if the train hadn't been delayed by a wreck," he remarked. "We'll be here three hours or more, which will give you a fine start."

"Just to prove that I'm a good sport," said Brayton, politely, "I'm going to wait here until the train pulls out."

"Ned, please give up this trip," pleaded Julia. He looked into her eyes and knew she was trying to tell him something she did not dare put into words.

"I'm afraid that I cannot now," he laughed. "But you have never flown with me in the Aerialia, Julia. Suppose we take a spin of a mile or two."

"Julia, you shall not," declared Mrs. Clinton, positively. Kellner protested that "no woman should think of going up in one of those things."

But Julia did not agree with them.

"Ned will take good care of me, and there's no danger, I'm sure," she cried, leaping to the mechanician's seat. "I'll hold on tight."

As heedless of the protests of Mrs. Clinton and Kellner as of the giggles of Julia's sisters, Brayton started his engine and headed the Aerialia upward.

"Ned!" called Julia in a half-frightened voice.

"Yes," he shouted back over his shoulder.

"This is glorious."

"I knew you'd love it."

"Ned, I know the reason you left Markley behind. What did he do?"

"Broke a wing-tip, watered the gasoline and punctured the tanks. How did you know?"

"I saw them talking together yesterday afternoon. He must have heard us that day before he came into the hangar. After we started I began to get suspicious and uneasy."

"Who is the better sport, Julia?"

"Forgive me, Ned. Please don't think it would have made any difference whether you won or lost. And don't try to fly to El Paso now. Put the machine on the train and come with us. I don't want you to needlessly risk your life, Ned, dear."

The Aerialia listed dangerously to port. That "dear" would have disturbed the nerve of any aeronaut.

"I suppose I've nothing to race for now. The romance is over."

"No, it isn't. Our romance is just beginning."

"Suppose we make this really romantic. Phoenix is over there to the north, less than fifty miles away. We can fly over, be married and get back before the train starts."

"Oh, Ned, I couldn't think of it."

"Anyway, I'm going to tell every one that we became engaged while we were flying in my aeroplane."

They hummed along in silence for two or three minutes. Julia was thinking of something else besides the beautiful panorama underneath.

"Ned," she called, finally, "I've changed my mind. Let's do."

"Do what? Go to Phoenix and get married?"

"Yes, dear."

"We'll go back and tell them about it first."

Again the Aerialia came to earth, amid a great "Ah-h!" from the little crowd that had watched her flight with wondering admiration.

"Kellner," said Brayton, "we've decided that you're not a good sport."

"And, mamma," finished Julia, "Ned and I are going over to Phoenix to be married."

Amid another great "Ah-h!" from the crowd, the Aerialia rose and darted away toward the capital of Arizona.

THE DESERT

BY E. H. PARRY

Wholly are my grains of sand
Hallowed to the Devil's hand,
And man's creations shall waste and fade,
And man, himself, shall be scorched, and made
Naught but a mass of skin and bone,
Save for the vulture all alone
On the barren sand
Of my desert land.

Slow and weak his stride will be,
Naught but sand his eyes will see,
Until, as days after days go past,
And, undiminished my heat does last,
Dismal a wreck becomes his brain,
Destined to never think again
On the sun-swept sand
Of my desert land.

O'er him will the vulture fly,
Now near earth, and now near sky—
It waits the hour that the man must fall,
Resigned, yet fearful, his wailing call,
Sightless his eye. and blank his head,
Ah, an accursed man is dead
On the sun-swept sands
Of my desert land.

With a skull, un-eyed and bare,
Whitened bones shall mark just where
The vulture circled around and 'round,
With ears awaiting that gurgling sound,
Uttered through parched and blistered lips—
Answered by gloating vulture's sips
On the blood-stained sand
Of my desert land.

ON THE KNEE OF CHANCE

BY G. E. SPENCER

SPOONS WAS up against it good and hard. Here he was, five miles from Olindo, the nearest town, and reduced to his last cigarette. He sat his horse and poured the last few precious grains of soothing weed into the wrapper, skillfully manipulated them between thumb and finger, and mournfully reflected upon his short-sightedness.

Spoons, otherwise Phil Witherspoon, was on his way to the cow-punchers' camp several miles away, burdened with a rush message to the foreman from the Old Man, who had arrived that morning at the almost deserted ranch, after the outfit had departed, for the round-up.

Spoons judged from the Boss's manner that the message was urgent, and he needed no second order to hasten; so here he was, about ten miles from the camp and five from Olindo, in a contrary direction, which latter place he calculated he might reach by swerving due east from his present course, though by so doing he would probably lose a couple of hours.

Still, he figured that he would make it up by hard riding and no more stops; he would restock his depleted tobacco pouch, that was the all-important matter to him at present. Moodily weighing the pros and cons, the importance of delivering the message promptly, and the possibility of making up the lost time, he concluded to toss a coin for it.

"Heads it is. So that's settled." With a sigh of relief that the responsibility was thus taken out of his hands, he swiftly turned old Betty towards the promised land.

Spoons knew full well how much he risked by delaying his errand, for he knew the Boss's temper, and if he failed to make good, it would mean a loss of many thousands to Old Man Brackett, for he understood pretty well that the contents of the note he carried contained orders concerning the shipment of steers in which Mason, the foreman, and his men, were now engaged. However, having settled it with his conscience, albeit rather guiltily, 'way deep down, he rode speedily into Olindo, replenished his stock at Old Tim's —and as it was near dinner time, stopped at the only hotel for dinner, after which he secured his horse, resisting the lure of the bright lights strewed along the wide street bisecting the town, mounted and was away before any of his stray pals caught sight of him.

Jim Lynton, the proprietor of the hostelry, remarked as Spoons mounted, "I see that Mr. Brackett has gone out to the Ranch; he rushed through in a desperate hurry, and left his wife and little boy here. I guess he is not out for a long stay this time."

Spoons thought this rather unusual, as the Old Man generally stopped over several days, when he came out this far, for he did not come often. "I wouldn't wonder if this confounded note hadn't something to do with it," he uncomfortably soliloquized. "I wish it was delivered right now. I must get a move on. Get along, Betty."

Betty, being well rested, started to cover the ground rapidly, and had traveled several miles along the way, Spoons congratulating himself that he would make up the time lost after all, when in the darkness ahead he made out the dull glimmer of a light, which as he approached grew larger and larger, until his curiosity was fully aroused, and he surmised that someone was camping there, as there was not a habitat of any sort on that road.

As he drew near, something caused him to ride cautiously, which after events proved to be wise. He dismounted and crept quietly toward the fire, before which squatted two villainous-looking hoboes, eating a hurried meal, and one of them

speaking, Spoons paused to listen.

"Well, I am glad the job is pulled off, old pard; we will make a good stake out of this; his folks are well able to hand out a fat ransom for the kid."

Startled at these words, Spoons peered into the half-light near the fire, and made out an irregular bundle, lying very quietly, which he made no doubt was the kid referred to.

Then Witherspoon began to think very hard.

"This looks like a kidnapping scheme. These 'bos are evidently skipping out of the country with some rich man's kid, and are going to hold him up. I guess I'll have to butt into this game."

Suddenly pulling himself together and drawing his ever-ready Colt, Spoons showed himself before the brace of startled worthies.

"Hands up!"

Completely overwhelmed, the would-be conspirators jumped to their feet, but a motion to draw was immediately frustrated by the sight of the blue metal facing them so ominously, hardly more forbidding, however, than the glittering eyes and stalwart frame behind it.

As the hobos had not anticipated any interruption to their well-laid schemes, in this shape, there was very little to be done but surrender at discretion, so it took very little time for the rascals to understand the situation, and hastily gathering their blankets and utensils together, they, with many oaths and bluster, decamped on their horses (which Spoons shrewdly surmised were stolen also), leaving the child and the field to the rescuer.

"I suppose I ought not to have let them off so easy, but I have no time to monkey with such easy game as that. I have the kid, anyway. Let's see what he looks like." Gently lifting the sleeping child, he beheld a very small atom of humanity, with long, fair curls, that he found impossible to rouse from deep slumber.

"Doped, by thunder!" cried Spoons. "The scurvy brutes. I wish I had plugged them, now. They must have had this little scheme laid out very completely.

"I suppose I must attend to the transportation of this kid. Now if anybody should meet me, he would swear I was the kidnapper myself. Let me see: the camp is nearer than the town, and that infernal note is still burning a hole in my trousers' pocket. I guess I will have to pack him along there, and let the mother weep a little while longer. I don't dare to delay any longer. I will give him over to Old Mart, the cook, and he will take care of him until morning; he has a swarm of kids of his own, back home somewhere."

* * * *

"Hello, Spoons, where did you blow from: what yer got in that bundle. Bring yer knitting? Come to stay? I see you have a package." But Spoons was too tired to reply to all this chaff. He made at once for the cook's tent, and presently the boys were astounded to hear the unfamiliar sound of a child's crying: making a united scramble for the tent, they beheld the mystery of the "package" solved. On the cook's knee sat a very minute specimen of manhood, crying lustily, and refusing to be attracted by the tempting offer of cakes. The boys immediately showered advice and suggestions on Old Mart, and the presence of so many strangers around the boy caused him to cry still harder.

Meanwhile Witherspoon, leaving the problem of the lost child to the cook for the present, went in search of Mason, to whom he handed the long-delayed note, the reading of which immediately set the choleric foreman into a blind rage. It seems that the note reached his hands too late, after all Spoons' haste. The note contained instructions to delay the first shipment of cattle, until he heard again from the writer, as he had another deal on, more profitable to him than the present arrangement.

Poor Witherspoon, with drooping head and inward cursing, turned away, and remembering the child he had saved, at the cost of his job, went in search of the cook, and found the child more reconciled to his surroundings. The boys were coaxing him to them, and trying to get him to tell his name. But all he would say was: "Harry, mamma's Harry."

Spoons told the story of the rescue, and also told of his bad luck in regard to his mission. He said he could have made the time all right, if he had not stopped to wipe out the hobos, and if he had not been obliged to ride slowly the rest of the

way, with the little chap in front of him on the horse. The boys offered him much sympathy in their rough way, but it looked gloomy to Spoons, and he turned in with a sore heart, and was too tired to keep awake long.

Next morning he prepared to get back to Olindo with the little boy, and after breakfast, bidding good-bye to his fellow cowboys, he started out on the return trip. He amused the lad with stories for awhile, then he fed him with cookies that Mart was thoughtful enough to put into his pockets; then the little fellow fell asleep and continued to sleep until Spoons drew rein in front of Lynton's place.

He found the town laboring under some excitement, and the people in the hotel were running around in an excited manner, but he had hardly reached the door when with a scream and a swish of skirts, a woman rushed out to the steps and snatched Harry from the saddle, and disappeared with him into the building.

Witherspoon walked into the almost deserted bar-room, where Lynton joined him breathlessly exclaiming: "Where did you find him? Did you know Brackett was searching for his boy all over the country?"

"Is that his boy?" asked Spoons, blankly.

"Well, I guess yes. Tell us about it."

Whereupon Spoons recounted the story of the rescue from the hoboes, that he brought him to the camp first, as that place was nearer than town, and that he had not the least notion of the boy's identity.

"Well, I guess this is not a bad day's work for you, old pard, for the Old Man is mighty fond of his son."

Spoons thought differently about his actions, for the delaved message was weighing more heavily than anything else on his mind. To think that the Boss would lose a pile of money, on account of his foolishness!

"It served me right," he moaned, and savagely turned away from the crowd.

Presently a message came from abovestairs for Harry's rescuer to come up to Room 7. So, bracing himself with the reflection that matters could not be worse, he slowly climbed the one flight to the room designated, where upon opening the door to a cordial summons to enter, he confronted the Boss and the wife, also little Harry, who had caused all his troubles.

When greeted and asked to give an account of the finding of the boy, Spoons patiently went all over it again, and apologized for not having brought the lad into town the previous evening, as he had had strict injunctions to deliver the note at once, and as he did not know to whom the boy belonged, he thought another night could not matter.

Witherspoon stopped all attempts to thank him by saying: "I think when you hear what I have to say, you will not feel so grateful."

Then he told how the note was delayed, making a clean breast of his temptation and fall from grace, not excusing himself in any way. When he was through, he looked up to see a grim smile on the face of the Old Man, who replied to Spoons' tale in this wise:

"Well, Witherspoon, I know you should be reprimanded, for it was a most serious breach of duty, and I might have lost thousands of dollars, and under ordinary circumstances I should surely have to let you out, but if you had not committed that lapse of duty, my child would have been lost to me, and I would rather lose every dollar I have in the world than to know he had come to harm in the slightest manner; so nothing I can do for you can ever repay you for saving the child to me and his mother. And to make your mind easy, I will say that the cattle are all right, as I concluded to wire again on returning to this place, to make my note doubly sure, and found that the cattle train was several hours late, making it possible for the agent to hold them until my man arrived from here. So you see, 'All's well that ends well.' Though I would not advise you to make a practice of disobeying orders in future."

When Spoons returned to the ranch several days later, on one of the finest steeds ever seen in that part of the country, jingling all over with accoutrements of silver, and a happy smile on his honest face, the boys all greeted him with joy and exclaimed: "Lucky Spoons!"

WITCHERY OF WESTERN TOWNS

BY MARY MARGARET SHAW

A GREAT spectacular drama is being enacted in the Southwest, and one of its most unique features is the springing up overnight of towns which would do credit to ten years of development in the crowded sections of the East and South. To come from the settled customs of the New England communities where the baking of beans and making of doughnuts are essential to the progress of the people, or from the ante bellum towns of the South where all the relatives must hold a consultation before an addition can be made to a house, and see all system and deliberation brushed aside in the strenuous life of a new town of the West, awakens one to a new sense of living.

Just now the call of the Southwest is being answered from afar, and pushing into this old new land comes a great pageantry of humanity. Old, young, rich, poor, strong, feeble, cultured, untutored, native, foreign, mingle their interests in this new empire of the Southwest. The vast wealth and resources of the section are being unveiled, and the new towns are rising to mark the opening of mines, the settlement of lands and the unearthing of treasures formerly trodden over by the Red man in his search for game and sport.

A nondescript journey through New Mexico and Arizona recently brought a new vision of glorious American progress, and the clamor of these last territories for statehood impressed itself as vital and immediate. The interests of the citizens of this new Southwest demands recognition in our national Government, and the lead of Oklahoma will soon be followed by these territories richer in minerals and lands than any section of our union. On this nondescript journey a study of towns was in order, and novel conditions afforded material for thought. The settlement of Government lands seems the moving principle in this new development. Heretofore these sections have been the Mecca for tourists hunting novelty of scenery, sportsmen seeking the heart of nature in which to snare their game, invalids longing for climate in which to gain life's chiefest blessing, health, and now, added to these, come the home-maker and investor.

The first town where interest was awakened lies among the little bald-headed hills of New Mexico, and when first seen, although numbering some eight hundred inhabitants, it was so new you could hear its shoes creak. Immediately the eternal question "Why" was uppermost in mind. Why did all these people come here to make homes? Why were offices, stores and churches being built in a day? Why were autos and spans of thoroughbred horses hurrying over roads which fourteen months before were traveled only by stage and cow-ponies? Investigation gave a natural and satisfactory answer to the various whys. Some few years before, a railroad had been built through that region. Stations are necessary evils in railroad business. Trains must have water and fuel: hence the discovery of these hidden treasures. Lying about this region were an abundant flow of pure water and valuable deposits of coal overlaid by lands which the cattlemen had used for decades as free range.

The eye of the traveler now fell upon these lands, and he pronounced them good. Why not make homes upon them? The Government made liberal provisions for this purpose. So, land, water and fuel having been discovered, the man with some capital comes in and advertises the country. News of golden opportunities for home making on these Government lands travels back to the East, North and South. The doctor with an invalid wife in a Detroit home, knowing of the curative properties of the Western climate, is tempted

to dispose of his property and take a claim near the little railroad station on the Rock Island. Some bookkeeper in a Chicago house, worn and weary from years of office work, decides to take his earnings and try his luck in the new country. Young women, nurses, teachers, stenographers, believe it will pay to enter a piece of Government land, and hold it as a homestead. Farmers from Kansas reckon it to be a wise thing to sell their farms, take the money and improve land farther west. Their teams, household goods and families are brought out to the new lands, and a fresh start in life is undertaken. These new settlers need houses, so along comes some one and puts in a lumber yard. Carpenters are in demand, so they are soon upon the ground. There is need of a general supply store; word is written back; presently a man is out to look over the field, and the store is established. A dentist stops in passing, takes a claim and goes to work. A telephone must be put in to connect the settlement with the nearest town, and thus needs multiply until doctor, lumber man, carpenter, teacher, nurse, find themselves in demand, and the community life is established. Six months transform the community into a hamlet, and at the end of fourteen months a town with church, school, hotels and other improvements stand among the heretofore voiceless hills.

Towns like people have individual histories; were it not so they would cease to be interesting. Passing leisurely down through the New Mexico country, entrance was made through El Paso's gates into Arizona, the territory whose wealth and charms are only just now being fully discovered to the outside world. Wind-swept-sun-kissed, glorious Arizona! No longer a barren stretch of necessary miles to be covered en route to the Pacific Coast, but a luring, fascinating proposition to the land man and mine investor. Irrigation is wooing from her fertile soil great acres of green, and pick and derrick are uncovering mines of red copper and yellow gold which surpasses anything in the history of minerals.

While passing through these valleys and mountains, which only a few years ago were guarded by military forts, a stop was made at a little town on the Southern Pacific Railroad which looked as if it were just awakening from a nap. It was said to have a salubrious climate and most healthful water. Stopping to investigate, we were caught by the spell of its personality, and tempted to remain long enough to see what was doing. In bold letters we read "Hotel and Saloon" on a well gotten up sign board just across from the station. It was questioned how a lady was to get in, as the saloon was the principal entrance and registry department. A parlor door was discovered, though, and we got registered, and as we were looking for air and water, we remained and found many other things. The old hotel proved a place of much interest. The thick adobe walls gave an atmosphere of quiet and seclusion, while the heavy carpet, rich curtains and deep-toned piano in the parlor suggested an old Virginia or South Carolina hotel. For thirty years it had been the social center of the village and surrounding country. It had been the hostelry of the ranchers during their stays in town, the cowboys passing in and out, clinked glasses at the bar with Eastern capitalist and metropolitan drummers. The wife of the cattleman sat leisurely in the parlor and listened to the melody in F from Rubenstein or asked for La Miserere from "Il Trovatore" with as much familiarity as a Boston Conservatory student. No culture, no travel, no type, no creed or cast seemed new or out of place in the little village.

Leaving the hotel with its odd mixture of humanity, a stroll down the street brought a new impression of things. The offices and business houses were a strange mingling of old and new, so from this we got our key to conditions. Here was an old town taking on new life. Different from the New Mexico town we were speaking of. There all was new. Here was something better, the old and new joining hands. For thirty years this little town had sat by the road in the sun, its principal business feature being the immense stock pens some few hundred yards up the railroad, and its claim to distinction being that more cattle had been shipped from its yards than from any town in the territory. The few merchants of the place had made money supplying the cattlemen, and an easy, unmolested life had been enjoyed

by the inhabitants for long years. Among themselves they had an established social order, and when they wished a breath of the outside world the S. P. quickly and easily carried them to Los Angeles, El Paso, New Orleans, Washington and New York. In truth a charming life had been the order here.

Just now rapid changes were in evidence. Some shrewd fellow had learned of this cattleman's paradise. The largest shipping point for cattle to him meant the combination of free range, plenty of water and good grass. Figured out, this suggested a settled country with homes on every one hundred and sixty acres of land. Why not investigate it? He did. Every twelve or fifteen miles he found a ranch house with here and there a place upon which homes had been made. He noticed that chickens did well, and the fruits and vegetables grown were of the most delicate meat and delicious flavor. The native grasses were tall, and where cottonwood and locust had been planted they showed a luxuriant green, which indicated underground moisture. These facts were sufficient. He secured co-operation, brought out a colony, advertised the lands and the country was rapidly peopled. The abundant shallow water made irrigation a delight, and a vision of a valley to vie with the best California could show soon rewarded his efforts.

The high and beautiful mountains surrounding the valley were yielding masses of copper, and the mines meant markets for the products of the farmer. All of this influx meant for the merchant to enlarge his store, the depot to employ more men, the hotel to be crowded, and, in fact, more accommodation to be provided in schools, churches and all departments of life. Consequently a new addition was platted, lots sold, houses built, fresh coats of paint touched up the business part of town, and the mingling of the old and new citizens in work, social life and business interests was creating an old new town of the most substantial order and unique character. Each feature of it had undergone some alteration. Only its name, like that of the maiden lady, remained unchanged.

SAN FRANCISCO

BY LENORE PETERS

O city on a hundred hills,
Your rugged, youthful beauty fills
My soul with wondering, and thrills
  My heart to hope!

I love your winds upon my cheek,
Their rough caresses seem to speak
Of distant vastness cold and bleak
  Whence they've escaped.

I love your fog that rolls so free,
A tender off'ring of the sea,
Your shelt'ring comforter to be
  From heat and cold!

You stand apart from all the rest,
The winds, the sea have loved you best!
Ah, bravest blossom of the West,
  God be with you!

CROSSING IN THE FOG

BY FLORENCE LAND MAY

THEY WERE returning from a drive and passed a burning tenement house—one of those choked, crowded affairs seen in the large Eastern cities. Frantic men, women and children were hanging from the high windows and tumbling over each other on the fire escapes. More than one heart-chilling thud and shriek of agony greeted Evelyn's ears as the dog-cart paused and she sprang out, crying: "Let us help! Quick, Noel!"

The man flung the reins to the footman and followed Evelyn, somewhat slowly.

The girl's voice rose high with excitement: "Oh, look! There! Above you—the fourth—no, the fifth story window—a woman is holding out a child! Oh, Noel, look at her face! Poor thing! She is pleading with us to catch the little creature! Here!" grasping a corner of the heavy lap robe and pulling it out of the cart.

"Where on earth are the fire engines? On the other side? Ah, I see a stream of water! Oh, see, the woman still holds out the child—she is faint, she staggers!"

Handing the dazed Noel the other end of the lap-robe she cried: "Hold firm, Noel! Steady, now!"

The mother in the window above made a signal and dropped the child.

Evelyn ground her teeth together and followed it with up-lifted eyes as it fell down, down. Faster and faster it came through the smoke-laden air. She felt the buffalo robe tremble.

"Now!" shrieked Evelyn; "firmly!" but the lap-robe fell at her feet, and immediately a shock greeted her ears. Glancing down she saw, and heard a shriek as the mother's form fell backward into the flames above.

Noel stood a little way off. He was wiping his face dazedly.

Evelyn gave him a curious glance and bent over the child. It was older than she had thought. Had it fallen into the outstretched robe the shock would have been a severe one to them.

She wrapped the crushed heap in the warm robe and exclaimed: "I will give it decent burial for the mother's sake!"

She glanced toward Noel, expecting him to offer assistance, but he shrank back with an expression of repulsion.

"Don't!" he cried. "Leave it! Let us go home! You've seen enough of these horrors!"

The girl gave him a wondering, contemptuous glance, and he flinched.

"My—hand slipped, Evelyn," he said blunderingly.

"You had better leave me," replied the girl, quietly. "This is no place for cowards. I will go home alone."

The man turned silently and went—and that had been the last.

II.

"It's too bad!" exclaimed Tom Lascalles; "I've got to go back!"

"Back!" echoed his companion deprecatingly.

She was a tall girl with an undulating grace of movement, commonly called "willowy." Now, however, she stopped short and faced Tom. In an hour they were due across the bay at San Rafael.

"Why, I've forgotten that lease of Symmes. He is to call to see me about it at San Rafael to-morrow morning. I simply must go back for it, else I will have to return to the city to-morrow. That would spoil our holiday."

His eyes were tender, and under the pretense of impressing his words upon her, he gave her arm a faint pressure.

Evelyn met his gaze without flushing. She was thirty, since last March, and felt that she could look life and love in the face sensibly. Her eyes turned from Tom to

the crowd about them. The Tiburon ferry's waiting room was filling rapidly. Would Tom have time to get back to her?

"We'll miss the five-ten, but we can get the six-thirty," she replied resignedly. "That will give you over an hour. It will take quite all of that. I'll read and wait here. I would prefer to do so to having that dreadful jam in the cars at this hour," she added, as Lascalles turned to go.

She followed his figure with her eyes until she saw him swing himself onto a car. How strong he was! Six feet three in height, broad shouldered, good-looking —Evelyn felt that she had secured a prize in physical strength and beauty. But these were not all of Tom's attractions, she told herself. She liked his fresh wholesomeness, his purity of expression, which contrasted oddly with his physique. One could tell at a glance that his thoughts were as clean as a woman's.

"Cleaner than most," Evelyn declared *sotto voce*. She liked men better than women. She liked them as comrades, friends and, she thought comfortably, Tom was something of both; yet he was the lover, too, dominating, convincing.

She closed her eyes and recalled her meeting with Tom and their immediate and complete understanding. He had not asked for her, but had simply taken her, and the feted society woman liked it. Nor had Tom apologized for his primitive manner of living nor offered her more than his love.

He had taken it for granted that "the right kind of woman" would give all without hesitation, as simply as he would have done had the case been reversed.

Therein lay his charm for Evelyn—yet there was something behind the pleasant good-nature of Tom's external appearance which savored of firmness, even hardness. She felt that he would brook no trifling, no shirking of responsibilities. It was almost as if he exclaimed: "I have no time in my busy existence for nonsense. Life is to me a serious affair. I but pause in my battle with the strong forces to take unto myself a mate. No puling weakling for me. You are a tiger, I another tiger—we will journey on together."

Evelyn consented to be wooed in his way. She liked her fiance's bluffness and life was a plain affair—its lethe of social pleasure all drunk to dregs and disgust. She had had her dreams of heroism, romance; often, in the fullness of possession that had been hers since infancy, she had wondered whether it would ever be her privilege to sacrifice self for others in a way which counted in the scheme of things. And now she found herself, after a brief struggle with her forces ready to accept Tom's hard lot cheerfully.

Her money, he had declared, he would never use until he had as much to offer.

"It will be cotton instead of silk, little woman," he had said smilingly the day before, as she held out her well-shaped foot to have her shoe tied and he caught a glimpse of a wonderful silk petticoat.

"I know, Tom, dear," she had responded softly. "I think I'd like cotton for a change."

There had been another in her life as a matter of course. What woman ever married her first love?—and Evelyn reminded herself that she was past thirty.

She had believed herself to be made of sterner stuff than to harbor regrets, yet, as she sat there waiting for Tom, memory flung open her portals, and she felt herself dwelling lingeringly upon that last love—that dream of "might-have-beens" which were not.

"What!" she cried impatiently, "have I to do with thee, persistent memory! I have chosen my fate and am content."

Yet the contrasts between the two men who had in turn awakened her being, were too vivid to away.

She loved Tom for his strength; the other had appealed to her through the charm of weakness and dependence upon her. How he had appealed to her with his polish and culture and feminine beauty! How she had loved his touch, his kisses! Something strangled her and she gave a choking cry, checking herself at once as curious eyes fastened upon her.

All would have gone well with Noel Raymond and herself but for that fatal discovery. She had known that he was weak, she had not realized——

It was ten years ago now, and well she recalled the afternoon of their parting and the circumstance.

Evelyn shook herself, sat up and glanced at her watch. The gate was open and the

crowd filing through. Still no sign of Tom. In his hurry, he had left his overcoat as well as his suit case, and Evelyn feared he would be cold. At any rate, he would miss the six-thirty, and there was no other boat until eight-thirty. What should she do? They had been invited over to San Rafael for the week-end, and their hostess would dine at seven-thirty.

The dinner was to be an elaborate affair in honor of her and Tom's approaching marriage.

She waited until the last passenger had filed through the gate, and the gate-keeper shouted "All aboard!" then followed hastily.

As it was, she would reach Tiburon at 7 p. m. and would arrive at San Rafael too late to dress without keeping Mrs. Driscoll waiting. She would have to excuse Tom, who would in all probability follow on the nine o'clock boat via Sausalito. This was the last boat by way of Tiburon.

So hasty had been her decision that she had not had time to check the dress-suit case and overcoat at the news-stand; besides, Tom would, in all probability, not think to call for them, she reminded herself. She was so heavily encumbered with hand-baggage that she decided to remain below deck, outside of the cabin.

The evening was foggy and the wind blowing a gale through the Golden Gate. Finding her own wraps insufficient, she donned Tom's overcoat, laughing gaily over the spectacle she was making of herself—still, there was no one to see. She was alone on the outer deck. At any rate the pockets were nice and warm for her hands to nestle in, and the deep collar sheltered her ears and neck from the cold; she felt very comfortable in Tom's coat.

As they reached the center of the bay between Belvedere and San Francisco, directly opposite the Golden Gate, the ferry boat entered a dense fog bank. Evelyn couldn't see ten feet away. Why didn't they use the searchlight, she wondered, as she huddled closer to the cabin, from which issued the sound of laughter and voices. The saloon and cafe were below deck, and were filled with half-drunken men. Evelyn shuddered. She hated drunkenness above all things. She remembered gladly that Tom drank but very little.

Dear Tom! What was he thinking? He had probably arrived by now to find her gone. Tom had been dabbling a little in real estate since the fire and had made some successful leases and sales. It was one way, he said, of helping out.

He was already looking forward to the time when his fortune should equal hers, after which they would travel and do all sorts of pleasant things together. Meantime she would have to—as he expressed it—"wear cotton."

Evelyn dimpled as she remembered the trays full of fine lingerie and silk underwear she had stored away in her several trunks. Poor, silly Tom! Would he make her discard her finery until he could afford to buy it for her? She half liked the idea.

The fog-horns were blowing hoarsely, and their discordant note sent a shock through the girl. The cry of the fog-horns always reminded her of a soul in pain. The sound was almost human. She shuddered. There it was again! A shock—a grinding of the ferry-boat against rocks—threw her to the floor!

All was wild with confusion. The cabin doors were flung open, and from the upper deck she heard the shrieks of women and children. Later there were voices reassuring the frightened passengers.

"We have struck Alcatraz Island. It is nothing. All right in a minute."

Still the ferry shivered, and was thrown violently against the rocks. The shrieks became more prolonged upstairs, while cries of "We are sinking! We are sinking!" greeted Evelyn's ears.

She held on tightly to the railing, not daring to go inside. She was preparing herself to leap in case the ferry-boat sank. Just then she heard a child's cry, and rushed upstairs.

Quietly she reassured the trembling women and children. She looked tall and self-reliant standing there in a man's coat, and even in their fear the women whispered, "Who is she?"

Lights flickered dimly from Alcatraz, the fortified prison island, and voices called to voices in the fog. Finally a swarm of soldiers and officers leaped on board from the big boat that had been put out, and slowly but surely the ferry boat was pulled off the rocks. The paddles churned the water once more, the

whistles shrieked, and the ferry was again on her way to Tiburon.

Evelyn bethought herself of the two dress-suit cases she had left below deck.

Dropping the baby she had been holding gently into its relieved mother's lap, she flew downstairs. Yes, there they were, only pushed a little to one side. She sighed with satisfaction. She would be too late for the dinner—but what matter? After such an experience she had no appetite for dinner or toasts. She would be only too happy to creep quietly to bed.

They were almost across now, so she decided not to go back upstairs. She crossed over to the rail and leaned over. Yes, certainly the fog was slowly lifting. The lights of Sausalito twinkled plainly in the distance, resembling a delicate diamond necklace. Behind them, Alcatraz Island rose ghost-like out of the fog, resembling a haunted castle.

Evelyn watched the churned foam at the ferry-boat's side, and admired the phosphorescent waves of light as the water receded from the paddle wheel. Suddenly she became aware of a human presence, and glanced about her hastily.

She saw no one, yet that strange certainty swept over her, so common to the impressionable nature, that she was not alone. She scanned the semi-darkness, and finally rebuked herself for her foolish fancies.

As she turned her back to the railing, glancing toward Angel Island, over which a new moon hung suspended like a silver disc, she noticed a form wriggling toward her. She started, and almost screamed, but regained her control as she fixed her fascinated gaze upon the object and waited.

It would take but a moment to give the alarm, and meanwhile she was transfixed with curiosity and fear. The wriggling object was a man, and his figure was curved close to the railing while inch by inch he worked his way toward Evelyn's still figure. As he drew nearer, he placed his hand upon his lips in token of a desire for silence.

Just at that moment the searchlight played upon the waters of the bay, resting for a brief moment upon the crouching form of Evelyn's strange companion. With a gasping cry she recognized him.

"Noel!" she cried in stifled tones. "Noel!"

The man gazed at her imploringly, and she half met him as he crawled toward her.

"Not here! In the shadow of that post there!" he gasped, and half dragging him along, Evelyn recognized the fact that he wore the dress of a military prisoner. She touched his shoulder. It was wet from the spray. She gazed into his wild, haggard eyes, and exclaimed:

"For heaven's sake, Noel, what does this mean?"

He interrupted, calling, "Brandy; quick!"

Evelyn was at her wits' ends, but, remembering Tom's baggage, she felt for a flask of brandy. Finding it without trouble, she puckered her brow. "Why, I wonder if Tom——"

The prisoner stared at her curiously and she passed him the flask, from which he drank in great gulps.

"You must help me out of this Evelyn," he said rapidly, the brandy seemingly giving him strength. "It'll be no news to you to learn that I've acted like a fool."

"Wait!" gasped the woman. Thus saying, she threw off the overcoat and pressed it upon him.

"This will disguise you and keep you warm. This," pulling out a muffler from Tom's suit-case, "you must wrap around your head. Now pull this hat"—she took out a soft slouch hat which Tom had stuffed in at the last minute,—"well down over your eyes. The sleeves hide your hands, the coat reaches to your ankles. Now, before the boat lands, tell me quickly!"

They were almost opposite the army post at Angel Island. Raymond looked that way once and shuddered.

"If you'll help me out of this hole, I'll love you forever, Ev.," he began hopefully. "My Uncle Ralph died the other day and left me half a million. I was tied up there at that d—— island for another year for desertion——"

"Desertion!" repeated the woman, every vestige of color leaving her cheeks, her eyes flashing dangerously—"Desertion!"

"Oh, I say, Ev., don't be too hard on a fellow. I did it for you in the first place."

"Did what for me?" asked Evelyn, impatiently. "Be quick; we are almost there."

"You see, you told me I was a coward, and after that I went to the devil. 'Twas your fault, Evelyn; you could have made a man of me."

At that instant a man's face was pressed against the glass door of the cabin and the two figures huddled together fearfully. But no—he had not opened the door; he was gone.

"Tell me all," gasped Evelyn, clutching him rudely. "If I'm to help you, be quick!"

She handed him the trousers of Tom's dress-suit. "Put these over those. I'll turn my back," she exclaimed. "Throw the coat of your uniform overboard. It's the safest. Her voice lingered a moment hesitatingly over the word "uniform."

"Dear Tom will forgive me," she declared to herself. "Now tie the scarf closer around your neck—so—we are landing. There's no time for the story. "Here," pressing a purse into his hand, "take the same train with me to San Rafael, but sit behind me. To-morrow you can return to the city at dawn and board the limited for Chicago. Do not stop an instant. You may write me the particulars. One question: Where were you when you deserted?"

"It was in the Philippines," he replied. "I volunteered as a common soldier. I did it for the lark, you know, and to prove to you that I was—no coward—but—when the battle came and those cannibal savages were after us——"

"I see," replied the girl, "you ran——"

"Well, Ev., yes, but I think you're rather hard on a fellow. I did it for you. I'll send for you, Ev., from New York; see if I don't."

"You will not send for me—you will leave the country," replied the woman, firmly. "Keep close to me," she whispered; "we have landed. Don't slink behind—keep up with the crowd."

"The turnkey had left my door open a moment when the ferry-boat struck. I was a 'trusty.' I swung myself on the tug as she pulled out, and that's how I escaped," he whispered.

"I shall expect you to dinner to-morrow," Evelyn cried, a little loudly.

Curious, searching glances were directed their way. Evelyn avoided the eyes of some friends who tried to bow to her.

She gazed straight in front of her as she said in a low tone, "Keep the suit-case. My—the man who owns it will not mind. I get off at San Rafael. You must get away as quickly as you can—to-night, if you can, to Petaluma. Better not try to go back to the city. I believe this train which we take goes on beyond San Rafael.'

"My God!" murmured the man, "but you must have loved me; must, do, love me now. Meet me in New York. The world lies before us. I have still my career—my art, and half a million besides. Evelyn, dear, come!"

His face lighted radiantly.

A slow, contemptuous smile played upon the woman's face. They were off the boat now, moving slowly with the crowd.

"What I have done has been for the sake of what *was,*" declared Evelyn slowly and distinctly; "never let me regret that I have done it!"

The man's face flushed redly. It was as if a whip had struck him. Her words were so many lashes.

"Aren't you a little hard?" he began again, but she was silently hurrying him along.

"My God!" he cried, "it is terrible!"

"Hush; you can begin again!" she replied.

"What is the use?" he exclaimed hopelessly—then clutched her arm like a vise.

A cannon's shot boomed upon the air.

"It's a pity," a ranchman's wife exclaimed behind them, "that such as him should be wed with such as her."

"How ye know?" asked her husband, loudly. "Be they sweethearts?"

"Why, Jonas, can't ye see? She be a-taking care of him."

Just then a sound shook the air that made the hills tremble. A prisoner had escaped.

It seemed to Evelyn that the very heavens took up the cry, but her step was firm as she half-helped, half-dragged her companion onto the waiting train.

III.

About twelve o'clock that night Tom Lascalles crossed the drawing-room to where Evelyn sat. Mrs. Driscoll had

waited dinner for him in vain. He had just arrived and was attired in his business suit.

Evelyn was resplendent in evening dress and looked as sweetly calm as if nothing unusual had happened. A feeling of exultation swept over Tom to think that she was his own. She appeared more than usually tender and womanly, he thought, and he noticed the softened lines about her eyes and mouth.

"How did we miss each other?" she cried, speaking with a soft rush. Her eyes sparkled with nervous excitement, as she thought of all that had occurred since their parting a few hours ago.

"Well, I didn't find the combination for the safe, and had to go to Van Wynkle's residence on Van Ness avenue to get it," he explained apologetically. "You didn't become very tired, did you, with the waiting?"

"Oh, Tom!" she whispered; "it was dreadful to miss you like that!"

"Was it, dear?" he asked, tenderly.

"Yes, and I hope you'll forgive me—I—I—left your overcoat and dress-suit case. I—must have fallen asleep. At any rate, it is gone."

He noticed that a tear glistened on her lashes, and that her voice was husky.

"You forgive me, do you not?" she pleaded, and Tom could not understand that darkening of her eyes and the eager manner in which her hand caught his.

"You make too much of a trifle, dear one," he exclaimed.

"Yes, it was, as you say, a trifle," she replied, hesitatingly.

She had deceived him, yet she had never loved him so entirely as she did at that moment.

Something of it must have shown in her face, for he bent over her tenderly, saying:

"Never mind, Evelyn, I—I will need new clothes for—our wedding, you know."

She glanced archly at him and his face flushed a dull red.

"Come into the conservatory for a moment—I—haven't kissed you once today."

Evelyn rose slowly to her feet, and all eyes followed their stately figures as they passed out of the room into the damp, sweet-smelling conservatory.

"Oh, Tom," she cried, throwing her arms about him in utter abandon, "you are such a comfort. You are all and more than I wish, my love!"

Tom was too surprised to do more than stroke her hair gently, saying soothingly:

"It is all right!"

Neither saw a white, drawn face pressed against the moist panes of the conservatory, nor heard the strangling cry of disappointment and agony as a man dashed out of the gate into the night. Both were surprised, however, the next morning, to find Tom's dress-suit case at the front door with his overcoat neatly folded on top.

HUNTING BY AUTOMOBILE

BY E. M. STETSON

IT HAS ALWAYS been thought that an automobile was not suited for hunting, but it seems that there is hardly anything that the auto cannot be forced into doing. One would think it would be too noisy, or that it could not be made to climb into the inaccessible places where the hunter must go to get his game, for its services to be available, but all of this is removed by the will of the one who drives the auto, and wills to use it on his hunting expeditions.

Antelope hunting in Montana is one of the keenest sports in which the natives of that State indulge, and like many other pastimes it has felt the growing influence of the motor car. One of the wealthiest ranchers in Montana, who has profited by the general adaptability of the automobile is C. P. Morse, of Billings, who in idle periods spends much time hunting the elusive antelope and thereby entertaining his friends in motor cars.

He has long since discarded his horses and wagons, having found that the auto takes him to and from the hunting grounds quicker than horses and with less trouble. With the cars, he is enabled, also, to do a large amount of scouting and reconnoitering, and to pursue the antelopes into the foothills and the rugged country where they love to stay. These races with the fleet-footed travelers of the plains are most exhilarating and exciting. The chase is finer sport than the killing, and the motor cars keep the little fellows hustling.

Hunters in California are now getting automobiles that are guaranteed to go up steep mountain sides, and not to shy at rough places and ridges with rocks and cacti. The effort seems to be to get a car of such durability and speed that it will stand the steep climbs as well as go rapidly to and from the hunting places. This is like getting a cow of such a character as to produce lots of milk and of the highest test of richness in the quality of milk. These traits may be found in rare instances, but they do not come in every herd. Automobiles may, accordingly, be manufactured that will bring the two results into one machine (man can do almost anything when he sets his mind to it), but the chances are that one or other of the requirements, either speed or strength, will be sacrificed to the other.

A party near Los Angeles claims to have such a car. They took it into the coast mountains, along above Santa Monica, to hunt deer. They went with a complete camping outfit and passed all of one whole day in beating the brush, after they got their machine on top of the mountains back of the Malibu ranch. No doubt the deer smelled the gasoline and took to their hiding places in a hurry, for the hunters got nothing until the next afternoon. Probably the smell of gasoline had been wafted away, or the animals had grown accustomed to it, and came out after a drink.

The buck which they had killed that day weighed 150 pounds—they all do, when the account is given by an interested party. A deer of heavier weight is not often given, and one of less, never. The hunters had a good time scrambling over the rocks, through the brush across the gulch to get their prize. But when it was borne to the waiting automobile, there was only a short wait, and one evening of venison steaks, before it was carried quickly back to the city for inspection and verification of the hunter's good luck stories.

One or more hunters have come in with remarkable stories of the introduction of the automobile to the tribe of bear. These animals seem to have either a great antipathy for or a great curiosity about the buzz-wagon.

At any rate, they do not get out of the way as rapidly as do other animals when the automobile comes upon their vision. One party near Lagrange tells a rather interesting story, even if it is told for effect, of a collision with a big bear of the brown variety on the public highway nearly twenty-eight miles from any habitation.

The bear, according to the automobilists, rose on his hind legs to give battle to their car, which was approaching at the rate of forty miles an hour. The emotions of both the bear and the occupants of the car may be imagined. The occupants, or the driver, anyway, with a keen relish of the result to the bear, no doubt had a picture of Mr. Bruin sailing about fifty feet through the air and lying there ready for the taxidermist to begin immediate operations.

The bear, beyond a doubt, had strong inspirations of how he was going to land on that thing that came like a great member of his own family that had been imbibing too freely of fire-water, and was out to kill everything at sight and all together.

Neither party realized his highest expectations. Bruin, when struck, fell on the hood of the machine, and was carried thirty yards of the fastest riding he ever undertook, before he slipped off and fell down by the roadside. His ideas of being the champion were sadly shattered. The chauffeur was so excited that he forgot to ring a bell or stop the car when his passenger alighted, but went straight on for ten yards and landed in a mud hole. Here the car had reached its destination. What to do was the next question. So the driver backed out. The roar of the exhaust sounded like the explosion of guns. Rip, rip, rip, boom, came the snorting thing towards the recumbent bear. Like one raised from the dead, he roused himself, gave one look at the sputtering thing, and fled, ingloriously, into the woods. Neither party has been heard to say that they were looking for the other since their last meeting—neither the automobilists nor the bear.

THE PARTING

BY RALPH VELLIQUETTE

Once in the tender moonlight, and beneath
A vernal arch, her soul shone from her eyes,
And faint she whispered, with ambrosial breath,
"I am thine, dearest!" Ah, the glad surprise
And joy of that sweet moment, when I held
My bride-elect within encircling arms,
With all Love's haunting doubts and fears dispelled,
And eyes for naught but her endearing charms.

'Twas but a dream.' No more do I behold
The tender love-light in her dark eyes shine,
For now it is unchanging, clear and cold,
And like the starlight, solemn and divine.
The marbles of Love's tomb gleam pure and white,
Amidst the verdure of enchanted groves,
Relieved and mellowed by the tender light
Which heaven sheds o'er him who lives—and loves.

A SMALL CHINESE CITY

BY ROGER SPRAGUE

WE READ in the fascinating pages of Prescott of the peculiar and primitive civilization which the ancient Aztecs had worked out for themselves and so surprised the Spaniards when they landed in Mexico. In chapter after chapter, we read of their brick and stone houses, of their cities and temples, of their skill as weavers and as workers in metal, of their agriculture, and of their arts of war and peace. All that is past and gone; but when the traveler lands in China, he finds himself in the midst of just such a primitive civilization, except that it is not stained by the cruel barbarities which disgraced the Aztecs and gave the Spaniards ample excuse for their conquest of the country. It has been said of China, "We have here a nation whose civilization, contemporary with that of Nineveh and Babylon, has been preserved by the accident of its isolation for the edification of the critical twentieth century." Any one interested in the study of extinct or prehistoric civilizations could not do better than study that of China.

No feature of the country seems more odd or antiquated to an American than does the city wall. In China a city is not a city at all unless it is surrounded by a wall, which is sometimes roughly square, more often roughly circular in outline, and rises 25 or 30 feet above the ground, while in larger places these figures are greatly exceeded. During the year that the writer was a resident of the great city of Chentu in Western China, his quar-

Memorial arch on the road near Yah To.

ters at the Provincial College were only about five minutes' walk from the city wall, and often in the evening I used to repair to the top of the wall for a quiet stroll. There could be found the best promenade in Chentu. Smooth, level, well-paved with massive brick, the space between the inner and outer parapets is 40 feet broad. From there, except in the immediate vicinity of the city gates, you have a view over the river, the groves, and even the rice fields of the Chentu plain. Indeed, for much of its extent, cultivated fields extend up to the very foot of the wall. In China, the country is frequently as beautiful as the towns are miserable and sordid. The consequence was, that the view was in marked contrast, as my gaze wandered within the city or without.

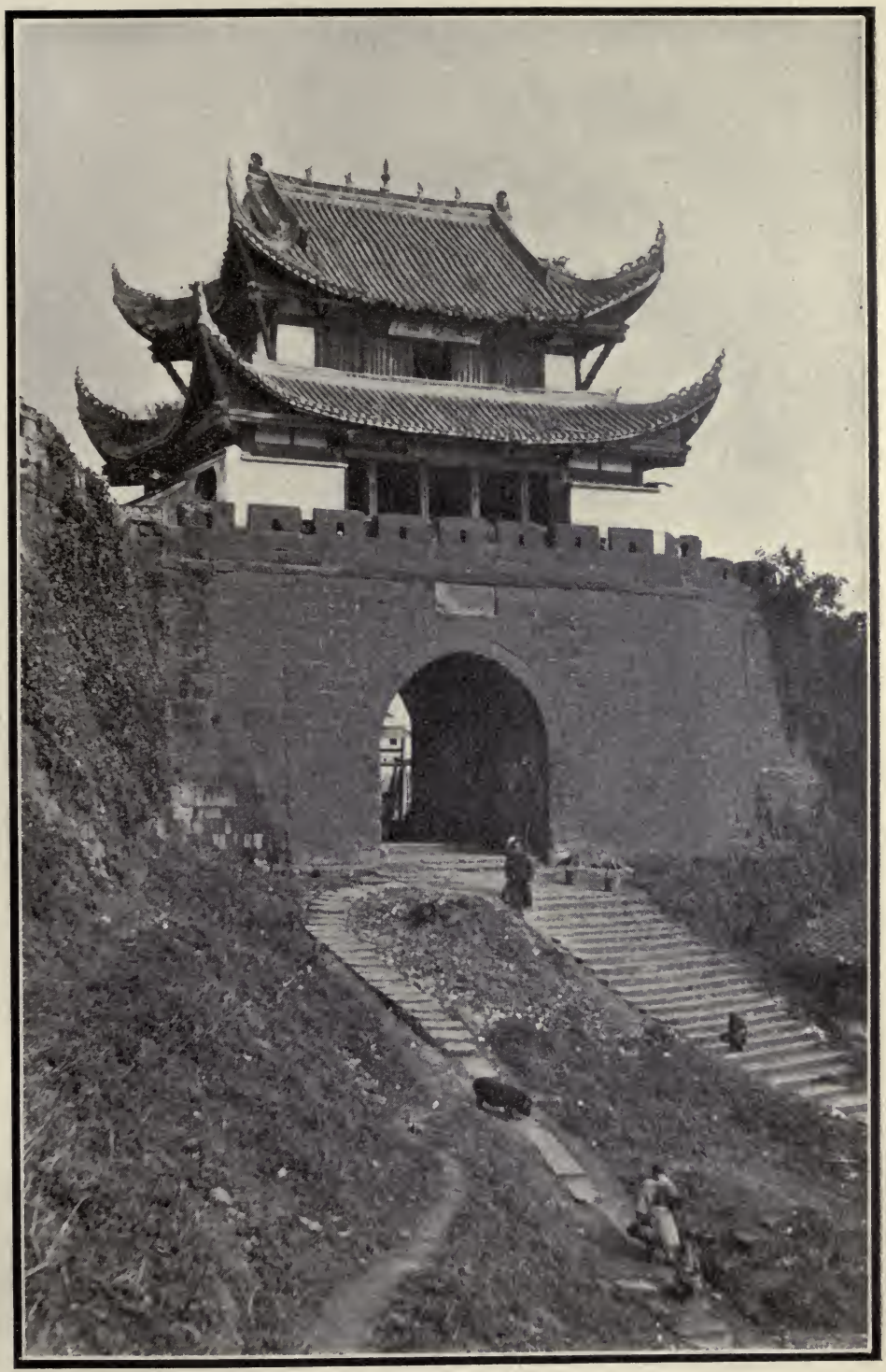
Walled cities are scattered over the country, usually at intervals of a day's journey (about 30 miles), but it may be in a thickly populated district that the interval is not more than half so great. On the Chentu plain there are five walled cities within half a day's journey in different directions from the capital. In more thinly populated sections, the interval frequently requires two days to traverse.

The walled city is not only the business center for its district, but is also the official center, both civil and military. Within its confines are located the yamens of the magistrates and also the temples of the gods. Furthermore, it is the educational center. Within the walled cities we see whatver is best that the very primitive civilization of China has to offer. The writer has visted many such centers. Let me select one and describe it.

Recently the writer had an opportunity, while returning from a year's residence in Chentu, the capital of the province of Four Streams, to make a side trip to Yah Jo. This city lies four days' journey southwest from Chentu, and is on the main road leading into Thibet. Consequently the road is paralleled by the telegraph line, and the accommodations for travelers are good; that is, good for China. The above is not high praise, for in China, if you put up at a good inn, it is as though you had lodgings in a stable. If at a bad inn, it can only be compared to a pig-sty. As a rule, the best room is immediately contiguous to the worst smell, but on the road to Yah Jo the arrangement is altogether different. Three nights I slept in Chinese inns, and every night the story was the same. No unmentionable odors obtruded themselves, and every night the room possessed a floor which was in good condition. Not only was this true at the principal towns which mark the ends of the regular stages, but also in the small towns and villages between. It was not until the middle of the last day's journey that a town was reached where the inns were really bad.

Yah Jo is situated on the river Yah, which river the traveler, coming from Chentu, must cross to reach the city. In the winter, this is done on a floating bridge made of bamboos bound together. In the summer by a ferry. Once across the river, the road follows up the bank of a small creek, a tributary to the Yah, and crosses it by a handsome stone bridge of five arches. As soon as you are across the bridge, you enter the east suburb of Yah Jo, a straight, well-kept street about a quarter of a mile long and lined with shops. This leads to the East Gate, entering which you have before you a clean, straight street (broad for China), which runs right through the city to the West Gate. This street is about half a mile long. I walked from one end to the other easily in ten minutes.

What would you see if you walked along this street? The various features which would present themselves would be so thoroughly typical of all the large towns that it is best to give the description in general terms. In all the walled cities of Western China, nearly all the features are of the same type. A description of one such city would in most respects do for the rest. There are certain kinds of shops which always abound. First and foremost are the shops where food is to be bought. There are the restaurants with their furnaces where the cooking is done, and with lines of bowls set out in front filled with vegetables and chopped meat. Then there are the tea shops with their square tables and numerous customers. In fact, the tea shops are the only shops in China which never seem to lack for trade. The wine shops, with their great, swelling, closely-covered jars of wine, are



A city gate in Western China.

A Western China landscape.

found in all cities. The pork butcher is always prominently in evidence, his stock in trade being hung close by the side of the street. The baker of biscuits made of wheat flour is another who is never missing, and there are always plenty of shops where hulled rice may be bought.

And then there are the shops devoted to the sale of clothing. The maker of Chinese caps is always in evidence, usually occupying a shop smaller than the average, and usually to be seen manufacturing further caps to add to his stock in trade, the entire work being carried on either on the counter or immediately behind it. Other shops are filled with boots and shoes, and others with second-hand clothing. But the shops which usually present the most prosperous air are those in which cloth is sold. These frequently present an attractive appearance on account of specimens of the brilliantly flowered cloth with which the Chinese cover their quilts being hung behind the counter. The profits of the cloth merchants must be enormous when sales are made, for customers are usually lacking.

Then we have the workers in metals. There are the silversmiths with their glass fronted boxes containing ornaments laboriously hammered out from the pure metal; the coppersmiths, with their shop kettles, lamps, and other utensils hammered from sheets of copper; the blacksmiths, each shop containing a forge where work is probably going on. In order to trade, money is needed, and it is never necessary to go far to find cash shops, where copper cash is exchanged for silver or vice versa. These shops, when they do not hang out the cash itself, always suspend above the counter, as a sign to attract the public, two or more wooden representations of strings of cash, but of a size much larger than the real thing. In the larger centers, these are sometimes made of highly-polished brass instead of wood.

A newcomer's attention would more

probably be arrested by the crockery shops than by any other. These always present a pleasing appearance. Their brilliant blue and white wares, neatly arranged against the walls in rows that rise from floor to ceiling, always catch the eye. These vases and dishes, by the way, have all been brought many hundreds of miles up the streams from Kiangsi Province.

The book stores are seldom calculated to strike the observer, but the shops where Chinese medicines are sold are always neat and prosperous-looking. The next thing after the medicine is the coffin, and the coffin-makers are found everywhere and are never backward in displaying their wares.

Besides all these, a class of shops has arisen during recent years known as "foreign stores." At these are sold miscellaneous articles imported from foreign countries, especially from Japan and Germany. It would be a profitless task to try to recount what these stores sell, but the articles must be such as will stand long-distance transportation and can be sold cheaply. Kerosene lamps usually occupy a prominent place. Cans of condensed milk are to be found. These are elbowed by boxes of worsted mittens and by bottles of cyanide of potassium, for it is a curious fact that this most deadly of poisons is freely sold in almost every store which carries foreign goods.

Such are the typical shops to be found in abundance in all Chinese cities, nor have I exhausted the list, for I have not mentioned the sellers of candles, with their shops hung with their gaudy wares, red without and white within, each attached to a splinter of bamboo on which the wick is wound; the sellers of sandals, who supply the foot-covering for the bearers of burdens; and the sellers of lanterns, for lanterns of many descriptions are universally used in China.

Were you to visit Yah Jo and traverse it from the east gate to the west, you would find the street lined with shops of the various types which I have been describing. They are of the conventional Chi-

Birdseye view of Yah To, showing American Mission.

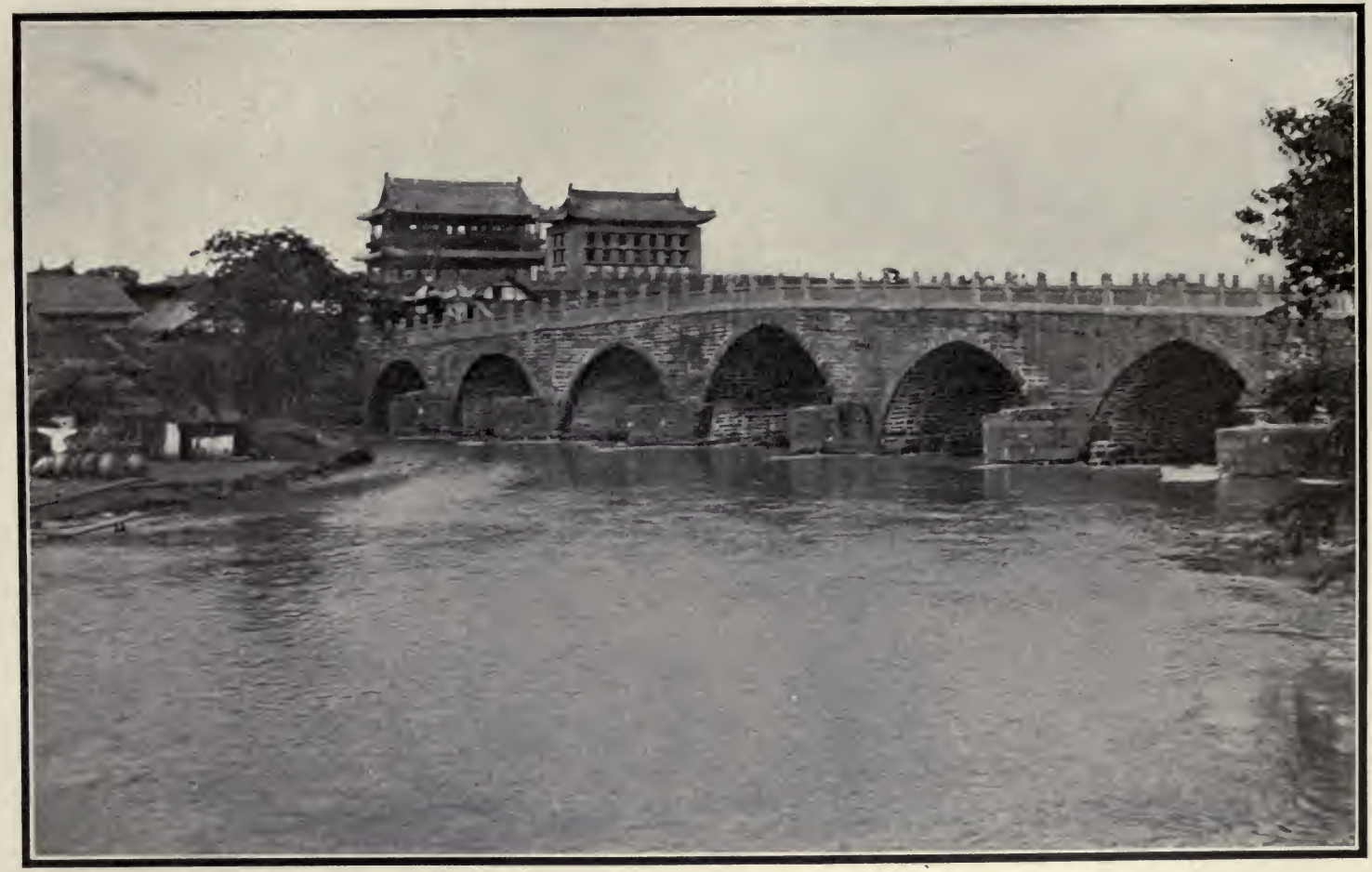
nese type, wide open to the street by day, the fronts being boarded up at night with wooden shutters. In order to give a local flavor to the place, you would also find shops where hemp cloth and cordage are retailed. You would find the street well paved; in the center, with broad flags; on either side with cobbles. You would find the streets well swept; in fact, as clean and neat as in any city in China. As you entered the gate, were you to glance ahead, you would see in the distance two tall poles, each of these poles carrying a clumsy square construction about half way up, resembling a huge crow's nest. These poles are planted opposite the entrance of the Daotai Yamen, where the official in charge of the prefecture resides. This yamen is just half way from the east gate to the west, and is as near as may be to the center of the city. In that part of the main street near the yamen, the quality of the shops is best. As you recede towards the gates, the quality of the shops falls off. On this street are also located all the principal inns, and yet if you were to walk from the east gate to the west, you would not see a single handsome shop front, or brilliantly decorated entrance. And if you were to explore the city, you would find only one business establishment which you would be tempted to stop and admire. Only one which is well built and handsomely decorated according to the higher laws of Chinese taste. This is a bank near the north gate.

The plan of the city is simple. One long main street running from the east gate to the west, paralleled by two other streets, one on each side. These are connected by five cross streets. On these cross streets you would find a poorer class of shops, occupied by workers in wood, and makers of clothing, corresponding to our cabinet makers and tailors.

Most of the temples and yamens, except of course the Daotai Yamen, are located on the street which lies south of the main street and parallel to it. Among these are the temple of the city god, where are displayed the carved groups representing the tortures of the Buddhist hell. Whether there is a Buddhist heaven does not appear from an inspection of their temples. But that there is a place for the punishment of the unrepentant sinner is always impressed upon the visitor. The carvings represent the victims as being driven into fiery furnaces, as being skinned alive, and as undergoing other tortures too frightful to relate.

Close to this temple is located the residence of the American missionaries. Were you to pay them a visit, you would enter by a typical Chinese gate set in a high brick wall. A typical gate, I said, but in one respect there is a difference. There are no Gate Gods painted on it. As soon as you had passed within, instead of finding yourself in a Chinese court-yard, your path would lie through the center of a broad lawn up to a brick house of an American type. In front is a veranda ten feet deep, with a roof supported by brick pillars. The house itself is about 45x30 feet in dimensions. Entering, you would find yourself in a hall containing a fireplace before which is spread a great tiger skin. To right and left are offices for the head missionary and assistant missionary. These offices each contain a roll-top desk, dictionaries on stands, tables, shelves and the usual office furniture.

At the end of the hall is a door opening into a large room which might be termed the parlor, or the library or the general living room. As a matter of fact, it is a combination of all three. It is a long room provided with a fireplace and mantel. The function of the fireplace has been superseded by a stove from Chicago. The latter stands before the disused and closed grate, its black chimney ascending through the ceiling. On the floor are rugs, mostly of American carpet, except one made of pieces of dog fur, obviously a local product. Scattered around the room are half a dozen big, roomy easy chairs and two small American rocking chairs. Also a sofa, an organ, a writing table, a small writing desk, a small book-case for hymn-books, a larger book-case containing about 250 volumes. Some of these are reference works—Library of Universal History, Hours with the Bible, Matthew Henry's Commentary, History of the Baptists. Others are works of standard literature—Works of Wm. Shakespeare, Poems by Robert Browning, Poems by Mrs. Robert Browning. Besides these there are perhaps a hundred volumes of light modern fiction—"Mr. Crewe's Career," "Old



Bridge in Western China.

Gorgon Graham," "The House of Mirth." On the mantel a handsome clock flanked by two photographs of California scenery. A few Chinese vases stand on the bookcase and mantel. A dozen pictures hang on the wall—"The Angelus," "Stag at Bay," "An English Village Scene," representing the congregation returning from church.

The room is provided with two great broad windows calculated to furnish plenty of light during the dull, grey weather of a Western China winter. They can also be thrown wide open in order to furnish plenty of air during the hot, stifling Western China summer, for these windows do not rise and fall as windows do in America —but swing back on hinges.

A dining room adjoins the parlor, and behind the house is a small veranda entirely surrounded by wire netting. This place is used as a dining room during the summer.

Upstairs are the bedrooms, while the kitchen is in a semi-detached wing.

Memorial arch in Western China.

Yah Jo possesses the usual four city gates, north, south, east and west, and one in addition—the small north gate. Between the north gate and the small north gate, and not far from the wall, are situated the American mission church and hospital. The latter is a large, solidly constructed building, but is not handsome.

Close to the northeast wall is the Roman Catholic mission. This is much the most pretentious place in the city, with its pillared arcades, its large church in imitation of the Gothic Cathedrals of Europe, and its gaudy decorations. The mission is defended by a high brick wall, with towers for marksmen located at each corner.

Yah Jo Fu is a place of some importance for two reasons. First, it is the official center for a large district. Next, it is the center of an important tea-growing district. The tea industry of Yah Jo has already been described by Mr. Archibald Little in his delightful volume, "Mt. Omei and Beyond." Consequently, it is not necessary for me to tell the story over again. I may say, however, that the quality of the tea being sent to Thibet has greatly improved since Mr. Little's visit. I entered a tea hong and watched the process of preparing the goods for shipment. I particularly inquired the value of the tea and learned that the best grade being sent out was worth sixteen ounces of silver per piaul (133 lbs.) A cheaper grade was worth five or six ounces. The large tea hongs are located on the same cross street as the American hospital and close to it.

Yah Jo is the point where tea is collected and forwarded into Thibet. The tea comes up the river on rafts and arrives in great, bulky packages, weighing hundreds of pounds. It is repacked in long, narrow packages, a number of which are fastened on a man's back, and he tramps off for Da Jen Lu. The casual observer would be struck by the fact that they carry tea out of Yah Jo, and carry coal into it. The local coal supply comes from a point about 30 English miles to the west, and every day during the early part of the afternoon the main street is lined on both sides for much of its length by coolies with coal. Each man carries a

Traveling in Western China by sedan chair.

basket of coal strapped to his back, and on top of this basket the large pieces are piled perhaps a foot above his head. He is provided with a short crutch about 3 feet long. When he arrives in the city, he takes his stand by the side of the way, plants the crutch under his basket and waits for a customer. So the coal is sold without the aid of a middleman.

One feature of the city is very surprising to a new-comer; namely, the city wall. The usual Chinese city wall is a bank of earth on the inside, faced with stone on the outside, and the greater part of Yah Jo is defended by a low wall of the conventional type about 15 or 18 feet high. But on the south side the wall assumes enormous proportions, for it rises at least 200 feet above the city. One looks at it from within and sees it rising as steeply as any city wall, and wonders how it came about. As a matter of fact, it is a natural formation, a narrow sharp-crested hill. Between the foot of the hill and the river is a plain, and it is on this plain that the city is located. The hill has been utilized as a natural wall, for it is about as steep as a city wall usually is on the inside. On the outside, it has not been cut to a perpendicular and faced with stone, but has been left as nature made it, except for a stone parapet placed on the summit.

From this hill, not only can fine bird's-eye views be had over the city, but also the mountains can be seen to great advantage. Yah Jo is situated at the beginning of the great Thibetan highland, and might be described as the "jumping-off place" for parties headed into the interior of that country.

The writer's visit was made near the end of January, and some idea of the mildness of the climate may be obtained from the fact that trade was going on briskly into the interior. A party of missionaries was leaving for Da Jen Lu, eight days' journey to the west, a day's journey in the mountains averaging 20 English miles. On the third day it would be necessary to cross a pass 9,700 feet high, but no deep snow was expected or probable. During my stay of eight days at Yah Jo, one day was cold, disagreeable and drizzly. During the remainder of the time the days were frequently brilliant with sunshine, which made walking uncomfortably warm for a person in ordinary winter clothing.

The navigation of the Yah River is almost entirely by bamboo rafts, and one of

the experiences to which the traveler visiting this section looks forward is his descent of the Yah river from Yah Jo to Kiating, shooting the rapids and winding through the picturesque gorge nearly a thousand feet in depth and very narrow.

I said good-bye to the American missionaries, by whom I had been most hospitably and courteously entertained, embarked on my raft, shot down the river, and in the remarkably short time of two days was in Kiating.

CAN CAMPHOR BE PRODUCED IN CALIFORNIA?

BY ARTHUR INKERSLEY

CAMPHOR is a gum produced by the camphor tree, nearly the whole supply of the well-known drug being obtained from the Island of Formosa, which belongs to the Japanese. Though the clever and industrious subjects of the Mikado conduct nearly all their enterprises according to the most approved modern methods, their camphor plantations are managed in a very unscientific way. They simply let the camphor trees grow until they are fifty years old, then cut them down and extract the camphor gum from the wood. This process is both slow and extravagant. It is believed by many Americans who are anxious to deprive the Japanese of their monopoly of the world's camphor, and who have examined the question, that camphor of as good a quality as the Formosan can be grown in the United States. Camphor trees will survive a temperature of 20 deg. or lower. In Florida, Southern California and a wide strip of territory contiguous to the Gulf of Mexico the temperature never goes down low enough for a sufficiently long time to kill camphor trees, of which many are already flourishing in the southern counties of California.

Experiments are being made by Professor Duncan, head of the Department of Agricultural Chemistry of the University of Kansas for the purpose of ascertaining whether camphor-trees grown on American soil will yield enough camphor, and of a high enough quality, to render their cultivation profitable. Recently some camphor produced on a plantation in the island of Jamaica was sent to England, but did not find favor there on account of its inferiority to the Formosan gum. The Kansas professor is endeavoring to ascertain what difference there is between the Formosan and Jamaican gum, and to discover a means of refining the latter so as to make its quality equal to that of Formosan camphor. If it is found that camphor of good merchantable quality can be produced in the United States in sufficient quantity, a new American industry will arise. It has already been determined that the leaves of camphor trees grown in this country contain a large amount of the gum, and if the trees will stand cutting back at intervals of five years or so, camphor can be produced at a profit. Like almost everything else, camphor brings a much higher price now than it did some years ago, and it is likely that it will become even more expensive, as the Japanese methods of production are crude and wasteful.

HERE AND THERE IN SHARKDOM

BY LEWIS R. FREEMAN

"DE GUSTIBUS non est disputandum" is a truth of wide application, holding good no less generally in the animal kingdom than in that of man, and in neither more forcefully than in sharkdom. What is one shark's meat is quite likely to be another shark's poison, and because a certain thing is sauce to the voracious "man-eater," it does not necessarily follow that it will be sauce for his epicurean cousin, the "hammer-head."

Regarding the tastes of the sharks of any one locality it is usually possible to speak more definitely, but still with no degree of certainty, and even the likes and dislikes of a single known individual cannot be pinned down and charted as with square and compass. This latter fact was well borne out by the action of a grizzly old fourteen-footer—identified by the rusted stump of a harpoon planted just aft his dorsal—which I chanced to observe one day down at Tongatabu, in the South Pacific. The natives pointed him out to me as he nosed his way about among the other sharks that were nibbling gingerly at the outside corners of tempting hunks of salt beef lowered for their especial delectation, and said that this was the seventh year they had fished for him, with everything from "charmed" cocoanuts and shiny tomato cans to plucked live pelicans and suckling pigs, without even coming near to landing him.

"None has ever seen him so much as smell the bait," said a white-haired old fellow, "and from that we know he must be tabu. Now we no longer give him notice, for we understand that he must be fed and protected by the Evil One."

Hardly were these words spoken before the great harpooned tail of the wily monster in question gave a vigorous swish, a smooth, mouse-colored body shot up through the water, and two triple rows of gleaming ivories opened and closed upon—nothing more or less than a bare hook that its owner was pulling up for rebaiting after it had been dexterously striped by the "sleight-of-mouth" performance of some member of the ruck down among the trees of the pink coral forest.

Yet the general trend of the gastronomic preferences of the sharks of any single bay or island, or even group of islands, is usually understood sufficiently well for practical purposes, and if the natives or old residents advise against bathing in certain localities, it is best not to take the chance. In few parts of the world are sharks more plentiful than among the atolls of the Tuamotu or Low Archipelago, the most southeasterly of the South Sea groups, but in spite of the fact that the natives, whether engaged in fishing, pearling or swimming for pleasure, expose themselves constantly in the waters infested by these monsters, loss of life from that source is rarely heard of.

It was on the long, low island of Fakariva of the Tuamotu group that I was sitting one afternoon in the shade of the galvanized-iron veranda of the principal trading store of the village, watching with no little enjoyment the amusing antics of a big band of supremely happy youngsters who were disporting themselves in the limpid waters of the lagoon. Presently a number of men came down to the beach, straightened out the coils of some heavy lines, baited up a lot of big chain-leadered hooks, and began throwing them out among the swimmers.

"Wake up!" I shouted to my host, the trader, giving his hammock a vigorous shake. "Isn't it rather a risky proceeding throwing fish-hooks in where a lot of naked boys are swimming? What if they should happen to snag one of the youngsters?"

"Boys 'r' all right," came in a muffled yawn from under the trader's koui fibre hat. "Them coves ain't fishin' fer boys; only fishin' fer sharks."

"Sharks!" I scoffed—"sharks in there where those boys are swimming! Wake up, man; you're talking in your sleep." And thus admonished, the trader sat up, yawned, stretched himself, drank a glass of absinthe, and, finally, explained that, as a rule, sharks in the Tuamotus did not care for boys, particularly in those localities where it was the custom to fish for them daily with succulent lumps of salt pork.

Three hundred miles to the north of the low-lying Tuamotus, where the rocky cliffs of the volcanic Marquesas stand as the most easterly outposts of the South Sea Islands, conditions are quite the reverse. There, salt pork, as far as its use for shark bait is concerned, is a drug on the market, and boy—or anything else that will squeal, squawk or squirm, bleat, bleed or bluster—has the call.

The Marquesas, however, together with the Solomons and New Hebrides, both of which groups lie a few degrees north and west of Australia, are the only islands of the South Pacific where cannibalism is still practiced; so that "boy," if he is sacrificed at all in that neck of the Pacific, is rather too *recherche* a morsel for use even as shark bait. The favorite substitute is a chicken that has been picked alive and vigorously scoured with a sheaf of tatooing needles to bring its color up to the ruddy hue that is supposed to be the most popular with the sharks of that latitude. Pigs and kids are also used, and, as a dernier resort when no live bait is obtainable, a hunk of beef from the unbled carcass of one of the wild cattle which abound in several of the larger islands.

In Samoa, in the American island of Tutuila, and the German island of Upolou, one may bathe with impunity inside the reefs, but in the large German island of Savaii, if a stranger ventures beyond his knees into the water at any point, he is pretty sure to be bodily pulled back by the ever-vigilant natives to prevent his being pulled off in the opposite direction by the no less vigilant sharks. In these islands they have a legend of a man and a maid who eloped from Savaii, fled to Tutuila, and were there turned, respectively, into a shark and a turtle, by a god or devil, or something of the kind, into whose hands they chanced to fall. As a proof of this story, the natives claim that if you go out and sing on a moonlight night at the end of a certain point near the village of Leone, the shark and the turtle will appear to you.

When they told this story to a friend and myself during a recent cruise through these islands, the former said that he was quite ready to believe the transformation part of it because our outrigger canoe had "turned turtle" that very morning, while a native dealer who had sold us curios was nothing if not a shark. But in the matter of the power of music to call up the loving couple we were both agreed that we would like a demonstration. So that very night a party of a score or more of the villagers escorted us out to the point in question and started up a good lively Samoan "himinee." They had finished a swinging Kanaka rowing song and were just getting under way with a local version of an old English ballad which begins "Oh, me nevah will forget you," and goes on with a half-dozen lines of "La, la, la, las," to the end of each verse, when the unmistakable fin of a "tiger" began to cut back and forth across the rippling moon path. Almost simultaneously a black lump began showing above the water immediately in front of us, and presently the natives called attention to the fact that it was slowly rising from the water, adding that the turtle was getting ready to swim away after the shark. It was at this juncture that my observant companion noted that the tide was rapidly falling, and after ricochetting a round of bullets from our Colts off the back of the quondam maiden without stirring her into activity, we went back to the village fully convinced that the story was a fabrication, the shark a coincidence and the turtle a black rock.

The Hawaiian Islands, like the Marquesas, are another "live bait" group, and the favorite method of "fishing" employed by some of the white "sportsmen" of Honolulu—a practice given scant publicity for obvious reasons—is for barbarity, worthy to rank with anything conceived by the Kanakas in their worst days

of cannibalism. On the reef near the narrow passage to the harbor—one can see it to the right of the inbound steamer if the tide is low—has been built a circular wall of coral blocks, appropriately dubbed the "shark pen." At high water the top of the encircling wall is submerged to a depth of three or four feet, while at low water it stands about the same distance above the surface.

The night before a morning of sport is scheduled, the body of a condemned horse or mule is secured from the city pound, taken out in a scow and anchored in the middle of the "pen" at high water, its presence there never failing to attract a goodly number of sharks to the spot. These latter, becoming engrossed in their banquet, fail to notice that the lowering water is cutting off all chance of escape, and, as a result, are ready to hand for the early morning's sport of the patrons of the enterprise. The healthful and invigorating pastime of the "members" consists in variations of walking jauntily around the top of the wall and harpooning or shooting the gamey leviathans.

The barbarity I have alluded to, however, is not charged on the ground of killing the sharks in the fashion described—the destruction of those monsters, in whatever manner accomplished, being generally considered quite as proper and legitimate as the killing of noxious snakes and other reptiles—but rather because of the fact that the animal used as a lure, while popularly supposed to be dead when anchored, is, on the contrary, very much alive. I am not speaking from hearsay in this matter, but from personal observation, it chancing that a party of us on a small yacht, on the last slant home of a tedious beat up to Honolulu from Pearl Harbor, ran full onto the "anchoring committee" just as it was completing its preparations preliminary to the club's Sunday morning outing. The "bait," a broken-down mule from one of the sugar plantations, had still enough life in it to protest vigorously against the treatment it was receiving, and its tendency to "drag anchor" was giving the committee a good deal of worry. Two of the members of the organization whom we put ashore unblushingly confessed that they had never used anything else but live bait. "We tried meat as a starter," they said, "but it was no go. The sharks hereabouts must have blood, and the only way we can serve it up to them attractively is in the manner you have seen. Sheep and pigs won't do, because, as a rule, they don't last long enough to keep the sharks till the tide goes down. The exigencies of the sport demand mules or horses."

"Exigencies of the sport!" I am not able to say whether or not the S. P. C. A. has a branch in Honolulu.

In the western islands of the South Pacific the sharks seem to take almost any kind of bait, and it is rarely that one sees a schooner or steamer at anchor without two or three heavy lines dangling over its stern. Watching a shark line is tedious business, but it is strictly necessary to know when a monster is hooked, as his frantic rushes, if allowed to go unchecked, are pretty sure to cause some part of the line, leader or even his own anatomy, to give way and result in his escape. The old scheme of tying the line to the big toe and going asleep would probably answer all right as far as arousing the fisherman was concerned, but would hardly leave him in a condition to give the shark the immediate and imperative attention demanded. To this end, the officers on the inter-island boats have hit on an ingenious plan. Instead of taking in their lines when the hour for the long noonday siesta arrives, they run a stout piece of marline twine from the line up to the steam whistle, leaving it for the shark to announce the circumstance of his being hooked by sounding a toot.

One regrets to learn that the inventor of this clever expedient, a purser of the Australian steamer Waorangi, lost his position as the result of his first experiment. This came about through his faulty judgment in running the main line—instead of the comparatively light twine now used to establish that connection—up to the whistle. The latter gave forth a brave toot in response to the first tentative pull of the big "tiger" at the other end of the line, but the blast was in the nature of a swan song. An instant later, with a parting shriek of agony, the whistle was wrenched from the funnel, and, carrying the binnacle stand and a trail of hammocks along with it, vanished

over the side, spinning like a taffrail log in the wake of the flying shark. On the Waorangi was forced the ignominy of announcing her goings and comings at the rest of the ports on her homeward run by means of a fog horn.

The fact that popular observations of the ways of sharks is largely limited to their dilly-dallyings with baited hooks is responsible for the very general belief that it is necessary for them to turn on their backs before taking food in their mouths. This impression is erroneous. Eating from pieces of meat suspended on a line does not represent the normal condition under which the shark feeds, and to regard as characteristic the attitudes he assumes under such circumstances is as unreasonable as to similarly class the antics of a boy trying to take a bite from an apple on a string at a Holloween party.

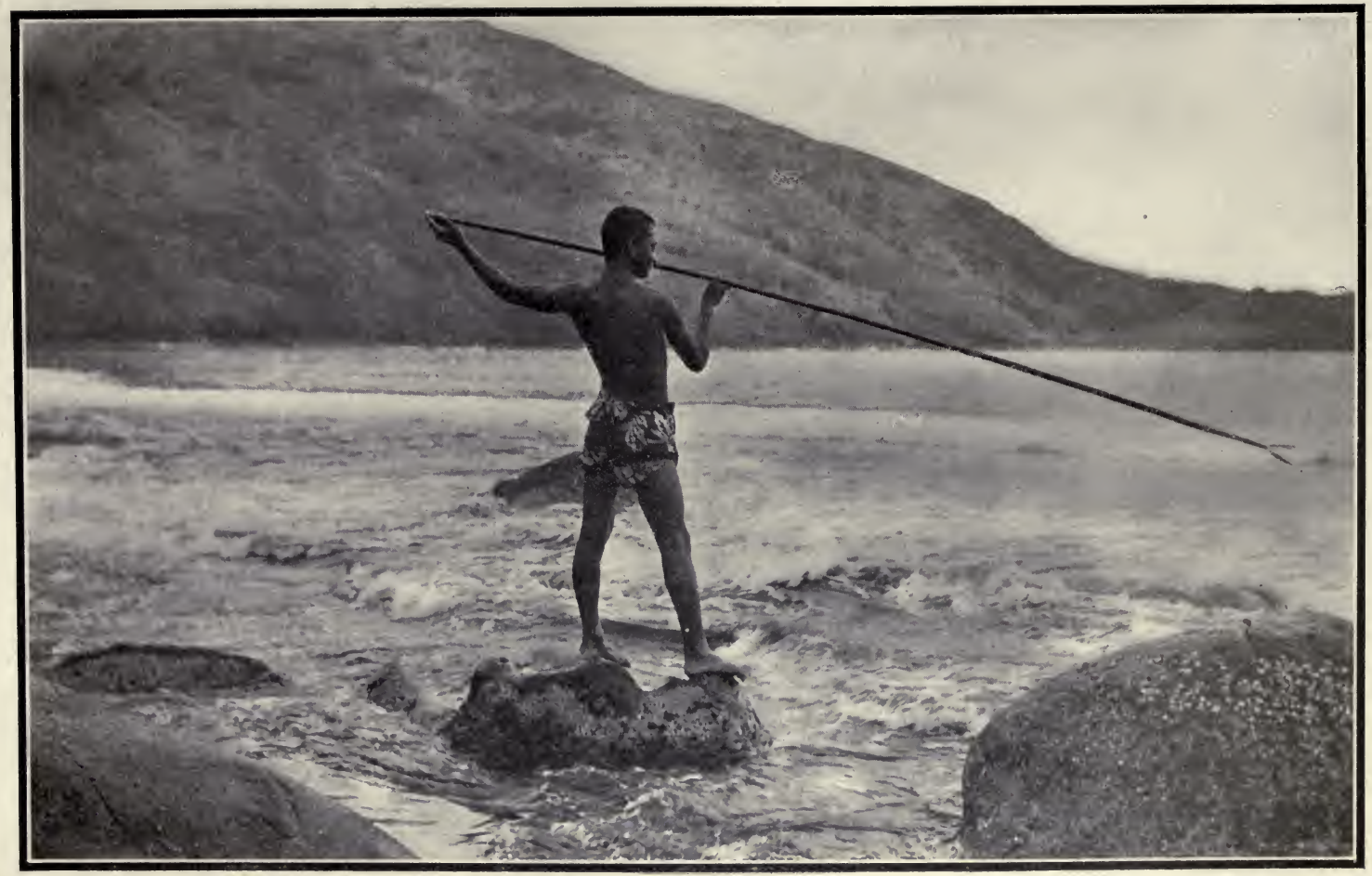
Even when a piece of meat is free from the hook and the shark is satiated or suspicious, he will often roll over and allow it to settle gently into his mouth; but this is not because he is physically unable to handle it otherwise. Throw a piece of red beef between three or four hungry "tigers" of non-vivisectionist propensities, and you will see the quickest of them snap it out of sight with only the slightest listing of his body to one side or the other. Sharks turn slightly in feeding for exactly the same reason that people tip their heads slightly in kissing—because their noses would get in the way if they didn't—but to claim that the one must turn on his back to eat is as absurd as to assert that the other must stand on his head to kiss.

Shark skin, shark teeth, shark oil, shark meat and several other products of the dead shark are articles of greater or lesser utility, but I have never heard of but one instance where the living shark was put to a practical use. This was when they used him as a prison guard in the old days when British convicts were transported to Australia, the monster serving this purpose for many years at the Port Arthur settlement, ten miles south of Hobart, the present capital of Tasmania. The prisons at this point, some of which may still be seen, were situated on a peninsula whose only connection with the mainland was by a long, narrow strip of sand called, from its peculiar configuration, the "Eaglehawk's Neck."

The convicts were allowed considerable liberty on the peninsula, but to prevent their escape to the mainland, half-starved bloodhounds were chained in such a manner that their orbits of swing overlapped all the way across the narrowest portion of the "Neck." Several prisoners having avoided the "bloodhound zone" by swimming, the authorities adopted the effective but grewsome expedient of feeding the sharks at this point several times a day. In a few weeks the place became literally alive with the voracious "man-eaters," and from that time on the only convict that ever escaped accomplished his purpose by rolling up in kelp and working himself along, inch by inch, timing his movements to correspond with those of the other heaps of seaweed that were being rolled by the surf.

There are still great numbers of sharks to be found about the Eaglehawk's Neck, and it was there a year or so ago that I witnessed the phenomenon of a number of these monsters, like so many warships going into dry dock, as it were, to have their bottoms scraped. Like other leviathans of the deep—animate and inanimate—the shark occasionally suffers from barnacles and other marine parasites that attach themselves to his hide. On the upper side of the Eaglehawk's Neck is a broad, flat reef of coral, washed at low tide by only a foot or two of water. To this place the sharks with "foul bottoms" are wont to resort, and, after picking out a spot where their bodies are just awash, lie for hours while the gently moving waves rock and rub them back and forth against the rough coral of the reef. This "nature treatment" is said to be most efficacious, and the spectacle of a dozen or more big "tigers" dozing contentedly as the warm waters sway them lazily to and fro, and every now and then squirming in a pleased sort of way, as a dog when his spine is rubbed, is sometimes calculated to awaken, for the moment at least, a feeling almost akin to sympathy for these most universally dreaded and detested of all God's creatures.

New Zealand boasts the most, and, as far as I know, the only popular shark in the world. This is the famous "Pelo-



Marquesan boy awaiting a chance to spear a shark.

rus Jack," who makes his home in one of the great Southern sounds, and who has not been known to fail to come out to meet a single steamer visiting that locality in the last twenty years. He invariably joins the boat at the same point in the passage, follows in its wake during the trip about the sound, to take leave of it again at the identical spot where he picked it up. His regular and gentlemanly habits have made him the subject of no small amount of preferential treatment, not the least unusual of which is the greeting and taking leave of him with such hearty old British choruses as "We all love Jack" and "When Jack comes home again."

Tourists always refer to him as "Good old Pelorus," but his "goodness" is a thing that none of them ever appears to try to cultivate at closer quarters than from behind the rail of the poop deck. Pelorus always keeps near the surface of the water while in attendance on the steamer, which obliging habit is responsible for the fact that he is credited with having been the subject of more snapshots, good and bad, than any other object in New Zealand.

Speaking of snapshots, I was shown in Sydney what is justly regarded as one of the most remarkable photographs of any description ever taken—that of a shark in the act of seizing a boy. This photo is in the possession of a nephew of Sir John Outram, the famous English explorer, by whom it was taken a number of years ago in the harbor of Colombo. The photographer was standing with his camera ready to make an exposure on some boys who were diving for coins, when the grim tragedy which forms the subject of the print in question was suddenly enacted before him, and he pressed the bulb, as he afterwards admitted, quite unconsciously. The picture, which is of a 4x5 size, shows the head and shoulders and the frantically-tossed arms of the victim above the water, and in good focus. On the face, with its staring eyes and open mouth, was caught an expression of the supremest surprise and terror. Of the shark, only the upper half is visible, and this is somewhat blurred on account of the disturbance of the surface and the refraction of the water. The details of the head, however, with its great jaws closed upon a thigh of the unfortunate youth, may be distinctly traced. That the exposure was made at the very instant of attack is conclusively proven by the fact that another of the boys, who had apparently just risen to the surface, is holding up a coin and grinning his appreciation in the direction of the passengers.

Sharks have a number of natural enemies which they are called on to fight from time to time, and the worst of these is probably the swordfish. I have never heard a well-authenticated account of a battle between the two, however, but in Northern Australia I picked up some reliable data on a finish fight between a sixteen foot "man-eater" and an alligator of almost equal proportions. This unique contest, strangely enough, took place in what was supposed to be a shark and alligator-proof bathing inclosure at Port Darwin, on the Gulf of Carpenteria. A tremendous spring tide, however, had raised the water for several feet above the tops of the piles of which the enclosure was constructed, and during this period of submersion the ill-mated leviathans had found their way inside. There were no witnesses of the hostilities that must have immediately followed, but the next morning early, would-have-been bathers found several sections of shark floating about the surface of their plunge, together with a slightly-scarred, but apparently uninjured fourteen-foot alligator.

Since this memorable encounter, the favorite tourist souvenir of Port Darwin is in the form of a pocketbook, guaranteed to be constructed of a "half and half" combination of the skins of the principals. Several thousand of these interesting keep-sakes have already been sold, and I was assured on good authority that an equal number was in stock or in process of elaboration; which, I take it, goes to prove that, while the hides of the shark and alligator are wonderfully tough, they must also be susceptible of illimitable extension.

A "shark pen" story somewhat similar to the above I heard from an officer of the "Minnesota," while that battleship was visiting the Pacific Coast on its cruise with the fleet around the world. The incident occurred in that notorious shark

nest, Magdalena Bay, during the fleet's period of target practice there. The morning plunge overside regularly enjoyed by the officers and men in many tropical ports is out of the question at this point. There is, to be sure, no record of any one in the navy having been attacked by a shark in these waters, a fact not so remarkable when it is also learned that there is no record of any one having exposed himself. The closest call, perhaps, was that of a well-known lieutenant-commander who took a dive into the bathing pen at the same time that this small enclosure was occupied by a twelve-foot "tiger." The bathing pen is a thirty-by-thirty railed-in enclosure on the shore of the bay which was built with the ostensible purpose of keeping sharks out, not in. The combination of a heavy wind and tide, however, flooded the top rail to a depth of a foot or two, and the shark in some manner nosed his way in and was left captive when the water subsided. The water of the pen was murky from the action of the tide on the bottom, but there was nothing in its dull translucence to awaken suspicion in the minds of the half-dozen officers who, hot and dusty from a twenty-mile ride into the interior, were preparing for a dip. The commander in question—a man noted for his nervous haste in doing things—was well ahead of the others in stripping for his plunge, a fact which was entirely responsible for his having had to bear alone the shock of the discovery that the pen was already occupied. With a snort of contempt for the slowness of his companions, he sprang from the rocks and disappeared under the cool water in a long, deep, comfortable-looking dive. An instant later the pen was a vortex of white foam, in the midst of which whirled the white shoulders of the commander, and through which cut with lightning slashes the black dorsal and tail fins of the big shark. Yelling like a Commanche, the frightened swimmer reached the outer palings at the end of a half-dozen desperate over-hand strokes, clambered over the barrier, tumbled into the water beyond, and, wide-eyed with terror, started lunging right off toward the open sea. When he was finally recalled to the bank, it was to declare that the pen was literally alive with sharks, and not even after the ubiquitous man-eater, riddled with bullets from the revolvers of his brother officers, harpooned by a bunch of Chinese fishermen, and lassooed by a company of Mexican vaqueros, was hauled out on the beach, could he be made to believe that the score or more of its fellows among which he imagined he had plunged had not escaped. Inasmuch as a frightened shark has never been known to touch so much as a piece of raw beef, it would appear that the impetuous officer was never in real danger of anything but heart failure and a slap or two from the monster's tail.

Of the power of the shark at close quarters to set the human heart a-flutter, I am able to furnish a word of first-hand testimony, though the experience cannot be rated as other than a comparatively tame one. It occurred in Suva Harbor, Fiji, during a recent yachting trip through the South Pacific. They had told us in Samoa that Suva Bay was a popular resort for sharks, and graphic verification was furnished on the morning following our arrival. It had been the custom of the men of the party in all the harbors we had visited up to this point, both in the North and South Pacific, to begin the day with a morning plunge over the rail, a practice which, though not recommended by the old residents, we had never deemed sufficiently dangerous to warrant denying ourselves the refreshing pleasure of. No one had been threatened by a shark, and only three or four lurking black fins had been seen in the course of a six months' voyage. So it was with no misgivings that I, drowsy with sleep, pulled on my suit on the first morning in Suva and plunged over the rail in my wonted eye-opening dive. The following account of what happened I take from the diary of Captain S——, who was about to go over himself when the diversion occurred:

"Three or four seconds after F——'s disappearance, I saw him come sputtering up through the water, gain the starboard gangway in a half-dozen frenzied lunges, to come clambering aboard and collapse, speechless with fright, on a cockpit transom. Simultaneously, a great shaft of greenish-white shot like a meteor under the stern, and an instant later a chorus of excited yells broke out on the deck of

the Wanaka, the Union Steamship Company's mailboat which had come in during the night and anchored just beyond us. The commotion was caused by the hooking on a line hanging over the steamer's stern of a huge tiger shark, a monster so heavy that it required lines from two steam winches to land its floundering twenty feet of length upon the deck.

"F—— could never explain anything beyond the fact that, on approaching the surface, he suddenly became aware of a round, greenish blurr—lighter in color than the water—increasing in size at a prodigious rate, and forthwith, being seized with terror, got back on deck with the loss of as little time as possible. We have figured it out that the shark, balked in his rush for a bite of man, sought solace in bolting the hunk of salt beef on the end of the Wanaka's line, as not five seconds time elapsed between one event and the other.

A sailor on the poop of the Wanaka was about to bawl a warning to us regarding the danger of bathing overside, followed with his eyes the course of the shark from the stern of the Lurline to the hook which brought it to grief."

The rest of our bathing in Suva was done with the aid of a sailor and a water-bucket.

Mark Twain's story of the shark that swallowed a newspaper in the Thames and carried it to Australia in advance of the steamer, there to be caught and opened by Cecil Rhodes, who promptly made his start in life as the result of an advance "tip" that he read in the journal, may be, like the newspaper which figured in it, a little "far-fetched;" nevertheless, those monsters have been known to perform gastronomic feats quite as incredible as "swallowing" everything contained in a London paper. "Nobody knows what the knife will bring forth," is an old sailor's expression often heard when one of these explorative operations is about to be performed, for a shark's stomach is as full of surprises as a "grab bag"and as uncertain as a lottery.

The most remarkable instance I recall in this connection is that of an enormous "tiger" that the sailors of my steamer hooked one morning when we were lying off the Ecuadoran quarantine station in the Gulf of Guayaquil. Besides a very considerable assortment of other "indigestibles," we took from the stomach of this monster the skull, still bearing the stubs of horns several inches in length, of a full-grown steer. The grisly object had undoubtedly come from the slaughter house dump farther up the river, but how the act of swallowing it was accomplished was more than we could figure out. The sailors even went so far as to cut away the jaws of the monster, and take them along when we sailed for Panama, and all the rest of the voyage they spent most of their time "off watch" in vain endeavors to force the skull between the shining rows of back-curving teeth. The jaws broke and fell to pieces at the joints without the puzzle being solved, but the consensus of opinion, in the fo'c'sle, at least, appeared to be expressed by the ship's carpenter when he said that the "bally head must 'a' bin swallered when it was a calf and then growed up inside."

In the West Indies, the spot of most sinister reputation as regards sharks is the famous *nido de tiburones* under the outer walls of the Havana Morro Castle. Built into the seaward wall of this historic structure, and dumping into the "sharks' nest," is a stone chute down which garbage is thrown, and tradition has it that the Cuban prisoners of the Spanish regime, after they had been executed in the gloomy Laurel Ditch of the neighboring fortress of Cabanas, also took their corporeal departure by this route. The "sharks' nest" is by no means lacking in tenants at the present day, and an Havana paper, commenting on the academic opinion of a learned University of Chicago professor to the effect that the danger to swimmers from sharks was a myth, and declaring that he himself had no fear whatever of that "cowardly fish," suggested that the bathing privileges of the *nido de tiburones* be extended to the bold savant in order to allow him to complete his education.

GOLDEN EYES

BY GRACE EVELYN SPENCER

GOLDEN EYES, the pride of old Gray Fox and his tribe, was slowly riding along the edge of the Great Desert, on her spotted pinto, deep in maiden reverie, oblivious of the beautiful sunset illuminating the clear horizon and reflecting its gorgeous splendor upon the near-distant forest trees, giving subsconscious rest to her tired eyes, after the long hours in the saddle through sand and sage.

She was returning from the day's hunting, and had separated from the braves earlier in the day, but the string of grouse at her pommel showed that she was not idle herself during the hunt.

Suddenly her horse shied and stood still, and the quick jerk brought the maiden back to realities. Looking for the cause of her interrupted musings, she saw nothing at first, but lowering her point of vision to the ground almost beneath her pony's forefeet, she was startled to behold the form of a human being.

Dismounting at once and proceeding to investigate, Golden Eyes perceived that it was the recumbent form of a young white man, not over twenty-five years of age, evidently a prospector, unconscious from exhaustion within sight almost of water. He presumably had had a mount, but what had become of it was a mystery. It probably had died of thirst away back in the desert.

Stooping low and brushing off the sand with which the man was plentifully sprinkled, she tried to move him, but there was no response from the inert figure, and having no water at hand to revive him, the maid was puzzled how to get him on her horse and bring him into camp. It was impossible for her to lift him, for he was a man of unusual size; but an idea seizing her, she caught up the lariat coiled at her saddle horn, unwound it and passed one end under his arms, and with great patience and some difficulty, tied a secure knot in the loop. Then hastily remounting her horse, securing the other end of the rope to the pommel, and lifting the body as far up from the ground as possible, she slowly drove on, dragging her burden along in the sand and through the brush, carefully guiding the horse away from all rough places, directing her course toward the Indian settlement, where she arrived in due time.

When finally she reached the group of wigwams comprising the temporary resting place of Gray Fox and his followers, she saw a group of braves crouching around the camp fire in the clearing, partaking of their evening meal, while the squaws were helping them to venison and fish.

Old Gray Fox, who was anxiously watching for his Golden Eyes, saw her first, and, starting up, saw that she was laden with an unusual burden, from which he and the others soon relieved her, and bore the still unconscious form into a tent, administering stimulants and other simple remedies at hand.

They were rewarded, finally, by seeing the stranger open his eyes in a bewildered manner, though it was soon evident that he had not regained his senses: the shock of exposure had been too great.

Every effort was made to restore the delirious stranger, but for three days he tossed in fever, knowing nothing of his surroundings. Golden Eyes faithfully tended him, administering the simple herb medicines known to the tribe, and one day, when the fever had subsided, Lyle Brooks opened his eyes and thought he was in heaven and an angel sat beside him; but the angel soon undeceived him by pressing his drink upon him, and enforcing silence.

There was good reason for Brooks to believe Golden Eyes a heavenly vision,

for she was indeed lovely, and would turn the head of one stronger than he in his present condition. In general appearance not unlike the type of the lithe, graceful maidens common to some Indian tribes, she differed somewhat in features and coloring. Her eyes were a rich, golden brown, almost wine; hence her name, bestowed lovingly upon her by Gray Fox, who adored her. Her dusky hair fell in two thick plaits below her knees, her complexion was a pale olive, her nose straight and faultless, her age about seventeen; altogether a woman who would be noticeable anywhere.

When Brooks recovered fully from his almost fatal illness, he most reluctantly prepared to leave his charming nurse, to whom he had lost his heart, and return to civilization. Brooks was good to behold, young, athletic, fair and honest of face and manner. Golden Eyes could not fail to be attracted, for she had never before come into close contact with any young man outside of her own race.

She was somewhat superior in intelligence to the other young squaws, since she had attended the Indian school several seasons in her young life, and Brooks was puzzled to find that there was a mysterious something about her personality that belied the fact that any blood relationship could exist between her and Old Gray Fox, who claimed to be her grandfather.

However, Brooks was not made of the stuff to betray the hand that saved his life and cared for him so tenderly, and while his heart was sore at the parting, he believed he would forget her in time, and she would ultimately live the life fated to be hers, among her own people.

When the parting came, he shook hands gratefully with Old Gray Fox, tried in vain to express his thanks, which the old man waved away like the true courtier of nature that he was; then turned to his fair preserver and said: "Golden Eyes, I cannot express my thanks to you in a fitting manner, and can never repay you for saving my life, but please accept from me this small token of gratitude and highest esteem, and rest assured that I shall never forget my dear preserver, and you shall ever have a mother's prayers. If it were possible for me ever to serve you in future, you know it would be my life's duty and pleasure to do so. Farewell, and God bless you."

Gravely bending, he kissed her hands, mounted the horse kindly placed at his service, and rode slowly away from the Indian village, back into his old life. Brooks felt that never in this world would he forget those eyes that brightened his long days of illness.

Golden Eyes, with hardly suppressed tears, and with wistful gaze, murmured, "Good-bye, Big Chief," and with shaded face watched the man who had stolen her heart until he disappeared in the far distance, then with a sob turned away.

* * * *

"Lyle, you really must stay at home this evening, for I am tired of apologizing for your repeated absences from my receptions. I particularly want you to meet the 'lioness' of the season, the beautiful Miss Olive Rivers."

"Oh, mother, I don't care for your social affairs; they bore me, and you know I never could talk small nothings to society belles. They are generally so insipid and vain. Your geese are all swans, mother dear, and I don't want to be disillusioned so often."

Mrs. Brooks sighed as her son kissed her and left the room.

"How changed Lyle has been ever since his horrible experience on the desert three years ago, where his wicked partner robbed him of his papers and horse and left him to die, without water or provisions. Luckily, the rascal was afterwards caught and punished, or Lyle would have lost his wonderful claims he found in Nevada. He must have been very ill. He does not like to allude to that time, and has never appeared happy since his return. I had such hopes that he would fancy Miss Rivers, but I suppose it would be useless to try to force a meeting. Lyle was ever strong of will." And the fond mother smiled as she remembered his childish stubbornness.

After dining at the club, and taking in a popular show, finding the evening still young, Lyle, to his disgust, was for once at a loss to kill time. "Well, as nothing else offers, I will go home, and try to get to my rooms unnoticed," he soliloquized. "I'd hate to have to play the dutiful to a bunch of chiffon and giggles, and that

would be my fate if mother's argus eyes catch sight of me."

Slowly sauntering homeward, he passed through the open doors, and looking into the vista of rooms beyond, beheld the elite of Chesterville dancing, sitting around chatting, or standing in groups, in picturesque confusion.

Allured by the scene, in spite of himself, he stood a moment in the shadow of a pillar, thinking that the mater knew how to do things handsomely, when she put her energies into it, and idly watched the throng, meanwhile congratulating himself on his happy escape from boredom.

Suddenly something instinctively compelled his eyes to turn, when they encountered the direct gaze of a young woman standing a few steps in front of him, talking with a couple of men. She was clad in some graceful cream-colored fabric. For a second their eyes held, full and direct; then he colored and started, foolishly angered at the encounter, and mysteriously stirred, too, for those eyes were so magnetic that they haunted him. Where had he seen them before?

As he turned away from the gay scene, his mother saw him, and immediately bore down on him under full sail, and snatching his arm in happy triumph, she piloted him, as luck would have it, immediately toward the young lady in cream, introducing him to Miss Rivers.

Bowing low to the one in white, he made the discovery that this was indeed a beautiful girl, for she appeared no more than twenty, and the deep, warm wine in her eyes fairly intoxicated him, giving him at the same time the strangest sense of familiarity, though he was positive that he had never met her before. Later, the mother's heart was rejoiced to see her son sauntering, with Miss Rivers on his arm, toward the conservatory.

This was the beginning of the end, so far as Brooks was concerned, and Mrs. Brooks never had to complain of her son's dereliction again, for he went everywhere that he was likely to meet Miss Rivers. He thought his heart was buried in the Indian village with Golden Eyes, but he found himself attracted toward this girl, who, in an unaccountable manner, reminded him of his maid of three years ago, the same beautiful brown eyes.

Thus finding himself in love with the admired belle of Chesterville, at the end of three months, he resolved to put the question and know his fate.

* * * *

Jack Alston lounged into the smoking room of the club, where sat Lyle Brooks and a couple of other members, idly passing the hour before dinner. Discussion arose about Miss Rivers's beauty and accomplishments, when Alston remarked, "Did you ever hear the romance of Miss Rivers's life? It is known to but a few, but Attorney Lewis, who is an old friend of dad's, knew all the facts and told him about it. It beats all the fairy tales ever told or written."

Brooks pricked up his ears, his curiosity outweighing all other considerations.

"Let's have it," said Ted Slocum. "Nothing is more fascinating than the combination of a handsome woman and a romantic history."

"Well, it appears that old man Rivers (he was young then) and his wife, some nineteen years ago, with the baby girl, were traveling by wagon over the prairie in Wyoming, towards Cheyenne, where Rivers had some cattle business to transact.

"The wagon breaking down, they were obliged to halt, while one of the men of the party patched things up, and night coming on, they camped on the ground. During the night some depredating Sioux came along and robbed the outfit of all the provisions and ammunition they had, and not content with the spoils, seeing the child, who had rolled a short distance from the mother, stole her and carried her away, passing her along from tribe to tribe, until finally she fell into the hands of Gray Fox, a Piute brave, in Eastern Nevada.

"Passing over the parents' agony and the years of search and mint of money spent by old man Rivers, which every one knows, the child meanwhile grew up in this tribe with Old Gray Fox as guardian, who treated her with great love, and as a daughter.

"She believed herself to be the old man's granddaughter, and was apparently contented, learning the usual accomplishments of Indian maids, hunting, fishing and riding, and with spasmodic attend-

ance at some Indian school, which gave her a fair education among the members of her tribe.

"One fine day, about three years ago, dad's attorney friend got hold of another clue to the girl's whereabouts, and though hoping little, he and Rivers started out to follow it up. When the tribe was located, Rivers took the sheriff and a posse from the nearest town and started out to the camp, where they met the old chief and the girl. Rivers succeeded in satisfying himself as to her identity by several marks that he knew of, also her likeness to his family, and after great trouble, argument and heart-broken objections from the old chief, they secured the maid and returned homeward to the long-waiting mother. She has recently come out from under the hands of sundry tutors, for the parents would not hear of her going away to a school, and from all appearances she is none the worse for her raising."

Brooks did not remain to hear the last words, but bolted from the room. Ted winked solemnly at Alston. "Hard hit, isn't he?" Meanwhile Brooks's head was in a dizzy whirl. This Golden Eyes, the same fairy princess who saved his life, she a white woman, and Miss Rivers, could it be possible? Why did he not know it: there was always a something that was familiar. Many thoughts thronged into his seething brain.

When after a few minutes' waiting in the Rivers drawing room, Olive Rivers entered, Brooks walked up to her, and, seizing her hand, looked at her fingers and saw a peculiar seal ring upon one of them which she had not previously worn in his presence.

"Golden Eyes," he exclaimed, "where did you get that ring—my ring?"

Surprise and gladness struggled for expression in her face. "You, is it you?"

"What a wonderful thing has happened, Golden Eyes! You have saved my life once; I want you to save it again, to take it for all time, for life would be utterly worthless without you."

"Big Chief!" she murmured, as she dropped her head on his shoulder, with a happy sigh.

As he folded her in a tight embrace, he said softly:

"The debt is paid!"

BEYOND

BY J. C. B. HEBBARD

Beyond I go: the trail is wide,
Clear to the Pass—a long day's ride
To the other side.

I'm seeking gold that's over there;
I've ridden far; the day is fair—
There's time, Bay Mare.

We're getting near the mountain now;
It's nearly night! We've kept our vow—
To God we bow.

THE FOLLOW STORY

BY RAYMOND S. HARRIS

CANADA IS THICK with population along its southern border, as though the United States had overflowed, and so many men and women been washed across the boundary line. In some places the waves have run but a little way to the northward, fronted by rising land; in others they have crept mile after mile through fruitful valley and low-lying plain, pushing the forest backward upon the crest of the creeping forefront of the flood.

Population, like water, does lie deepest in the lowlands, but it is not altogether the mountains of upper Canada that have kept back farmer and factory alike. The snow lies deep and long north from the great grain fields and rich lands of the Dominion's southern belt, and the adventurer from the tempered Southland finds nature there turned harsh and cruel. Perhaps, for all she has given freely to man the best of her domains, yet she still reserves for the lesser animals, no less her children, these wilder stretches, for here still roam the dumb brutes man himself has dispossessed in other places. And over even this wilderness, hunters, insatiate, have ranged in wide skirmish lines from the points where their fellows huddle, and slaughtered their brothers for the comfort of those who sit by the hearth fire.

A successor of this victorious army of death was John Halpin, agent for the Western Fur Company, and employed in finishing the work begun by the trappers of long ago. Few are the fur-bearing animals that skulk through the great woods now, but those by the hearth fires still lust for their warm pelts, and still the gun cracks and the bullet bites deep in the Northern woods, while the furs men strip from the quivering flesh and carry southward, where the smoke of hearth fires rises thick.

John Halpin lived in a cabin far out in the vastness, there receiving furs from the Indian and half-breed hunters, and trading with them in the name of his master, the Company. Sometimes for weeks and months no man came to pass words with him, and through the long winter days there was naught but silence, and the silent snow, for companionship. Then would come the hunters with their pelts, a noisy bargain would be struck, and the agent again was alone, storing the furs for the trip southward.

Once each year, when the snow had melted and run into the rivers, and the roaring rivers had fallen to brawling streams, men from the home office came, gathered the furs, and went away with them. John Halpin once each year left his cabin in the woods and traveled day after day with the pack horses and the canoes southward to the outpost settlements, and past them to the villages, and finally to the great cities themselves.

Once each year he came, and took with him back into the snow and the vastness food for winter, and payment for the hunter's kill.

But to John Halpin, most precious by far among the treasures carried into the winter by horseback and canoe, he took away to the great silence the record of the world since last he had come within ear-distance of the noise of its shouting. Most carefully guarded of all the possessions in his train was the bundle of newspapers, one for each day of the last year, that he was bearing back to the cabin, and the long winter days, and longer nights.

"Here they are again, John," the busy little clerk had said, motioning toward the lop-sided and yellowing stack of papers leaning against a corner of the storeroom behind the office. The pile was discolored and dirty at the bottom, and graded in lighter shades upward to the topmost sheet, off the press but a few hours, and

fresh from the carrier's hands.

"Volume 17, eh, John?" the little clerk said. "Volume 17, and I've never missed a page of your novel, eh, John?"

"Nary a page, sir," John Halpin answered, running his hand lovingly along the edge of the papers, and watching them fall behind his touch in a swift change of headlines and figures. "Last winter I had 'em better 'n if a boy brought 'em to the door. One every night, and not a one missing. Not a one missed in the whole 17 years. Here"—he took out his knife and slashed the thongs binding the bundle he had brought in with him—"these I got on my own hook. Maybe you can get something for 'em. I ain't got no time for to dicker with them fellers. And I'm much obliged for the papers." His eyes lighted eagerly as he viewed the disordered stack, a musty bundle of old papers to others, but pregnant to him with a year's secrets, and he ran his hand over the pile again, and straightened it up a bit, and brushed off the dust settled along the bulging sides.

All this time he was making light of the clerk's profuse thanks for the furs. These were but in mute exchange for the papers the little clerk laid away for him in the storeroom day by day, and though neither spoke of the bargain, it was understood as if words had passed about it. Sometimes in the winter Halpin thought of the stack growing in the storeroom behind the office, and in a panic of fear that the clerk might tire of his bargain, or think the gift of furs too small, he would trap and hunt for days together in a frenzy, and laugh and exult at every animal which fell to his gun, or fought and died in the jaws of his traps.

Each day for seventeen years the little clerk had laid away a paper for the agent, and for all that time, and one long winter more. John Halpin had watched the forest from his cabin in the North. He had appeared at the home office one summer day, and been sent with the pack train to his station. He had seemed eager to get away, and never had expressed a desire to be granted a respite from the long vigil. The Company manager was good to steady old John Halpin, and condoned the presence of his winter papers in the storeroom corner.

One paper, and the record of the world for that day! One paper each day for all the days during the past year he had spent out of the world of men! And each night the paper to read and study by the candlelight, just a year behind the world in its chronicle. The world was unfolded to the laborer in Montreal each day in its latest changes: to John Halpin, the same record became known each day also, but exactly a year later.

Halpin unloaded the newspapers first of all, when he reached his cabin, and carried them inside; one bundle, two bundles, three bundles. Over in the accustomed corner he placed them, and threw over them the rubber covering that always protected the stack from the entrance of rain or snow.

That night, indeed, a storm came up, and Halpin arose and placed the rubber covering more securely around the papers, for he heard the rain dripping on the floor somewhere through a hole in the roof.

And the next evening, when supper had been cleared, and his pipe lighted, he switched the top paper from the pile, cracked it open with a motion of enjoyment, and tilted back against the side of the fireplace, studying the news told there in the light of the flickering candle, and the leaping flames. It was the evening of August 16, 1906. Halpin was reading the "Montreal Express" of August 15, 1905.

One paper a day it was, and had been, for seventeen years. In almost every one of these many days, as the agent waited for the hunters to come with dripping pelts, and guarded those already gathered, there were empty periods of idleness, that would have passed in a plodding circle of heavy-footed thoughts upon the days that had been left behind in the world were it not for the silent pile over in the corner, with its promise for the evening. The memory of that former life revolved about but a few incidents, and when the mind went back across the forests and the mountains to the life beyond them, into the brain, one after another, came these same memories of dead actions and fading passions. Across John Halpin's brain, and around in a circle inside his head, these thoughts—always these same thoughts—trooped slowly, like convicts linked together in the lockstep, and crawling slow-

ly, slowly, past the eye. John Halpin believed that they had worn a groove in his brain, and sometimes he forced the procession to turn its stamping, plodding, ever-moving feet off this beaten path, and then, always, the line, slowly, to the same slow, never-faltering time, turned into a side path—always the same side path—and went a short distance. Down this the line swung a little way, and then stopped and spread into confusion, for here conjecture began, and useless pondering that was worse than memory, because it was not fixed, and could wander either into the brightest places, or—John Halpin resolutely fixed his thoughts on the friendly stack in the corner—or into the pits where humans grovel in less than life, yet do not seek death, because they fear its threat.

And John Halpin was glad that the papers were there, over in the corner like a true friend waiting, and assuring him that in the evening there would be a great talk between the two of them. So that sometimes the agent spoke to the stack, and said: "I'll be here, all right, old friend," and then was surprised that he had spoken, when he heard the echo of the words in the room.

Between the papers, silent in the corner, and silent John Halpin, an understanding grew, so that the agent was on his honor not to read more than the allotted one paper a day. To the little clerk, too, he owed the same duty, and a sense of shame came over him, in the first winters, as time dragged like a blocked wheel, when the desire seized him to revel in the papers, disregarding the bond between them, and devour their stored knowledge at one gesture. But the papers and John Halpin now were friends, and God, looking down through the trees, saw that they comforted each other, and He was pleased.

John Halpin cut away the fir branches above his cabin that God might see the plainer, and be sure how true was the tie binding them, and that it never was broken.

And when his pipe was lighted after dinner, and the few dishes cleaned and put away, John Halpin sat down by the fireplace with his friend, the paper for that day, and read in great, steady draughts, like the thirsty traveler at the desert well.

"Among the travelers is Marion Halpin of this city."

The agent ran through the line and was reading further; then he stopped with a jerk and read it through again.

"God!"

Marion Halpin. He spelled the two words over, while his fingers crumpled the paper where he held it.

"Among the passengers . . . Marion Halpin." Swiftly he worked his way down the article, head swinging to and fro as he mastered each line, eyes close to the shaking sheet.

"Miss Halpin is a beautiful young musician, and the daughter of the late Mrs. John Halpin, whose death occurred only last year. Her many friends in this city are frantic for news of the popular young woman, but all that is known of her is that she took passage on the ill-fated train from Chicago for this city. That she, or any of the passengers is yet alive seems hardly possible. Even prominent railroad officials express no hope of saving the entombed travelers."

Even before reaching the names, Halpin had read the story of the wreck with unusual interest—how the tunnel had caved at either end as the big Express Limited thundered through along the sodden tracks. The engine and a portion of the mail car was protruding at one end of the tunnel, but they were crushed in heaps of scrap. The earth slid at the lower entrance after the last car had whirled into the tunnel, and it was believed that, even though the coaches were but stalled in between the two landslides, death to the scores of passengers imprisoned there was only a matter of minutes, for the air in the close-sealed dungeon soon would become exhausted.

Halpin read the story again and again, still dazed, still unable to comprehend. It was only after he had pored over the article many times, and looked through the paper mechanically for further news of the catastrophe that he turned back and saw that the telegraphed story really came from his home town.

"Denver, Colorado," he repeated. "Yes—it's Denver."

He read down the article once more, moving nearer the fire, and repeating each

word of the long account aloud. The last line he mumbled over and over again before finally it penetrated to his consciousness:

"By to-morrow the fate of the passengers will be known without doubt definitely."

Suddenly his head jerked erect, and he sprang toward the pile of newspapers lolling in the corner.

"Marion! My little girl!"

John Halpin raised his head, and gazed around the cabin, dully. The fire burned quietly, and shadows leaped in and out along the walls. His blank stare fell, and under him, with the tarpaulin drawn around and over it, lay the crazily leaning stack of newspapers. Halpin drew a deep breath, and looked at them long, but vacantly. Then gradually a fire kindled in his eyes, and his hand sank slowly until the fingers closed around one corner of the rubber covering. After that the fingers released their hold, the hand raised as slowly as it had descended, and the agent moved heavily toward the fire, and sank into his accustomed chair.

He had left the papers untouched.

And after the chill night had passed, the morning sun came up through a red mist, rose above it, and threw a cardinal shaft against the dreary window, and the glory of it fell upon the bowed head of John Halpin, still crouching over the dead fire, with fingers working, and dry lips moving noiselessly. Ever and again, his slow glance lifted and stole stealthily to the yellow, toppling stack of newspapers, covered with the tarpaulin, and set off in a corner.

When the sun had mounted high the agent arose and shuffled over to the pile of papers, looking about him with watchful eyes. But all he did was to pat the tarpaulin more securely about the pile, and then raise his hands and with a cry rush out into the woods and over rock and bush in a frenzy. The sun had turned to cardinal again, and sunk behind a red mist, when the agent's head peered in the cabin doorway, watching carefully, and then was swiftly withdrawn. Again it appeared, with close shut, peering eyes, and this time the agent suddenly uprose, and walked into the cabin with an assured tread, almost a pompous one. With a great air of assumed carelessness, he prepared his evening meal, now and again stealing a glance at the pile of papers sneering in the corner, estimating the effect of his demeanor upon them. Slowly he lighted his pipe and smoke poured from it in great clouds. Lumberingly he set himself into motion, walked over to the stack, and threw back the rubber covering. Then he dropped to his knees on the floor as the headline at the top of a column leaped up to meet his eyes. He was reading down the column as he pulled the paper unheeding from the stack, and he continued to read, absorbedly, as he worked his way over into the circle of brighter light, still on his knees. By the time he was near the fire the story had been finished.

"Hope for the Express Limited passengers!

Voices or cries for aid, mingled with shrieks of suffering, had been heard by the frantic rescuers, digging their way into the caved tunnel. It was evident that cracks or rifts in the earth aided, perhaps, by the ventilating pipe running along the roof of the tunnel, admitted air to the imprisoned passengers. But could the trapped men and women live until rescue reached them? Was it not probable that another slide would bury them beneath tons of rock and earth, or at least close up the apertures through which air now reached them?

A late telegraph bulletin, received just before the paper went to press, announced that the midnight shift of rescuers had distinguished plainly cries and moans from within. Without doubt some of the passengers had been spared.

Who were they?

John Halpin moaned and tossed the paper from him, and bowed his face in his hands. An hour later he picked the sheet up carefully and straightened it out with painstaking effort, smoothing out every succeeding wrinkle made by his shaking hands, patting it here and there with the gentle air of a child dressing its doll. He read the story again, and a dozen times. There was no mention in it of Marion Halpin.

That night the agent went out into the

storeroom where the furs were kept and got a heavy rope. He bound the stack of papers round and round with the cord, and tied the knots securely. Then he crouched beside the pile, and guarded it until morning.

Again the red sun pierced the tree tops and Halpin moved around in his cabin, preparing breakfast. He did not look at the papers now of his own volition, but now and again turned red, inflamed eyes toward the stack, stopping in his work for minutes at a time and gazing at the papers there, not seeing them. But this he did not know.

Then his feet caught in the paper he had read the night before, and held him bound for a moment, and Halpin stooped and doubled the sheet into a ball, and tore it into shreds, while he cursed the yellow stack bowing mockingly in the corner, and threw out wild hands at it. He stamped on the scattered bits of paper, gibbering in a frenzy, and rushed out of the cabin to grovel and weep upon the ground.

A moment later his haggard face was peering in through the cabin's grimy window, to where the stack hugged itself in the corner, leering back insolently. Through the window all day the unkempt face stared. Sometimes the spectre without cursed, and shook its fists at the emptiness within. Again it grasped the window ledge with clenched hands, and shook as though the thing were fighting with itself for restraint. A soft rain fell sometime in the unreckoned hours of the afternoon, and the spectre dumbly wiped the mist from the pane as it ran down in blurred streams, and ever peered within.

A murder had been committed in Montreal the year before, and the telling of it crowded the story of the wreck from the front page of John Halpin's paper, and down into a corner of an inside sheet. The agent found it there, but when at last his agonized gaze fell upon it, the sweat of the fear that it had not appeared at all was dripping from his forehead.

"They're cuttin' off the story about it," moaned John Halpin as he scanned column after column in the search. "I've seen it on every story, and they're doin' the same with mine—with the story of my little girl. It's gettin' littler every day, and I want to know more and more every day—more and more!"

The express and baggage cars had been uncovered, and gangs of men were digging further. Within a short time the first passenger coach would be reached. Many had been killed in this car, it was feared, but now and again a cry still could be heard, faint, to be sure, but very near. The gang uncovering the lower end of the tunnel had not encountered the rear car as yet, but they too could hear shrieks and groans. Before morning the imprisoned passengers would be reached, and trains carrying nurses, physicians and emergency supplies were waiting near the scene of the wreck to care for the survivors.

Following the story was a late despatch announcing that the end of one passenger coach had been reached, and the dead bodies of two men and a woman taken out. Many moaning cries now could be heard, some of them—the agent's hands trembled until the paper rattled and creased—some of the voices clearly were those of women!

John Halpin sat quiet, with bowed head—the paper he had been reading held in his drooping hand—and you might have thought, had you come upon him then, that he was sleeping. But when his head raised slowly, you would have known, by the suffering lined upon his face, that he had not slept, and could not.

"It's all right," said John Halpin, rising slowly to his feet with an effort. "I know I have read my evenin' paper." He motioned with his hand around the cabin, as though some one was there. "I've read it, I know." Then he raised his voice until it filled all the space between the four walls.

"But if I transgress, I do it knowingly, and I make it a matter between God and me. I ain't never took two papers before since I made it up to keep myself down to one. One a day, I promised, cause it was the best for me, and I ain't never broke my word. But now I go straight to God about it, havin' explained to Him about my little girl, and He won't judge me harsh."

The agent raised his hands above him, and let them fall on his breast. So he stood for a moment, and then advanced

with firm step to the pile of newspapers, lifted the tarpaulin with a gesture, and gently laid it aside. Then he gave a great cry, and tore the top paper from the stack, and glanced over it in wild haste, and tore a dozen successive sheets from the pile and pulled them into strips as his eyes raced through them, and he scooped them from the stack in an armful and fell heavily to the floor with them tightly clasped to his breast.

For one day the little clerk in the depot at Montreal had neglected his systematic work.

One page of John Halpin's novel was missing.

THE IDLE RICH

BY THE CALIPH

Be rich, and live in wearying ease,
Be snobbish, and on bended knees
Fawn to those simple fools who would,
Have it distinctly understood
That they are of our race, the best,
And you and I are but—the rest.
Not much,
For such,

Are paltry parasites whose curse
Is ended only by the hearse,
Which carries them to mould and stink,
The same as those from whom they shrink,
Fine raiment and a languid air
Count nothing in a coffin bare.
They rot,
Forgot.

A grinning skull, is this the end?
Of blasé fools who would pretend
To be while here of purer blood;
Though they're but animated mud,
The same as you and I to-day.
It is to laugh, and so I say,
The while,
We smile.

They're not so useless as they seem,
They have a place in Nature's scheme,
In them we see what comes to pass
When some low-browed egregious ass
Secures an automatic hold
Upon a glittering pot of gold.
And so,
We know.

THE GHOST OF MOHAMMED DIN

BY C. ASHTON SMITH

"I'LL WAGER a hundred rupees that you won't stay there over-night," said Nicholson.

It was late in the afternoon, and we were seated on the veranda of my friend's bungalow in the Begum suburb at Hyderabad. Our conversation had turned to ghosts, on which subject I was, at the time, rather skeptical, and Nicholson, after relating a number of blood-curdling stories, had finished by remarking that a nearby house, which was said to be haunted, would give me an excellent chance to put the matter to the test.

"Done!" I answered, laughing.

"It's no joking matter," said my friend, seriously. "However, if you really wish to encounter the ghost, I can easily secure you the necessary permission. The house, a six-roomed bungalow, owned by one Yussuf Ali Borah, is tenanted only by the spirit who appears to regard it as his exclusive property.

"Two years ago it was occupied by a Moslem merchant named Mohammed Din, and his family and servants. One morning they found the merchant dead—stabbed through the heart, and no trace of his murderer, whose identity still remains unrevealed.

"Mohammed Din's people left, and the place was let to a Parsee up from Bombay on business. He vacated the premises abruptly about midnight, and told a wild tale the next morning of having encountered a number of disembodied spirits, describing the chief one as Mohammed Din.

"Several other people took the place in turn, but their occupancy was generally of short duration. All told tales similar to the Parsee's. Gradually it acquired a bad reputation, and the finding of tenants became impossible."

"Have you ever seen the ghost yourself?" I asked.

"Yes; I spent a night, or rather part of one, there, for I went out of the window about one o'clock. My nerves were not strong enough to stand it any longer. I wouldn't enter the place again for almost any sum of money."

Nicholson's story only confirmed my intention of occupying the haunted house. Armed with a firm disbelief in the supernatural, and a still firmer intention to prove it all rot, I felt myself equal to all the ghosts, native and otherwise, in India. Of my ability to solve the mystery, if there were any, I was quite assured.

"My friend," said Nicholson to Yussuf Ali Boran an hour later, "wishes to spend a night in your haunted bungalow."

The person addressed, a fat little Moslem gentleman, looked at me curiously.

"The house is at your service, Sahib," he said. "I presume that Nicholson Sahib has told you the experiences of the previous tenants?"

I replied that he had. "If the whole thing is not a trumped-up story, there is doubtless some trickery afoot," said I, "and I warn you that the trickster will not come off unharmed. I have a loaded revolver, and shall not hesitate to use it if I meet any disembodied spirits."

Yussuf's only answer was to shrug his shoulders.

He gave us the keys, and we set out for the bungalow, which was only a few minutes' walk distant. Night had fallen when we reached it. Nicholson unlocked the door and we entered, and lighting a lamp which I had brought with me, set out on a tour of inspection. The furniture consisted chiefly of two charpoys, three tabourets, an old divan quite innocent of cushions, a broken punkah, a three-legged chair and a dilapidated rug. Everything was covered with dust; the shutters rattled disconsolately, and all the doors creaked. The other rooms were meagrely furnished.

I could hear rats running about in the dark.

There was a compound adjoining, filled with rank weeds and a solitary pipal tree. Nicholson said that the ghost generally appeared in one of the rooms opening upon it, and this I selected as the one in which to spend the night. It was a fitting place for ghosts to haunt. The ceiling sagged listlessly, and the one charpoy which it contained had a wobbly look.

"Sleep well," said Nicholson. "You will find the atmosphere of this spirit-ridden place most conducive to slumber."

"Rats!" said I.

"Yes, there are plenty of rats here," he answered as he went out.

Placing the lamp on a tabouret, I lay down, with some misgivings as to its stability, on the charpoy. Happily, these proved unfounded, and laying my revolver close at hand, I took out a newspaper and began to read.

Several hours passed and nothing unusual happened. The ghost failed to materialize, and about eleven, with my skepticism greatly strengthened, and feeling a trifle ashamed concerning the hundred rupees which my friend would have to hand over the next morning, I lay down and tried to go to sleep. I had no doubt that my threat about the revolver to Yussuf Ali Borah had checked any plans for scaring me that might have been entertained.

Scarcely were my eyes closed when all the doors and windows, which had been creaking and rattling all evening, took on renewed activity. A light breeze had sprung up, and one shutter, which hung only by a single hinge, began to drum a tune on the wall. The rats scuttled about with redoubled energy, and a particularly industrious fellow gnawed something in the further corner for about an hour. It was manifestly impossible to sleep. I seemed to hear whisperings in the air, and once thought that I detected faint footsteps going and coming through the empty rooms. A vague feeling of eeriness crept upon me, and it required a very strong mental effort to convince myself that these sounds were entirely due to imagination.

Finally the breeze died down, the loose shutter ceased to bang, the rat stopped gnawing, and comparative quiet being restored, I fell asleep. Two hours later I awoke, and taking out my watch, saw, though the lamp had begun to burn dimly, that the hands pointed to two o'clock. I was about to turn over, when I again heard the mysterious footsteps, this time quite audibly. They seemed to approach my room, but when I judged them to be in the next apartment, ceased abruptly. I waited five minutes in a dead silence, with my nerves on edge and my scalp tingling.

Then I became aware that there was something between me and the opposite wall. At first it was a dim shadow, but as I watched, it darkened into a body. A sort of phosphorescent light emanated from it, surrounding it with pale radiance.

The lamp flared up and went out, but the figure was still visible. It was that of a tall native dressed in flowing white robes and a blue turban. He wore a bushy beard and had eyes like burning coals of fire. His gaze was directed intently upon me, and I felt cold shivers running up and down my spine. I wanted to shriek, but my tongue seemed glued to the roof of my mouth. The figure stepped forward and I noticed that the robe was red at the breast as though with blood.

This, then, was the ghost of Mohammed Din. Nicholson's story was true, and for a moment my conviction that the supernatural was all nonsense went completely to pieces. Only momentarily, however, for I remembered that I had a revolver, and the thought gave me courage. Perhaps it was a trick after all, and anger arose in me, and a resolve not to let the trickster escape unscathed.

I raised the weapon with a quick movement and fired. The figure being not over five paces distant, it was impossible to miss, but when the smoke had cleared it had not changed its position.

It began to advance, making no sound, and in a few moments was beside the charpoy. With one remaining vestige of courage I raised my revolver and pulled the trigger three times in succession, but without visible effect. I hurled the weapon at the figure's head, and heard it crash against the opposite wall an instant later. The apparition, though visible, was without tangibility.

Now it began to disappear. Very slowly at first it faded, then more rapidly until I could make out only the bare outlines. Another instant and all was gone but the outline of one hand, which hung motionless in the air. I got up and made a step towards it, then stopped abruptly, for the outlines again began to fill in, the hand to darken and solidify. Now I noticed something I had not before seen—a heavy gold ring set with some green gem, probably an emerald, appeared to be on the middle finger.

The hand began to move slowly past me towards the door opening into the next apartment. Lighting the lamp, I followed, all fear being thrown aside and desiring to find the explanation of the phenomenon. I could hear faint footfalls beneath the hand, as though the owner, though invisible, was still present. I followed it through the adjoining apartment and into the next, where it again stopped and hung motionless. One finger was pointed towards the further corner, where stood a tabouret, or stand.

Impelled, I think, by some force other than my own volition, I went over and lifting the tabouret, found a small wooden box, covered with dust, beneath.

Turning about I saw that the hand had disappeared.

Taking the box with me, I returned to my room. The thing was made of a very hard wood and in size was perhaps ten inches in length by eight in width and four in length. It was light, and the contents rustled when I shook it. I guessed them to be letters or papers, but having nothing to pry the box open with, I concluded to wait until morning before trying to.

Strange as it may seem I soon fell asleep. You would naturally think that a man would not feel inclined to slumber immediately after encountering a disembodied spirit. I can give no explanation of it.

The sun was streaming through the window when I awoke, and so cheerful and matter-of-fact was the broad daylight that I wondered if the events of the night were not all a dream. The presence of the box, however, convinced me that they were not.

Nicholson came in and appeared much surprised and a trifle discomfited to find me still in possession.

"Well," he inquired, "what happened? What did you see?"

I told him what had occurred and produced the box as proof.

An hour afterwards, Nicholson, with a short native sword and considerable profanity, was trying to pry the thing open. He finally succeeded. Within were a number of closely-written sheets of paper and some letters, most of which were addressed to Mohammed Din.

The papers were mostly in the form of memoranda and business accounts such as would be made by a merchant. They were written in execrable Urdu, hopelessly jumbled together, and though all were dated, it was no small task to sort them out. The letters were mostly regarding business affairs, but several, which were written in a very fair hand, were from a cousin of Mohammed Din's, one Ali Bagh, an Agra horse-trader. These, too, with one exception, were commonplace enough. Nicholson knitted his brows as he read it, and then handed it to me. The greater part, being of little interest, has escaped my memory, but I recollect that the last paragraph ran thus:

"I do not understand how you came by the knowledge, nor why you wish to use it to ruin me. It is all true. If you have any love for me, forbear."

"What does that mean?" asked Nicholson. "What secret did Mohammed Din possess that he could have used to ruin his cousin?"

We went through the memoranda carefully, and near the bottom found the following, dated April 21, 1881, according to our notation:

"To-day I found the letters which I have long been seeking. They are ample proof of what I have long known, but have hitherto been unable to substantiate, that Ali Bagh is a counterfeiter, the chief of a large band. I have but to turn them over to the police, and he will be dragged away to jail, there to serve a term of many years. It will be a good revenge—part compensation, at least, for the injuries he has done me."

"That explains Ali Bagh's letter," said Nicholson. "Mohammed Din was boastful enough to write to him, telling him

that he knew of his guilt and intended to prove it."

Next were several sheets in a different hand and signed "Mallek Khan." Mallek Khan, it seemed, was a friend of Ali Bagh's, and the sheets were in the form of a letter. But being without fold, it was quite evident that they had not been posted.

The communication related to certain counterfeiting schemes, and the names of a number of men implicated appeared. There was another unfolded letter, this time from Ali Bagh, and relating to similar schemes. This, plainly, was the proof alluded to by Mohammed Din, and which he had threatened his cousin to turn over to the police.

There was nothing else of interest save the following in Mohammed Din's hand, dated April 17th, 1881:

"To-morrow I shall give the papers to the authorities. I have delayed too long, and was very foolish to write to Ali Bagh.

"I passed a man in the street to-day who bore a strong resemblance to my cousin. . . . I could not be sure. . . But if he is here, then may Allah help me, for he will hesitate at nothing. . . ."

What followed was illegible.

"On the night of April 21st," said Nicholson, "Mohammed Din was killed by a person or person unknown." He paused and then went on: "This Ali Bagh is a man with whom I have had some dealings in horses, and an especially vicious crock it was that he got three hundred rupees out of me for. He has a bad reputation as a horse-dealer, and the Agra police have long been patiently seeking evidence of his implication in several bold counterfeiting schemes. Mallek Khan, one of his accomplices, was arrested, tried and sentenced to fifteen years' imprisonment, but refused to turn State's evidence on Ali Bagh. The police are convinced that Ali Bagh was as much, if not more implicated, than Mallek Khan, but they can do nothing for lack of proof. The turning over of these papers, however, as poor Mohammed Din would have done had he lived, will lead to his arrest and conviction."

"It was Ali Bagh who killed Mohammed Din, I am morally convinced, his motive, of course, being to prevent the disclosure of his guilt. Your extraordinary experience last night and the murdered man's papers point to it. Yet we can prove nothing, and your tale would be laughed at in court."

Some blank sheets remained in the bottom of the box and my friend tilted them out as he spoke. They fluttered to the veranda and something rolled out from amongst them and lay glittering in the sunshine. It was a heavy gold ring set with an emerald—the very same that I had seen upon the apparition's finger several hours before.

A week or so later, as the result of the papers that Nicholson sent to the Agra police, accompanied by an explanatory note, one Ali Bagh, horse-trader, found himself on trial, charged with counterfeiting. It was a very short trial, his character and reputation going badly against him, and it being proven that he was the leader of the gang of which Mallek Khan was thought to be a member, he was sentenced to a somewhat longer term in jail than his accomplice.

X. Zionism is God's Call

BY C. T. RUSSELL

Pastor Brooklyn Tabernacle

THOU SHALT arise and have mercy upon Zion, for the time to favor her, yea, the set time, has come; for thy servants take pleasure in her stones and favor the dust thereof. Then shall the Gentiles fear the name of Jehovah and the kings of the earth thy glory. When the Lord shall build up Zion, he shall appear in his glory."—Psalm 102:13-18.

The above Psalm is recognized as prophetic, both by Christians and Jews, each applying the matter to himself. We agree that there is a spiritual as well as a natural Israel. But we hold that Christian people have erred in applying all the Scriptures to themselves and in not discerning that a large proportion of the promised coming blessings belong to natural Israel. Failure to recognize this has worked injury and confusion to the minds of many Christian Bible students. Appropriating to themselves promises that belong to natural Israel, Christians have been led to turn and twist and spiritualize the Word of the Lord, until they have destroyed much of their own faith in it, as, for instance, the Scriptures declare that in Messiah's Day the wilderness shall blossom as the rose and the solitary place be glad and that the people shall build houses and inhabit them and plant vineyards and eat the fruit of them, and long enjoy the work of their hands; and that "they shall sit, every man under his vine and under his fig tree and none shall make them afraid."—Micah 4:4. An attempt to spiritualize these promises and make them appear to apply to spiritual Israel has been robbing natural Israel of his portion of God's favor, and has caused darkness and perplexity amongst Christian Israelites in their endeavor to harmonize these Scriptures with others which assure us that "Flesh and blood cannot inherit the Kingdom of God" (1 Cor. 15:50), and that ours is the heavenly calling and that the saints must be changed in a moment from human conditions to spiritual conditions, in order to enter into their reward.

St. Paul urges upon followers of Jesus that they "Rightly divide the Word of Truth." (2 Tim. 2-15.) This admonition we have neglected, to our loss. From Genesis to Malachi, the Jew found not a suggestion of a change of nature from earthly to heavenly, from fleshly to spiritual. To whatever extent he has learned to spiritualize the teachings of the Law and the Prophets he has been swerved by outside influences. For instance, God's promise to Abraham was, "Lift up now thine eyes and look to the East and to the West and to the North and to the South. All the land that thou seest will I give to thee and to thy seed after thee." Abraham must get that land first, and from him it must pass to his posterity. He never pos-

sessed one foot of it, according to the Genesis account, which is confirmed by St. Stephen, who declared (Acts 7:5) that Abraham received not so much of the land as to set his foot upon. This promise contains nothing whatever respecting a spiritual land or a change of nature, either to Abraham or to his posterity. This promise and others like it belong to Abraham's natural seed, and properly they should wait and hope for its fulfillment. It will be fulfilled when, shortly, Father Abraham and the other saintly ones of the Jewish family shall, with him, be resurrected from the dead to the glory of human perfection. Thus is it written, "Instead of thy fathers shall be thy children, whom thou mayest make princes in all the earth."—Psa. 45:16.

These princes amongst mankind will be the visible rulers and teachers of the world. To them first will be drawn the Jews. Then, as the remainder of the world will perceive the blessings resulting to Israel they will realize that this new order of things is advantageous for all, and will submit themselves to this Semitic government. The Jews are gradually coming to see that no human being could possibly fulfill all the glorious predictions made respecting their Messiah. They are quite prepared, therefore, to note the force of Daniel's prophecy (12:1) that Messiah will be one like God. It will not be difficult, therefore, for the Jew to comprehend that this God-like Messiah, who will combine in himself the qualities of Moses, the great teacher and law-giver, of David and Solomon the great kings, and of Melchisedek, the great priest—all on a bigger scale—antitypical—must be a spirit being and not a human being. And if a spirit being like unto the angels, his Throne and glory will not be earthly nor visible to men except by the eyes of their understanding. Abraham, Moses, David, the Prophets, etc., will be the earthly representatives of this great invisible spiritual Prince—Michael—who as God shall rule the world in righteousness and lift up the poor and the needy and humble the proud and dispel ignorance and superstition and cause the light of the knowledge of Jehovah to fill the whole earth as the waters cover the sea.

Dominion of Sin to Be Overthrown.

Satan is Scripturally designated the Prince of this age who now worketh in the hearts of the children of disobedience. (Eph. 2:2.) The promise of the Scriptures is that his usurpation of earth's dominion will cease. It has been carried on through ignorance, superstition and deception. Because of it we read, "Darkness covers the earth and gross darkness the people." The distinct promise is that when Messiah's reign shall begin, Satan shall be bound and the reign of sin and death shall be at an end. Instead, Messiah and his saintly Bride on the spirit plane shall reign, promoting righteousness and everlasting life. Abraham and the other ancient worthies will be the honored earthly representatives of this glorious spiritual Empire. The object and work of Messiah's reign will be not only to estop the reign of sin and death, but, more than this, to lift up poor, fallen humanity out of ignorance and superstition, out of sin and death, out of weaknesses and frailties. Messiah's Kingdom, therefore, is properly termed the times or years of restitution (Acts 3:19-21) and it is properly symbolized by Israel's Fiftieth Year of Jubilee.

The Hindrance Will Be Removed.

The question properly arises—If God intended so glorious a future for His Chosen People, why was it necessary that there should be so long a delay? Why did he not at once exalt them in the days of Moses or in the days of David or Solomon? Why did he not at once bring in these great blessings which the Scriptures foretell?

The answer is a simple one which meets all requirements:

(1) Nearly two thousand years was consumed in finding the saintly few of Israel who with Father Abraham would be worthy to be Messiah's Princes in all the earth during his reign of a thousand years.

(2) Additionally, God purposed that Messiah should have companions on the spirit plane with himself and sharers of his nature, glory, honor and power—his Bride, even as Abraham sought a bride for the typical Isaac to be associated with

him in conferring the blessing. For nearly two thousand years this "little flock" of saintly people from every nation, people, kindred and tongue, Jews, French, Swedes, British, Germans, etc., a saintly few, will by a share in the First Resurrection be changed from earthly nature to heavenly.

Thus we see that God's great Plan for the world's salvation by Messiah's Kingdom has been in preparation ever since the flood, but the preparation is not yet quite completed. The Princes of Israel have been found, have been approved, and are merely sleeping in the dust of the earth (Daniel 12:2), waiting until the other small elect class shall be completed, whom we shall designate the spiritual Princes or Messiah's Bride. This work complete, the blessing of all the families of the earth will be ushered in with power and great glory. And although its introduction, it is declared, will come through a great time of trouble such as never was since there was a nation, nevertheless that trouble cloud has such a glorious silver lining of hope and joy and blessing for Israel and for the world that all who see it in its true character may really welcome it. Short, sharp and decisive, it will make the rough places smooth. It will overthrow the pride and arrogance of man. It will humble all. It will break many hearts and overthrow many ambitions, but the eventual results will be "The desire of all nations."—Hag. 2:7.

"Yea, the Set Time is Come."

So many are haphazard and thoughtless themselves that they naturally think of the Almighty from their own standpoint—as conducting a haphazard plan of dealing with humanity—a plan devoid of wisdom, justice, love and power—a plan which would reflect dishonorably on any human architect, on any human ruler, on any human statesman. Let us be through with such childish misconceptions of God. Otherwise, like the Higher Critics, we would soon esteem ourselves superior to the God of the Bible, and, correspondingly, our reverence, our worship, our obedience to Him would diminish.

It is when we begin to get the proper focus upon the Holy Scriptures that we begin to realize our own littleness and the greatness of the Creator—the insignificance and absurdity of our human theories and creeds and the sublime majesty of the Divine arrangement for the children of men. We have just seen the selection of two companies of saintly characters for the Divine purpose of the world's blessing. Should it surprise us to find that the Almighty has set time ordained from before the foundation of the world controlling every feature of his great Plan of the Ages? It should not. Should we expect that fallen and imperfect humanity will see the advisability for chronological exactness and that the Almighty God should ignore such a matter? Have men manufactured clocks and watches so that they regulate the affairs of life to the very moment in respect to the starting of a train or in respect to the hour in which a timelock would release the treasures of a safe, and shall we, then, be surprised to find that the Almighty Creator has times, yea, set times, connected with the ordering of his great Plan of the Ages? Surely not. Hence our text is quite reasonable in this declaration that God has the time, yea, the set time, for remembering his promises to Israel and for bringing about their fulfillment? Rather this should encourage us, should stimulate our faith and make us more and more obedient to him who speaks from heaven and who tells us that the great clock of the universe is about to strike the hour which will end this present age and introduce the reign of righteousness, the Kingdom of God's dear Son.

Zionism the First Call.

It is not by accident, but of Divine foreknowledge and clearly foretold in the prophecies that the nation of Israel has suffered shamefully at the hands of many Christian nations. And, alas, to our shame it must be said that many of the atrocities practiced against them are by Christians falsely so-called—Christians in name, but not in fact. Note, for instance, the recent disorder in Roumania, which, fortunately, did not result to the Jews in great loss of life. But note its malevolent misrepresentation of Christ and his teachings; the so-called Greek Catholic Christ-

ians went to the cemetery ghoulishly, dug up recently interred Jews, and flung the corpses on the doorsteps of their relatives. Alas, that such things are possible in the name of Christ! Alas, too, that there is no general protest from so-called Christian nations against such disorders, nor against the pogroms so common of late in Russia! But what does this prove? It demonstrates what all sensible people should know, namely, that there are no Christian Governments in the world—that the name Christendom is a sad mistake! When Christ's Kingdom shall really be established amongst men no such brutalities will be permitted in any name or under any pretext.

By the permission of these severe trials upon the Chosen People, God has not only, we believe, been chastening them, but, additionally, he has been keeping them together as a people, separate from all others. Had they been without persecution, doubtless they would have been swallowed up like the other peoples of the world. As it is, they are a living monument to the truthfulness of God's Word—they are a miracle.

And now when prophecy shows that God's time has come for remembering and executing his gracious promises to Israel, his first move toward their recovery to his favor comes through Zionism. Not that Zionism was started as a religious movement; quite the contrary. It is a spasm of national pride, however commendable such a pride may be. Weary with the persecutions of centuries, the Jew hoped that by their re-establishment as a nation they would command a greater respect throughout the world and be saved from racial hatred and persecution. They hoped, also, that the land of their fathers would furnish an asylum for the Russian outcasts of their race. The enthusiasm of Zionism spread, especially amongst the poorer Jews. Meantime other hopes and aims were set forward. Some said that Mesopotamia was the proper place, and the British gave rights of colonization; others urged Argentine Republic, and millions of dollars were spent in seeking to place Russian Jews there. Others thought to make Jewish colonies in New Jersey, and still others favored similar schemes in Texas. But none of these flourished. Colonies in Palestine alone seemed to prosper even moderately. Meantime other hopes arose—the Russian douma promised to be favorable to the Jew and to permit his maintaining his home in Russia, inducing bands of Russian Jews to remain in the land of their adoption. But this hope has also failed them. Persecution and evictions in Russia continue as before. The Jew is, therefore, more heart-sick than ever. His greatest prosperity has been in London and in New York City. In the latter place reside twelve hundred thousand of them. Now fear is taking hold upon their hearts that even in this land of liberty and enlightenment they may not be safe from accusations and persecutions leveled against them on account of race prejudices. Alas, poor Jews!

The Voice—"Die Stimme."

It is at this juncture and under these conditions that God's Chosen People today are awakening and listening to the voice of prophecy, which the writer has had the privilege of bringing to their attention. Zionism, we believe, is about to take on a new form. Instead of being any longer a movement of race pride and for race protection it seems evident that it will shortly be a religious movement. Back to the prophecies! Back to the Word of God! Back to the promise made to Abraham and repeatedly confirmed! Back to the oath-bound promise that Abraham's seed shall yet bless all the families of the earth! The tide of Jewish sentiment is turning, and swiftly, too.

Long centuries of training in religion have marked the Jew as a religionist as well as a money-lover. He loved his money and labored for it, because his heart had no spiritual ideal for which to labor. But the message of the prophets is now ringing in the hearts of many: "Comfort ye, comfort ye my people, saith your God. Speak ye comfortably to Jerusalem and cry unto her that her appointed time is accomplished, that her iniquity is pardoned; for she hath received of the Lord's hand double for all her sins."—Isa. 40:1-2.

At first, of course, the movement will only be amongst the poor, those not saturated with unbelief, Higher Criticism,

Evolution, etc. Gradually it will take hold —we believe—upon those more intelligent and those of wealth. When that moment shall arrive, there will be a sufficiency of funds to forward a great movement Zionward. Not that all Jews, nor that even the majority of them, will go to Palestine, but surely the sympathy of all who are Jews indeed must shortly go thither, and that will mean the aid and comfort of co-religionists who will be seeking an asylum. Moreover, the great time of trouble which is nearing will be recognized by the Jews as soon as by others, and Palestine will be considered one of the best places of safety for personal property. Moreover, the Scriptures indicate that the persecutions of the Jews are not yet ended. These also will tend to drive them home. This great time of trouble will not only prepare Israel, but all the nations, to welcome Messiah's glorious Kingdom of righteousness, joy and peace.

IN THE REALM OF BOOKLAND

Hunting big game is a popular pastime these days with those who have the opportunity to indulge in it, and for those who cannot, it is a pleasure to read of the experiences in this line of the more fortunate. Africa, South America, Canada and other familiar regions are the conventional big game fields, but Harry Payne, in his new book, "Hunting with the Eskimos," has given us a view of a big game region about which little is known, outside of the travel books of noted explorers. In this handsome, well-illustrated volume, the author describes in most entertaining fashion his travels and hunting in the bleak Arctic region, in both the long perpetual daylight of summer and the solemn, awful pall of the Arctic winter night. The story is well written in every respect, holds the reader's attention from start to finish, and gives a new and convincing idea of conditions in the far north of our continent.

The Century Company, New York.

* * *

May Sinclair has produced in "The Creators" the best work of her life. It is of that intense interest that holds one's attention from the outset. It is a story of London life, which Miss Sinclair knows so well, and has the beauty of being not only perfectly correct in its descriptions and pictures, but eloquent of a phase of society that is only too often misunderstood by Americans.

The Century Co. $1.30 net.

* * *

King Camp Gillette has written another of his socio-political works, under the title "World Corporation," in which he enunciates many economic principles that appeal to one's reason and many that do not. It is in line with his preceding works, and aims at an overthrow, or at least a radical modification of existing social conditions.

The New England News Company, Boston.

* * *

Under the one title, "The Guillotine Club," Dr. S. Weir Mitchell gives us really four stories of the mysterious, all quite up to that excellent writer's standard. The stories are full of complications; they present curious characters, and are most ingenious in their construction and puzzling in their evolution. It is an odd volume, and the average reader will not close it until all four stories are read.

The Century Company, $1.50.

As its title implies, "The History of the Telephone" is a work in which Herbert N. Casson, the well known and powerful magazine writer, gives what is thus far the best, in fact the only complete, history of that great invention that has combined with the printing press and the telegraph to advance the cause of enlightenment and civilization, more than any other agencies. It describes the development of the telephone from its inception, through the days of its development to its present stage of well-nigh perfection. It is really a romance of a seemingly most prosaic factor of our daily life.

A. C. McClurg & Co., Chicago. $1.50.

* * *

In "The New Bible Country," Thomas Franklin Day, Professor of Old Testament Languages and Literature in the San Francisco Theological Seminary, makes an analysis of the Bible that throws new light upon that work, light that illuminates it for the benefit of both the skeptic and the dogmatic student who fears that modern criticism has demolished the old beliefs.

Thomas Y. Crowell & Co., New York.

* * *

Admirers and collectors of rare bits of old furniture will enjoy reading "The Lure of the Antique," by Walter A. Dyer. The work is actually a handbook and guidebook for those who are after old furniture, chinaware, copper and ironware, and other things of the kind. It is an authority upon age, style, period, maker and genuineness, and is at the same time a readable book in general respects. It is well illustrated and certainly convinces one that there is a decided lure in the antique.

The Century Co., New York.

* * *

The Census Bureau has issued one of the most interesting of its special reports, and a particularly timely one in these days of conservation agitation, in "Central Electric Light and Power Stations," in which are given voluminous statistics on the subject named. Unlike many publications of the Census Bureau, the book contains much plain narrative and description, and is not a mere collection of dry figures.

Government Printing Office, Washington.

* * *

We have all long since learned to love Jennie Allen, the new and quaint character of fiction created by Grace Donworth, who has given the reading public another treat in "Down Home with Jennie Allen," in which that essentially human creature, her friends and environment, continue to amuse and entertain us, even more than in the preceding book by this gifted authoress. Jennie is married now, and with her "fambly," is even more interesting than before.

Small, Maynard & Co., Boston.

Enclosure of the Alligator Farm, Los Angeles. There are several enclosures, where the alligators are sorted according to size.

An incubator for hatching alligator eggs. This is in use on the Alligator Farm in Los Angeles. On the top of the incubator is a bag made of alligator hide.

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THE CALIFORNIA ALLIGATOR RANCH

BY ARTHUR INKERSLEY

STORIES HAVE BEEN told of a Colorado farm on which bears are raised, of a parrot ranch in Mexico, and of a Canadian who breeds wolves for their skins. But the oddest farms of all are the rattlesnake ranch in Texas, where the deadly serpents are bred for their venom, and the alligator-breeding establishments in Arkansas and California, which are maintained partly as show places, but chiefly for the propagation and sale of alligators and the production of alligator hides for commercial uses.

Alligators are found native in America only in the Southern States and in the swamps of Venezuela and Northern Guiana. They have been killed as far north as the New River in North Carolina, but their favorite haunts in the United States are the everglades of Florida, the bayous of Louisiana and the swamps of Texas and Mississippi. The alligator has five toes, two without claws on his fore-feet, and four toes, one without a claw, on his hind feet. The clawless toes are intended to enable the creature to feel the bottom of a stream or swamp. In the Southern States alligators were once exceedingly plentiful, and were so destructive to cattle that the farmers organized parties to hunt and exterminate them. The hides also became so valuable commercially that bands of professional hunters were formed. These pursue the alligators so persistently that they are in danger of extinction unless the United States Government intervenes, as it has done, when almost too late, in the case of the Bos Americanus, or bison, which once roamed the prairies in innumerable herds, but was nearly exterminated by the hunter with the repeating rifle.

Nowadays, however, the scientific breeding of alligators has become a business. About seven years ago, H. I. Campbell, son of a British Colonel, and a well-known alligator-hunter, established at Hot Springs, Ark., a farm for the propagation of alligators for commercial purposes. The strange farm proved successful from the first, and was extended until it covers several acres, on which there are from five hundred to eight hundred alligators constantly. The Arkansas farm is situated on the banks of a small stream, which forms several ponds and lakelets that serve as excellent breeding-places for the "stock." Alligators of all ages and sizes may be seen there, from babies as small as lizards to aged monsters from twelve to fifteen feet in length and from fifty to two hundred years of age.

The genial climate of Southern California is just as suitable as that of Arkansas to the breeding of the saurians, and about three years ago there was established near Eastlake Park in Los Angeles, a second alligator farm, occupying about two acres on the banks of a little stream, which has been widened into pools and ponds for the accommodation of the alligators. The ponds are surrounded by

fences of woven wires, so as to keep their occupants from straying. At the upper end of the farm is the incubator-house, sheltering the great incubators in which the eggs are hatched. It is an odd sight to see one of the trays of the incubator filled with eggs and little alligators that have just emerged into the light of day. Just below the incubator-house is the first pond, a very shallow one in which the smallest alligators are kept; in the next, those of a larger size are herded together; and so on until we come to the oldest and largest, each of which has the honor of having an enclosure all to himself. The reason for segregating the animals so carefully is that the larger ones would eat the smaller if they were kept in the same enclosures.

Though alligators in captivity in zoological gardens do not reproduce, they find conditions on the farm so congenial that they breed well. Once a year, about the month of June, the males become dangerous, bellowing like angry bulls as they call to their mates. At this period they fight viciously, and much care has to be exercised to prevent them from hurting each other seriously. Soon afterwards the female begins to nest, selecting a sandy spot on the bank of the stream or a bit of dry ground above a pool. This she clears of grass or weeds with the tail and claws, and makes a floor of mud mixed with grass, forming a sort of mat. When dry, she lays eggs enough to cover the mat, puts up a little wall round the eggs and covers them with another mat; when this is dry, she lays a second batch of eggs above the first, and so proceeds, building up tier on tier, the upper ones smaller than the lower, until they form a cone about four feet high. Though the shells of the eggs are thin, they are so strong that rarely are any in the lowest tier broken. When alligators are living in a natural condition out in the open, the cones may be demolished by a flood or violent rain, but usually they last very well. The mother guards the eggs until they are hatched by the heat of the sun, and during this period, varying according to the weather, from two to three months, she is very savage, attacking everything that comes near her nest. An angry alligator makes an odd, uncanny noise that is a sort of combination of the snort of a horse and the hiss of a rattlesnake. When the young ones come out into the world, the mother considers her duty done, and leaves them to shift for themselves; she will even allow them to be removed from the nest without a protest.

But on the farm, as soon as the female has done laying, the eggs are taken to the incubators, which are of wood, standing on four legs and about three and one-half feet high. The incubators are protected by a roofed shed, which can be closed entirely. The eggs are laid on trays, 45 to a tray, and are moistened daily with water, the temperature being maintained at 80 degrees. The temperature, however, may vary considerably without destroying the fertility of the eggs, few of which are unfruitful. In about forty days the shells break, and the infant alligators, about seven inches long, appear on the scene. Like the young of almost all creatures (except mankind), they are rather engaging things, scrambling about as actively as little pigs. Great care is devoted to this part of the industry, for hundreds of baby 'gators are sold each year to tourists and sent by express to various parts of the United States. The young saurians are quite unintelligent but very hardy. A few days after birth they are placed in an enclosure, in the middle of which is a round, shallow, concrete trench, filled with water. A shade of palm leaves is furnished for them, and for a little while they are fed regularly on chopped meat, but soon they require no attention. They are quite lively, and, when one of the attendants walks in the trench, they scuttle away in all directions. They have tough constitutions, never getting sick, as the foolish human baby does, from unsuitable food, lack of exercise or badly ventilated sleeping quarters. They are, however, sensitive to rough usage, and, if hurt, will die eventually from the effects of the injury. On one occasion an alligator of mature age, fourteen feet in length, was hired by the proprietor of a circus. The case in which the animal was conveyed from the farm to the circus was dropped, and, though the alligator showed no signs of injury at the time, it died six months later. The large animals get pigeons, rabbits or chickens to eat occasionally, but

Leading one of the big fellows.

these are killed before being thrown to them. Alligators spend the night in the water, but come ashore for food in the morning. If it is sunny, they are content to bask in the sunshine all day.

All the small alligators seen at the farms have been bred there from eggs, but the big ones were caught in swamps and bayous by skillful and experienced hunters. With a strong line and a big steel hook baited with pork, it is as easy to catch an alligator as to catch a trout with a minnow, but you must know what to do with your alligator when you have caught him. The hunters drag him ashore and throw a noose over his snout, so as to fasten the jaws together. Then he is put into a strong wooden box with air-holes on the top and sides. Sometimes alligators are caught in steel traps with toothed jaws which are closed with a spring when a trigger is touched. Another way of catching the saurians is by "poling." A long pole, one end of which is wrapped with carpet or leather, is poked into the hole which an alligator has been seen to enter; the 'gator grips the pole in his jaws, and, tenacity being his chief virtue, holds on till he is pulled out of the water by main force. Occasionally they are caught in strong nets. When alligators are hunted at night, a bull's-eye lantern is worn in the hunter's hat; when the eye of the prey is "shined," by the beam of the lantern, it looks like a ball of fire on the surface of the water. Having found his prey, the hunter paddles quietly up, and blows the head of the 'gator to pieces with the charge from a shot-gun. Before the creature sinks, it is seized with a grappling hook and drawn into the boat. A score or two may be killed in this way in a night by experienced hunters. Small ones are picked up by the hands, and are sent alive to the farm for exhibition. In dealing with live alligators, it is necessary to be careful, for one snap of the jaws of a big one will crush a man's leg, and a blow from his powerful tail will knock a man senseless to the ground.

In his native haunts, the alligator, on the approach of winter, burrows in the mud, and hibernates until the warmth of spring awakens him to life again. On the Arkansas farm in the winter they are kept in ventilated boxes, which are stored away in rows in a building in which shallow pools of water are kept at an even temperature by steam-pipes passing through them. The alligators float in the tepid water, and can be removed as may be necessary. During this time they are dormant and eat nothing. But in Southern California the climate is so mild that they show no desire to hibernate, but remain on view all through the winter, enjoying the sunshine but partaking of no food. Large alligators at the farm in summer eat only once a week, and in hot weather take no food at all. They can go for six months without nourishment; but, when they do eat, they assimilate everything—flesh, bone and hair.

At the farms, the baby alligators are kept in one enclosure, small saurians of two to six years of age in another; those from six to fifteen years in another; and each of the large old fellows in a separate pen. The stock used for breeding purposes is from twenty to sixty years old. The fences surrounding the enclosures are of wire netting fastened to posts about four feet high. The attendant catches alligators of moderate size by the tail and holds them by the neck, keeping them from slashing their tails about by tucking them under his arm. One of the attendants has a method of mesmerizing the alligators. He lays one on his back, makes some passes, and, uttering a droning, half-singing noise, causes the creature to lie perfectly still. After some minutes, he returns and finds it on its back in the spot where he left it. Alligators are strangely perverse animals; if they are tied by a rope, they twist and twist, turning over and over until they cut their necks, and continue the process until they either break the rope or kill themselves. It does not occur to them to let go.

As may be supposed, alligators are not docile, and do not show any aptitude for learning, but at the Arkansas and Los Angeles farms a few have been taught to perform after a fashion. One of the unwieldy creatures is lassoed with a rope and dragged reluctantly, emitting a queer, hissing noise the while, to the bottom of a flight of wooden steps, covered with carpet and having cross-pieces to enable the animal to get foothold. The alligator climbs slowly and clumsily up the steps

Shooting the Chutes at the Alligator Farm. In the background, the attendant is mesmerizing one of the saurians.

to a small platform, where he waits while the spectators walk round to the front and the attendant throws water on the chute, down which the saurian slides into the pool below. This performance is given each afternoon at the farm, when there are enough interested spectators who desire to witness the exhibition.

The largest, oldest and most hideous alligators at the Los Angeles farm are named Ponchartrain Billy, Louisiana Joe, El Diablo and Barataria Ben. Ponchartrain Billy weighs about 220 pounds, was captured in April, 1907, and is considered to be eighty years old. Barataria Ben weighs 265 pounds, was captured on May 5, 1903, and is about 135 years old. El Diablo is estimated to have attained the venerable age of 150 years, and Louisiana Joe, the patriarch of the farm, is said to have about two hundred years to his credit. There is also a large Floridan alligator, which was kept formerly in Westlake Park, Los Angeles, and was presented to the California Alligator Farm on November 9, 1908.

Notices posted about the farm read as follows: "Visitors are requested not to throw stones at the alligators, spit on, punch or molest them in any way."

Certainly, spitting, even on an alligator's corrugated hide, is not an elegant habit, and it is well to discourage it, especially in public places. But I should have supposed that an alligator possessing a boiler-plate hide like that of a rhinoceros, would be as sublimely unconscious of the fact that some ill-mannered person had voided his rheum upon him as the Dean and Chapter of St. Paul's, London, would be that some one was stroking the dome of the cathedral with the intent of gratifying them. But, perchance, the saurian, in his dull, unintelligent, alligatorish way, is annoyed at the insolence implied in expectorating even on an impervious integument; and, though he cannot feel it, is yet offended in his sense of dignity. If this be so, I am on the side of the alligators.

There is a considerable demand for alligators, though some may be disposed to deny the allegation. Baby alligators are sold as pets to tourists at $1.25 to $2.50 apiece; small ones are displayed in the windows of stores and saloons to attract attention; large ones are sold to menageries, museums, parks, circuses and showmen. One measuring six feet fetches about $20; though personally I would rather have the double eagle than the single alligator; I would even prefer a half eagle to a whole alligator. The only good alligator for me is a dead one, for from his hide is manufactured an excellent and handsome leather, possessing the durability of iron, without its liability to rust. From alligator hide may be made purses, hand-bags, suit-cases, cigar-cases and many other articles. Even the dreadful teeth, with which the horrible crime of devouring its own kind has been committed many a time, are made into cuff-buttons, scarf-pins, bracelets and other articles of personal adornment for those who have a fancy for such grim mementoes of cannibalistic feasts. The eggs that have proved unresponsive to the warmth of the incubator, and have refused to bring forth baby saurians, are blown and sold as souvenirs. So in this queer industry little is wasted.

A large alligator at the Alligator Farm at Los Angeles, Cal., waiting to devour a rabbit.

RAMBLES AMONG THE RUINS OF SAN DIEGO'S OLD MISSIONS

BY A. K. GLOVER

THE VERY FACT that the Old Mission at San Diego is to-day in a more ruinous state than any other among those founded by the Spanish padres, makes it correspondingly attractive to the lover of the ancient and romantic. Since the few things still preserved, along with the historic spots readily identified, all appear in stronger light than they would if the Mission were as well preserved as are several others. The remains of many of the once flourishing Missions remind one of the ruins of Ancient Rome and Aztec Mexico, both in their stability and their general aspect of hoariness, yet the utter desolation of the San Diego Mission, relieved only by its ever sacred memories, appeals to one even more deeply than the matter of more lordly ruins. Of many California Spanish Missions, enough has endured to render a complete or a partial restoration possible, but the Mission of Saint James—San Diego de Alcalda—is beyond the possibility of even partial rebuilding. With the exception of the front wall of the old church, the remains of three flanking adobe cells, and a crumbling fragment of the church's south wall, nothing exists on which to restore the first of California's Old Mission churches. The plan now in mind, looking toward its restoration, can end in nothing else than the erection of brand new buildings, and in all probability this so-called "restoration" will result in such elaborate structures as must wholly outshine the mission as known to the good padres and their devout Indian converts,

Old mission of San Diego, as it was down to 1846; an earthquake destroyed it in 1893. From sketch by Col. Couts, U. S. A., in 1846. Showing old olive press also.

who probably would not be able to recognize them.

The San Diego Mission was the first one founded in Alta California, and it was established under far greater difficulties than the others, so that its church and other buildings were never so solidly built or as pretentious as most of the others in the long chain of the California Missions. Erected hurriedly in the year 1775 by Father Junipero Serra and his little band of followers, assisted by a few Indian laborers, it was never intended to last very long in a good condition, and what with its partial destruction by hostile redskins in the same year of its founding, the ravages of time, of heat, and of rain, its occupancy by the American troops during the Mexican War, its later use as a sheepfold, and the earthquake of 1893, the Mission of San Diego is to-day hardly even a genuine ruin.

We know just about what its appearance was in the early days, down to the Mexican War, from a sketch made in 1846 by Colonel Couts, U. S. A., which shows the mission to have been far from lordly, yet suited to all the needs of the day. This sketch by Colonel Couts is a precious heirloom, since without it we would never have been able to picture to ourselves the faintest outlines of the original mission buildings, as we now can, from the church tower at one end of the compound to the refectory at the other, along with the first California olive press in front, though really some three hundred feet away, across the road, in the olive orchard. While we so willingly permit ourselves to call this the "Old Mission," we may, however, by so doing, be lending our support unwittingly to a false impression. While it is, to all intents and purposes, the "Old Mission." yet it was in fact the successor of a still older mission in Old Town (Old San Diego), where the padres and the Spanish soldiers raised the Spanish flag in July of the year 1769, and where they celebrated their first Mass.

Here in Old Town, on a small hill overlooking the valley of the San Diego river, Father Serra established his first mission, protected by the Spanish presidio, of which it really formed a part, while below the mission, right at the foot of the hill, he caused to be planted the first palm trees

One of the last links in the old mission chain. Gertrude Alto, aged 120 years. San Diego, Cal.

in California—the famous "Mission Palms," now enjoying the hoary age of a hundred and forty-one years. Here the padres labored for five long years. Six years later, in 1775, the mission was moved up the valley to a point about eight miles from the ocean, and as the presidio mission church was destroyed by fire in 1782, the new mission up the valley soon became the only center of religious activity, and thus in more recent years it gradually acquired the pseudo-title of the "Old Mission."

Here it was that Father Serra and his successors labored and prayed, and here it is that for seventy-five years the mission was a beacon light to the whole surrounding region.

Rambling about this historic and romantic spot, we catch sight of many mementoes of the padres. Opposite the site

Mission bell, San Diego. Made of fragments of three other bells broken by U. S. soldiers in 1847.

of the mission church, across the road, we enter the mission garden, with its score or more of aged olive trees, planted in 1775, the year of the mission's founding, while along the edge of the garden loom up the three patriarchal palms, planted at the same time. Both palms and olives are rugged, and to all appearance they will live for many years to come, unless destroyed by the hand of man. These palms, though only six years younger than the two at Old Town, have been saved from the force of the ocean winds, being far away up the quiet valley, and thus they stand erect like sentinels guarding the sanctity of this holy ground.

The olives, too, are well-preserved and comely, and nobody would suppose that either they or the palms are now aged a hundred and thirty-five years. The palms at Old Town, are decrepit, and must be supported by iron wires to keep them from falling. It is such living mementoes as these aged trees that lend romance and poetry to this historic spot, far more, perhaps, than crumbling walls and broken arches.

Here also we behold the padres' famous cactus hedge, running along the north side of the garden, with here and there the remnants of the old adobe wall cropping out. And then we try to recall the peaceful picture of the olden times, of the padres in their brown habits walking and meditating in the shade of the olives and palms, saying their daily offices, or lending a hand in the labor of the day, as they often did. And right here before us, in the olive orchards, stands, sad and lonely, the ruins of the padres' olive press.

Only parts of two walls remain to remind us of the days when there was heard here the hum of business activity, as well as prayer and praise, for out of the olive and olive oil the mission not only supplied its annual needs in these things, but, by their sale or exchange in Old Town, did much toward paying the running expenses even down to a very late date. The fathers were level-headed business men, as well as pious missionaries, and all the business enterprises of those early days were inaugurated and managed by them, from the making of olive oil and the tanning of hides, to the production of the finest church embroidery!

At the eastern end of the mission garden looms up the solid adobe brick top of a well that claims to have been the first ever dug in Alta California. It is certainly over a century old. On top of it rises the incongruous form of a wooden wind-mill!

What would Ruskin say at the sight of such a horrid combination of the romantic and the materialistic!

We are now standing on the riverbank, and only about a hundred feet away toward the south is the little wooden, grave-like enclosure, with upright cross, marking the exact spot where Father Jaime was killed by the Indians, November 5, 1775, the same year in which the mission was established. We try to go back to that terrible night when the pagan Yumas poured down from the mountains seven

hundred strong, and after destroying by fire such things as would burn, murdered the good priest and several others. How beautiful a habit it is of the Catholic Church that she so tenderly marks and preserves those places made sacred by the martyrdom of her saints! Father Jaime went out to meet the redskins with the cross held aloft, and, while crying aloud, "Love God! Love God! My children!" was felled by the blow of a tomahawk. After burial in the presidio at Old Town, his body is said to have been transferred back to the old church, to be interred beneath the chancel. If it still repose there, we shall some day discover it, and duly honor it. Meanwhile, God rest the soul of good Father Jaime!

On top of the ruined bell-tower, to the left of the church door, hangs a bell with a romantic history. Originally the mission bells numbered five, and were hung in the three stories of the belfry, as seen in the sketch by Colonel Couts, here reproduced. During the Mexican war our own soldiers used the bells as convenient targets, and so managed to break into pieces three of the five. The two not broken were then carried to Old Town, where they have been hanging ever since in front of the Old Town church. When the Catholic Sisters arrived to take charge of the Indian School of the mission, about twenty years ago, they gathered together the fragments of the three broken bells and had them cast into a larger one, baptizing it as "Mother Dolarosa," in the presence of a large gathering. This is the bell that we now see on the ruins of the mission belfry. Tourists love to ring it, for while it is not the original bell, still its metal is the same as that of the first bells that called the neophytes to prayer in ye olden time. Its silvery tones only tend to emphasize the fact that the padres brought their very best bells along with them for their mission work, as an every-day feature of their plan of education. How much easier to have brought from far away Mexico or Spain a big cow-bell for the Indian neophytes? Not so with the holy padres, dear reader, for God was just as real to them in the missions of California as he had been in the resplendent cathedrals of Castile and Aragon. So everywhere among the missions we find only bells with sweet tones, and vestments of good brocade.

Behind the four walls, right at the foot of the bell tower, lie some old mill-stones and an Indian mortar. The fathers made use of these very mill-stones and mortar in the grinding of their wheat and other cereals. The mill-stones are nearly three feet in diameter and very heavy, which, perhaps, accounts for their preservation. They have lain in their present place as long as the oldest can remember, and will probably stay there until the day of the proposed "restoration," after which it is hoped that they will be carefully guarded as mission curios.

The San Diego river, like many others in California, is generally upside down, except in time of flood, so that such a thing as the waterwheel was impossible, and all the padres' milling had to be done by means of the "upper and nether millstones" of the Holy Land.

There is one more curio, generally unseen because underground, that tells only too plainly of the toil and the skill of the early padres. Beneath the church, from the chancel, they dug a long, secret tunnel down as far as the olive orchard, ending it in a deep well. From this well they ran an extension dam to the river bank. This tunnel was to be a place of safety in case of Indian attacks. It is large enough to walk in, and the padres must have been consummate engineers to have planned

Front wall and main door, old mission church, San Diego.

and dug this passage, five or six hundred feet long, besides sinking the well! They were determined to take no more chances with the redskins, so one of their earliest works after the massacre of 1775 was to dig this tunnel. Here they could take refuge, with supplies and plenty of water, or escape by its lower end to a place of safety in the darkness of the night. As far as we know, they never needed to use this tunnel. Had it been dug in 1775 it could have been put to good use, and several lives might have been saved.

The well into which this underground passage runs competes with the well at the other end of the orchard for the honor of being the first sunk in California, and we think it has everything in its favor. How those padres did think, and plan and toil!

The very soil on which we tread seems to us holy ground, from Old Town, on San Diego Bay, up here to the head of the valley. Beyond a few Americans and Chinamen settled in the neighborhood of the mission, there is not much to give a touch of life to a region that a hundred years ago was all bustle and activity.

Of the original Indian neophytes of the Old Mission, only one still lives to tell of the kind padres, and of the days where there was plenty to eat and everybody was happy. This sole survivor is Gertrude Alto—Old Gertrude—aged a hundred and twenty years, which age carries her back to the year 1790! Before George Washington had died. She lives in Old Town and is cared for by a daughter-in-law, aged seventy-five. I took off my hat to "Old Gertrude" as she rode past me in a street procession lately, and I realized only too vividly that in her I had seen the last living link uniting the Old Mission and the padres with the age of the trolley and the airship.

Aged olives, Old Mission, San Diego. Planted in 1775 by mission fathers.

WHAT DID THE ANGELS THINK

BY C. H. URNER

What did the angels think when Silence reigned
  Within the courts on high for half an hour?
  Did they believe the King had cloyed of power,
Grown weary of the weight so long sustained?
Did fear prevail lest Satan fierce, unchained,
  In wildering search of Eden's long-lost Bower,
  Found Heaven, with mind to conquer and deflower,
Were he denied the praise which God disdained?
Did some bold spirits, rasher than their kind,
  Aspire to greater heights than those possessed,
    Yet with no power to speak the traitor thought,
While others blanched with awe in secret pined,
  In that the tongue belied the pent-up breast
    Which yearned to tell the wisdom silence taught?

THE PASSING OF THE MT. LOWE TRAIL

BY FELIX J. KOCH

IT IS RUMORED that, not content with having acquired monopoly of traffic as far as the Alpine Tavern, the traction is to be built to the top of Mt. Lowe; and then, along with the picturesque mountain-tramps up Vesuvius, up Pike's Peak, and up Mt. Washington, there will needs be farewell bidden to the famous Mt. Lowe trail.

Every one who has visited California of course recalls his tramp up that path.

The traction line, that abominable service, than which California has no worse, brought you up at the tavern, just in season for noon, of course. It had been foggy —they had hidden the view by means of canvas-sides to the car, and you were cross and malcontent. Then you stepped into the Alpine Tavern, built like a Swiss chalet, the upper part of a yellow wood-shining out through the trees. The electric lights were flaring in the reception room, and the great log fire, set on heavy andirons, with the huge logs piled to right and left, and the kettle hung above, on a crane, looked good indeed. Over the fire a rock chimney rose, to a paneled ceiling, and there were cut the words:

"Ye Ornamente of Ye House is Ye Guest Who Doth Frequente It."

At one side was a desk of photos, souvenir postals and cigars; on the other a little book case. Elsewhere the dark, heavy furniture invited to repose. But hunger must be appeased, so you strolled on from the fire to the dining room, where little tables, set on the plain wood floor, crude chairs and wooden ceiling, gave an air of rustic simplicity.

You would have liked to linger, of course, but you were not yet at the top of Mt. Lowe, and being a careful traveler, you believed in seeing everything while you were there—this that you need never return.

So you found some other tourist, similarly inclined, and you started on your walk to the top of Mt. Lowe. For a dollar you could have hired a burro to the top and return, but then there was no glory in that.

It was 12:30 when you set the pedometer and started upon the trip. The steep, gravelly trail led on, among brown banks and oak tangles, and it was hard to find the way. Several trails began to lead off, each lined by a brown stocked, aloe like shrub, and by pin oaks, to-day wet with the fog. You took one, and landed on Observation Point, where you could overlook the densely clothed peaks and the fog, and could hear the pines and the pin-oaks, and it was most delightful, especially from the coolness the great fogs had produced.

Here, too, was the Rainbow Spring from which you drank, and then realized you had missed your way.

So you returned to the tavern and there stopped a few moments to watch the other guests feeding the wild gray squirrels—so very tame out here. Then you took another mountain pass, where some brown and white burros, of inordinately heavy saddles, were tethered. For a long time you were in a forest of oak-tangles, until finally a log-cabin appeared on the walk, inside which most folk left their cards. You had been leaving cards over California generally or exchanging them with strangers, only to toss theirs out the window, first opportunity—but you let one fall here, too.

Then you drank at another spring, of the mountain-side, in a cave, not because you were thirsty—but because it was there. Very tame squirrels peeped down at you, as you left, laughing as you began to scale the ridge. It was steep, very steep, and you could look away down into the fogs, and, instinctively, you thought what a good goat path this would make. The granite here was like white or pink marble

and made you realize you were in the very heart of the mountains. In fact, you were at the edge of this very great mountain, by the jungles of scrub and of rock beside you. By and by you heard thunder, and the fogs became denser, and at last it started to pour. So you turned back, running as fast as you could for your comrades had no cravenette. You could only see a few feet of the trail ahead, and then, when a great hail-storm came on, and the stones "stuck" everywhere, much like clear snow, you dared not go too fast, lest you fall.

By and by, however, you were back at the hotel, and "sore" at the Mt. Lowe trail.

Folk were sitting by the fire, and there was an air of comfort to it all, quite different from the damp and drear outside. You resolved, however, not to give up. You *would* scale that mountain in the morning. You took a room, at three dollars, with meals, and they led you into a little cell, where you looked right out onto a roof that stretched to the mountain-side, and where the great trees bowed beneath the wild hail pouring down.

Then you beat a retreat to the office. They were talking there, of other days at the tavern; how, ten years ago, when first built, the place was the club-house of an Alpine Club. Of the deer and the black bear in the woods, and of how all Mt. Lowe is a great Government timber reserve, and of the wild outdoor life of its rangers.

Then at a desk at a window, looking out into the trees, where the squirrels scampered, and to the undertone of others, chatting at the fire, you read the lore of Mt. Lowe.

By and by another car came up, and a new bevy of passengers, making bee-lines for the fire, interrupted your reading. These sat about, drying off and talking of the delights of the wet day above the clouds. Some of them wrote postals while the fire cracked. Others simply rocked in their chairs and watched the rest, breathing in the queer balsam of the logs, with delight. Outside, the rain pattered, while,

View from Mt. Lowe, California.

The traction railroad, Mt. Lowe, California.

inside, the folk remained strangers.

Then, just as the last car for the night was ready to go, the sun came out. You were glad you had resolved to stay over. The trees were dripping still, when a sixteen-year-old Ottawa lad, here with his grandparents, who were all sufferers from asthma, and altogether too cranky for a 'ward' of that age, started out for the top of Mt. Lowe.

Up among the manzanita bushes he took pictures of you, and then, in the

A sharp turn on the trestle.

holly shrubs, you reciprocated the compliment. The clouds still rolled about, but the sun was out and you could see everything dripping here.

You discussed the new traction to the top of the peak, while mountains opened off all about, and you heard the thunder among their tops. Then, when you continued your climb up the rocky trail, among the manzanitas, the clouds rose and fell and the mountain holly and the manzanita changed color with their shadows. Far below, the voices at the tavern could be heard, and one saw the zig-zags of the trail, three, four deep, below you. On one side, then a clothed valley opened —on the other there was the vast panorama of blue peaks, and these rising to the clouds. clouds white and grey and black.

Up near the top of one such peak one could see where there had been a forest fire, and gray granite now rose.

Your heart was pumping with the climb and you stopped, as well to see a curious sort of sunset, in dense grey clouds, clouds black to brown to grey, with fog hiding the farther peaks, as to give it a rest. Now and then the mist showed other valleys, and then the fog lowered, and it grew very dark, and much as in late evening. One felt a certain dampness in the air as he climbed among these clouds, and also among the dense shrubs resembling almost a forest. The soil was sandy, the rocks were large, and the heart pumped as the fog grew denser. You wondered if they couldn't have shortened the trail by steps, for in one place there was a good bit of

Steep grade on the Mount Lowe Trail.

rough climbing. There the wild holly grew to the trees, and these, in a clump, like the famous oaks of Wiesbaden. Here the trees were hung with visiting cards, tied to them as on a Christmas tree, and you, too, put another card here.

You could hear the dripping of the fog from leaves here, as you stopped, while a sweet smell, as of lemon leaves, greeted your nostrils, as you hid still another card under a rock.

You had come to believe you were in the heart of the mountains, when, Lo! you were on the top of Mt. Lowe. A rather barren area, with a few old, barren trees, and a flag-staff devoid of even a flag, were here.

It was 5:10 now, and the pedometer showed six miles and three-quarters.

You didn't linger long, for it was growing night. You struck another trail and reached the hotel at 5:55. You were ready for supper, you admitted. And then, in the evening, over the cards, your eyes sank sleepily, for you had had good exercise in scaling to the top of Lowe.

CHRISTMAS ON THE MOUNTAINS

BY MARGARET ASHMUN

Around the cabin, night begins to fall
With rose-gray deepening shades; a light, keen wind
Goes singing up the canyon; chasm-lined
And bleak, the mountain, like a friendly wall,
Protects the dwelling, pitifully small,
That cowers close against it; from behind
The peaks there lowers slowly, soft and kind,
An amethystine veil, obscuring all.
Wrapped in the dusk from glimmering brow to base,
The grim hill stands; but, shining out afar,
A window gleams, and glad young voices raise
A shout that tells what Christmas frolics are:
The Christ-child's love surrounds this lonely place,
For, see above the mountain top—the Star!

CHAWNCE OF THE SMALL WAY

BY FRANK CONWAY

FEEL THE POINT of what I'm fussing about?"

The new Superintendent of the Holy Joe lease answered: "Your friend Case was as fit to do mischief as a dummy soldier in a shooting gallery."

"Exactly," said Schultz, the homely man that towered at the Superintendent's side. "But the large spirit that would a-stopped there wasn't in this lad's bosom." Here he deepened his drawl. "Another minin' scholar occurs here soon. I tell yuh, if he ain't got better manners than——"

He halted dead. Then from a side-stretched end of his mouth, spoke quickly:

"There's Flynn now. Looks like General Robert E. Lee in a happy mood, don't he?" He nodded out a man that just had thumped his way to the bar.

It was early on a summer's night in Bobtail.

Bobtail was young, and still strange to itself. The lumber walls of the long, low-ceilinged bar of the Merry Nook showed brand-new even yet, and the installation, that day, of carbide lamps in the resort had displaced a bloody happening of the night before as the chief topic of conversation. Prospectors, workmen on the claims to the north of the town, members of the lately arrived outfits—all men that played as hard as they toiled—were pushing into the Nook, singly and in squads, for the regular relaxatives and exhilarants, the reviews and forelookings, of the night hours. The majority seemed acquaintances that had been introduced to one another by a mere contact.

Schultz rapped his pipe against the heel of his boot. Still talking for the benefit of the "green" Superintendent, he undertook a description of Flynn. "The fellah that opened ore in this here camp first, he is. Of course, a quartz claim is nuthin' but a claim if you ain't got money for men an' machinery, an' he had to sell the Mary Ann for little mor'n a kind word. Staked out the Lucky Friday, howsomever—about seventy acres in the same vein system—and then he planted his claim with some Philadelphy people for a bunch of shares in the workin' company and a royalty on the ton dumped. Their representative——"

With a start, he straightened himself out of his slouch. A Scriptural name had been bellowed in greeting from one of the miners grouped around the faro table. "What's the meanin' o' this levityness?" asked a deafening voice—Flynn's.

"That's the third time I've got hollered at as John the Baptist," observed the Beginning of Bobtail. "Now, I'd like to know what the 'ell's meant?" His face seamed itself in a good-natured grin.

Schultz downed his whisky, wiped his lips with the back of his hand—and spoke up. "It's that there engineer, John. You're banging his praises and makin' straight his path."

The smile on Flynn's face died. That's it, eh?" he said, and his eyes worked thoughtfully. Then he delivered the wordiest speech of his life. "Well, I *have* been gabby about 'im, Schultz—for the same reason I'd talk till my tongue was tired about Bobtail bein' within five miles of wood an' water. He's comin' with men and sacks—a-comin' with capital at his spine—and that's a boost to the camp. Look here, people. With the haulin' that's got to be done, 'tain't worth while to ship ore to the reduction mills 'less it runs over two hundred to the ton. Can we hold a world's champeenship fight to let the States know Bobtail's on the map? I guess not. So we got to boost Bobtail with our blather—an' get the railroad here. An' we got to get lots o' people here, Schultz, before we'll see the shine o' the rails."

"Anything to say, John, about the *kind* of people." With that query, vociferously hurled out, Schultz killed the buzz of talk in the bar, and won the general attention. "All kinds are coming at near three score a day. We don't mind anybody that's lookin' for a showin' of ten thousand to the ton. Maybe we'll assist him to get it. But the next fellah that comes here looking for trouble in addition to quick ore—he's gona find trouble, too!"

General Lee's likeness, plainly puzzled by this outburst, stroked his beard. He knew, as well as Schultz knew, that the wide ledges of Bobtail were attracting more than the unlucky fortune-hunters that had hit nothing but hungry rock since the great strike at Tonopah in the summer of 1900. To Bobtail now were trudging all the evil actors and demonstrative hold-the-blockhouse heroes for whom Goldfield and Bullfrog had been warmed to the blistering point. One—perhaps more than one, or a liquored, touchy one—might be among the miscellany of unknown quantities sitting or standing under sombreros in the Merry Nook at the moment. In Bobtail every man practically was his own last court of appeal—and a poor insurance risk to boot. The hopeful there had yet to see, not only the advent of the railroad, but the rise of a law that would do more than just appear and frown. What, then, ailed Schultz? Was he courting a brawl? Would he yet definitely point out or name the object of his attack?

He had not bounced in the role of the big bully of Bobtail, nor had he ever "shown" as a shouter fond of self-exhibition. Half by self-nomination, and half by tacit popular choice, he held the stage as the best Bobtail could offer in the way of a town marshal.

Now he cracked the whip of a personage with police powers. "I aim to speak my say," he declared, his giant body held masterfully erect. Somebody whistled softly, but the sibilant sound escaped Schultz. His tongue was busier than his ears. He went on: "There's a stripe of hyena that can't let live when he gets the upper paw—ain't there? Well, I'll see that he fights with a bladder after this—if he battles his quarrels out in this here camp!"

A miner in a corner of the bar a-hemmed and splutteringly spat on the floor. A trimly-clothed man—one of the owners of the Mary Ann—lifted eye from his crap game and stabbed Schultz with a look of vexation. At a side table, a hard-faced young fellow was sitting alone, and Flynn noted—in a flash-like glance aside—that he was all smiles and at no pains to hide them.

Flynn now directed the searching effort in his eyes at Schultz—and the wrinkles of puzzlement went from his brow. Schultz had not talked thickly, but his look was wolfish. Yes, he had been drinking—and Flynn wondered why.

"Say, Benny, has somethin' disagreeable happened to 'im?" He whispered his question across the bar.

"Ain't yuh heard? Is that so? Want me to dose yuh with the details?"

On Flynn's "Yes," the bartender "dosed" him—and the air was full of gestures as his smothered voice spoke. "Last night, a minin' engineer is playin' over there at the klondike table, and he starts to chin with Fred Case, and he says, after a while, 'I come from good old Pennsylvania.' Fred says, jokin'-like, 'Yes—good an' rotten.' Then the engineer fellah makes a crack about this bein' the shine State of the Union, an' they get personal an' swap the nice names you don't hear at a christenin'—all over nuthin', of course. The first thing yuh know, their Fourth of Julys squawk, an' the engineer's shot breaks Fred's arm, and Fred loses his gun. What does this mangy engineer do, then, but wait a while, an' walk over an' whip one into Fred's heart! I never seen anything done so cold. The engineer hain't been heard tell of since. When Schultz sees Fred, his eyes run like a pair of hydrants, an' he starts to steam up. Oh, he's a heller when he lifts the red stuff!" The barkeeper ruminantly regarded his diamond ring. "Just suppose that fellah had stuck here. Yuh can bet Schultz would a-choked 'im till his tongue hung out the length of your arm." Then, "What d'ye think of our lights? Makin' a hit—yes. Come around to-morrah night, John. Somethin' extray-ordinary doin'."

Flynn, his hob-nailed boots hammering the floor resoundingly—trod to where stood the semi-intoxicated town marshal.

"I'm sorry about that, Schultz," he said, and he shook his head dolefully.

"About wha'?"

"Fred."

"Guess you are, John." Without a pause, as though his question bore on the killing of Case, he asked: "When's *your* engineer due?"

"To-morrah."

"I hope he behaves hisself." Schultz, rapidly feeling his oats, half-slobbered this, and turned with an unsteady step to speak to the Superintendent, now unmistakably fatigued by the miner-marshal's boozy loquacity.

On his way to his lodgings that night, Flynn pondered the hope that Schultz had expressed. He could call to mind no fresh reason for alarm about the peace of Bobtail. To the credit of the camp, its history to date would enumerate but two mortal affrays, and the less said about the second the better, thought Flynn. Schultz's hinted classification of the coming Lucky Friday engineer with the slayer of Case—well, Schultz was drunk, and consequently boyish.

* * * *

"Here we are, kid!" cried Flynn, as he burst into the Merry Nook, the next night. "Everything cheap but the booze, an' the price of a steadier 'll balance a meal at the New York Waldorf-Astoria. Notwithstandin' the same," and he pushed back his big, soft hat with a flourish of his hand, "we'll have one apiece on your old stockholder."

In his company had come a young man wearing nose-glasses and a modish Derby and sack suit—the Lucky Friday engineer. What first made appeal to the Easterner's eye was the row of gaming tables in the center of the bar. As he tapped a cigarette on the silver case from which he had extracted his "smoke," he spoke to Flynn. Above the babble in the bar and the blare of the cornet over in the dance hall, his words were audible—at least to the dozen or more men in his immediate neighborhood. "John, I propose to take a chawnce."

His broad "a," with his habit of overnice enunciation, clinched his celebrity in Bobtail. "And you registered this dump after your pack mule with the stubby flybeater," said an acquaintance to Flynn, the following morning. "Pshaw! There were statelier names, John—London-on-the-Thames; Boston-on-the-Bum; Harvard-on-the-Hog." Flynn received the remark with a short, dead laugh. "You don't understan', Bill. We fell out o' the kitchen. He stepped from the parlor. You can't blame him for the way he was brung up to tongue things out."

The next night found Flynn and the engineer at the bar of the Merry Nook. They had been standing there barely a minute when a voice behind them shouted:

"Hellow, Chawnce, old chawp!"

The young man whirled about. "Who nawked?" He put the question sharply and fretfully.

"It's all right, kid," Flynn assured him. "Nobody knocked."

Without moving a muscle, "Chawnce" repeated his question: "Who nawked?"

He fiercely scrutinized the men around the roulette table. They were of ages ranging from his own to Flynn's. Some were bearded, like Flynn—some. clean-shaven like himself. Most of them were in collarless shirts. All wore slouch hats. They had been smiling in his direction. In a finger-snap their smiles vanished, and they became numb with interest in the revolutions of the wheel. Flynn saw that they wanted no fun out of the engineer's discomfiture—since he seemed set on taking umbrage at the call.

Schultz swooped in on the scene. "Grit your teeth, boy, an' be a king!" he rumbled to the Easterner in an undertone, and with an earnest celerity of utterance. "Keep tellin' yourself trouble don't get nobody nuthin'—no time."

Flynn promptly pronounced the names of the marshal and the young man: to the latter's he tacked a description—"a member o' the American Institute o' Mining Engineers. Shake, friends."

The member of the Institute, releasing the marshal's hand, indifferently asked him: "Will you join us?"

"Sure as yuh live," Schultz drawled, and then he considered the young man. Chawnce (whom Bobtail now knew by no other name) was dark, slim of frame and lean of face. In particular, Schultz marked his eyes, in which, just then, he saw himself frankly reflected as a mere incident. They signaled, for Schultz, a

sensitive, high-strung man, sure of his own excellence and of his own claims to the common respect, and swift to resent an affront or an interference. To Schultz, Chawnce seemed disappointed over the tame outcome of his first lively experience in Bobtail.

The three talked of the mines, and then of the attractions of Bobtail. "One o' them instrumental fellahs over there in the dance hall can fiddle with the bow in his left hand?" remarked Flynn. "D'ye care to see 'im, kid?"

That turned the engineer's eye to the hall on which the bar opened. It was a study in bare lumber, save for its polished floor. (However, he was yet to block it off as the most vivid of the parts composing Bobtail's background.) He strolled to its entrance, after he had finished his bottle of beer. Flynn and Schultz followed him.

Near the door of the hall was stationed an orchestra—a piano, two violins and a cornet. The musicians just had repeated, as an encore, a two-step that excited Chawnce to a realization of the hurricane sweep of life here. The dancers were quitting the floor. Some scuttled through clouds of tobacco smoke to the bar. The less thirsty betook themselves to the camp stools fringing the floor, or crowded about the orchestra. The wispy youth with the tubercular tinge in his cheeks, who had welted out the piano accompaniment to the two-step music, now ran in a caprice over the keys. Shortly, he sent the engineer's thought, on fleet wings, back to the East—an afternoon call, the hum of voices educated in restraint, the swish of tea gowns—suggested all this to him with one of Chopin's brilliantly syncopated waltzes. "Slick rag music, that!" exclaimed Schultz, at Chawnce's elbow, and he exploded his share of the applause that, at the close of the waltz, broke from the people idling nearby, from the other members of the orchestra—and from a girl, strikingly beautiful of form, who was standing near the pianist with her back to Chawnce.

That girl! She wore a tailored skirt and waist of some khaki-like fabric, and clean-fitting tan oxfords. Around the crown of her black straw was wrapped a veil, lustrous and white, to which her pitch-black hair delicately shimmered in resistance. Her attire he oddly enough sensed as being akin to the orchestral music; he had not expected from Bobtail any delights to the eye and ear, aside from those of the sight and sound of gold.

She half-turned. He wiped his glasses and clamped them back on his nose-bridge. Her profile—he told himself, in his enthusiasm—was classic in the regularity of its lines. Now she looked toward the door—from beneath lashes long and wettish. And smiling at some one behind him, she exposed a curve of splendid teeth. "The mazurka now, and they're to play it as a slow waltz, Charles says," she announced. Her's was not the boiler-maker-like voice of the women that hung to the heels of the gold-seekers; it was smooth, lowing, fluty—a dulcetly feminine voice that he then and there resolved to hear again.

"Spot any quality?" The question came from Flynn.

"Whom does *she* hawpen to be?"

Flynn trained his eyes along the line of the engineer's nod.

"He means Flossie," said Schultz to Flynn.

"Oh!" That was Flynn's. He and Schultz, in an exchange of glances, flashed mutual cognizance of some fact latent to Chawnce.

The fiddlers began testingly to pick and saw at their strings. A man pressed against Chawnce, excused himself, then smiled a recognition—he was the Superintendent of the Holy Joe lease—and passed on, to take Flossie's arm. Again Chawnce felt a pressure from the rear. This time it was sustained. "They're packin' on us from the bar," he heard Schultz say. Whatever was to take place, the engineer gathered, was on the program and of a special nature. The cornetist blew an assemble, the pianist banged his keys—and the floor became a jam of figures moving in merry disorder to the music of Ganne's La Tzigane Mazurka.

The musicians had played but a little while when, suddenly, down went the shutters on the carbide lamps. The dancers scampered for the semi-darkness on either side of the hall, keeping clear of the lane of light blocked out by the bar flambeaux. A deep mouth boomed, "Draw one in the

dark!" and there followed a medley of lip-noises, exaggerated imitations of the smackings of kisses. Then the luminance from the bar died into darkness, some one near the orchestra waved the time with a pocket electric flashlight, the deep mouth shouted, "Hip-hip!"—there was a chorus of feminine screams, three streaks of flame at the upper end of the hall (where a waiter pumped a Winchester into the air), the pounding racket of shots—then lights, laughter and a renewal of the dancing. The spectators at the bar threshold whistled and clapped hands long and violently.

All this business, which Flynn had enjoined Chawnce to "get," evidently was esteemed of enormous credit to the brain that had been wrenched in its conception. His marking it in detail, Chawnce did not see as a step aside. It "cut in" with him. In particular, the music of the Mazurka Hongroise did.

It would be for him the tune of the place. In after-days, it would awaken all the impressions Bobtail had left on his senses. It would at once, so to speak, photograph Bobtail for him and exhale its peculiar fragrance. When he heard that mazurka, he would remember the seemingly limitless reaches of sand, the intense sun-heat, the browned faces under the omnipresent sombrero, the shafts, the blasting, the torn uplands to the north of the town, the sacks of ore piled like breast-works at the mines, the town's one street and its great, furrowed breadth, the tents and one-storied frames, the carbide-lit bar and dance hall of the Merry Nook, all the movement, color, aroma and glory of Bobtail—and Flossie of the fluty voice and enamoring eyes.

He was introduced to her that night, by an acquaintance of Schultz's—as "Chawnce."

Before he left the Nook with Flynn, he tapped Schultz's shoulder. "Mr. Schultz, I shall thank you kindly if you will let your friends know that my right name is good enough for me."

After his departure, the sign language went on for a while among Schultz and his pals. "Nerves like tight, thin wires, I'll bet, an' a temper as hot as the hinges of—an icebox? No." Schultz shook his head and sighed. "Almost persuaded—he takes hisself so serious. He's there with the noise of that kind, anyway."

"What kind?" asked a miner.

"The kind they was showin' the outside of Goldfield to when I got out of the place."

There was a general guffaw. When the others made it clear to Schultz that he had cracked a joke over his own head, he bought drinks. "Won't say another word, nohow," he promised. "You just wait an' see, boys."

* * * *

"Well, he combed one o' them down like a really an' truly policeman," Flynn said to Chawnce, as, making for their lodgings, they walked across Mulvey street from the restaurant where they had eaten supper.

"Schultz?"

"Yep—last night in the Nook. A new one got gay, an' Schultz spoiled his mouth an' give 'im due notice," and the old man hummed in comment, a song that Chawnce had never heard outside of Bobtail:

"Mind your own business, an' we'll do the same.
Don't chuh dare to jump anybody else's claim.
Don't chuh give another guy's girl the loving lamp—
An' yuh won't be shot to pieces in this gol-darn camp."

As Chawnce buttoned on his double-band collar in their lodgings, a few minutes later, Flynn asked: "Hitchin' up for the Nook?"

"Yes."

"Same party?"

Chawnce bent his head affirmatively.

"Won't mind me tellin' yuh how I figure yuh respecting the lady folks—will yuh, son?"

"Not in the least."

"Well, entirely like this: yuh get stuck on a pretty map too soon. If yuh stumbled over a bench, y'ud fall in love. I won't say nuthin' more. Remember—if anything happens—I warned yuh. Take care, kid."

"What's the use?" laughed Chawnce—"when life's a game of cards in which everything's up to Fate, the dealer."

It was Labor Day night. In the Merry

Nook, the ball of the puny but ambitious local of the Western Federation of Miners had progressed beyond the grand march and premier dance when Chawnce arrived with a friend of the feminine persuasion.

"Quite a pull there," observed an onlooking miner, and he winked. "On her side, though," the man addressed remarked soberly. "Flossie's got 'im dazzled out of his groove. The poor kid!"

Chawnce lost his partner in the crowd when she left him to check her hat. An hour afterwards, he saw her sitting alone at a table on the platform that—built around the hall on a level with the dancers' heads and boarded off—served as a gallery. Approaching her from the rear, he blinded her with his hands and "Guess" he commanded.

"I know the noise," she said, in the husky voice that it soothed him to hear. "It's my kiddo."

She turned to him as he took his hands from her. "I heard about your strike in the fifty-foot level to-day. Congratulations."

He smiled, and allowed his fingers to toy with the strands of glossy hair vagrant about her ears. (This in full view of all on the floor, yes—but there were few concealments in Bobtail, and Chawnce had early become addicted to the braveries of the camp.)

"Mayn't I order drinks?" he inquired.

"I'd rather have you to talk to me."

He pulled up a chair and seated himself beside her; then lit a cigarette and began to jerk it to and from his lips, and to inhale and spurt smoke in the snappy, fidgety way peculiar to him. "Flawsy," he said, intimately closing a hand on her near elbow, "am I exactly what you called me?"

"What?"

He murmured to her—and his eyes were unaffectedly anxious—"Am I—now and all the time—here and everywhere—Flawsy's man?"

In a half-smile she let fall her dark lashes and bared her perfect teeth. "If you want to be—yes. For I *do* like you."

He clutched her hand hard in his own. "Don't," she pleaded, softly. "You're making my rings bite. But, oh, it's good to be hurt by——"

The orchestra had been playing a patrol for the lancers. At this point, the hoarse-voiced, heavy-heeled Huns on the floor yelled and jumped about, as though bent on tearing the place down. Chawnce looked around, his eyes seeking an unoccupied recess where something less than a shout might be heard.

He spied such a recess, but, an instant later, another moved in on it—a block-faced man with reddish mustache and beard. This man jerked his head, in mute summons to Chawnce, and then sidestepped—partially hiding his person. Chawnce excused himself from Flossie's side.

"What do you wawnt?" he asked, when he got to the stranger.

"Flynn 'ud like yuh to reach 'im as soon as possible or sooner."

Chawnce hurried down to the exit.

The big man remained in the gallery and watched the woman whom Chawnce just had left.

His get-up was uncommon. His multi-wrinkled pants accused him of having slept in them. Dust coated him from his felt hat to the heels of his leather knee-boots. What most sharpened the singularity of his appearance—here where most men now went unarmed—was the object scowling from a holster strapped just below his hip.

Flossie presently rose from her table. She was within arm's reach of the big man when his "a-hem!" halted her.

"Steve!" she exclaimed—and drew back—as though she had named one dead and buried.

He surveyed her, with his arms set akimbo. Abruptly, then, he breathed a blasphemy. "I've coasted a hell of a way to jaw with yuh for a minute, an'—well, Floss, ain't yuh gona give us a kiss, or have I got to swipe one?"

She quickly stepped close to him and, putting her hands on his shoulders, pressed her lips against his cheek. "There! Now what? Please remember, first, that you don't need to lift your feeble voice so—unless you want *them* to hear us."

"What-a I care now? All my life," he said, with much of the prideful tone and hand-throw of an after-dinner speaker reciting his own glorious achievements—"all my life I've chewed my tongue an' pedaled to beat Old Horny, with my head

over the handlebars, and I've reached the top of the hill at last. Get this, Floss. I've hit a rich shoot."

"You're not kidding me?"

"An' I found a soft one, an' he backed me. Assays poor at the surface, an' he sold out on a scare."

"To you?"

"The claim's all mine, an' it's a-working."

"Where?" Her eyes were gleamy with eagerness.

"You know—an' yuh knew I was up there."

"And *you* expected me to take a peep at you?"

"Nope."

"What are you doing here, then?" Her silken voice was harsh with that; it rang the query metallically.

"Now, Floss, ain't that a hell of a question to ask?"

"No, it isn't. You said we ought to take different trails, and we did."

"Yes; I must have been drunk. Anyway, I've underwent a change of mind."

He lowered on Flossie a look that lengthened into a stare. "You're not the swell dame yuh used to be, Floss. You're just splendider than ever. Dearie, will yuh come back?"

She gazed blankly at his suspenders, all in knots where they evidently had been broken. "I wasn't stuck on leaving you, Steve, but now——"

"The Lucky Friday professor?"

Everything he said was spoken with a slow smile of amusement, as though all his remarks were mild jokes the points of which he alone saw. His habitual smile broadened now. "Are yuh teasin' 'im—or d'ye care, Floss?"

She answered: "It's great to be treated like a lady—after a run with those horses," and her hand eloquently indicated the miners down in the bar.

"Well, I can treat yuh royal—now that I'm in right. What's the word, girl?"

"Oh, I'll—I'll countermarch under the old flag."

Then the man named the Lucky Friday engineer and asked the woman a question, and she answered it.

"If you're telling the truth, all right," he said. "If you're lyin', all right. Yuh had to live."

She ignored that. "Understand one thing, Steve. The youngster's crazy about me, and I intend to let him down—*easy*."

"That's a liberty yours affectionately 'll allow. But don't doze on the job—an' yuh mustn't make the deal too square."

They quitted the Nook together.

* * * *

Monday afternoon of the following week Chawnce went into the Merry Nook. He had haunted this resort night after night, but his hungry eyes never once had glimpsed Flossie.

Benny, anticipating his order, set out an opened bottle of beer. Packy Nolan, who dealt faro on the afternoon shift, and little Hirschberg, Bobtail's general storekeeper, were drinking near the lower end of the bar. They did not see the engineer enter. At the first of their words that he overheard, he ceased whistling the Hungarian Mazurka—the blood leaped to his cheeks—his breath, for an instant, stifled him—he needlessly re-adjusted his glasses and then his fingers drummed on the bar. It fairly crashed on him in that moment that Flossie had been for him the first interest in Bobtail—and that he all but madly loved her. He beckoned to Benny. "Dynamite!" he muttered. The bartender, "wise" to the young man's warranted fear of the fierier stimulant, shuttered his eyes with a downward glance and lifted a bottle of whisky from his work-bench.

"Steve Grabowski?" Nolan had said. "I thought as much. It means that Flynn's kid is disqualified cold, I guess."

Chawnce already had been made acquainted with Grabowski, the big fellow he met at the Federation ball. A new light streamed on the mystery of Flossie's disappearance.

The engineer pried at the faro dealer and the store-keeper in the bar mirror. In the mirror they furtively returned his inspection. Nolan, who was standing with his back to Chawnce, yawned sheepishly. He realized that his remark had reached the ears of a third party.

Chawnce tossed down the whisky, to the taste of which he had been, for a year now, a stranger. He felt its uplift even as he swallowed his chaser.

With a brisk, firm step, he trod to within a foot of Nolan. "I wasn't eavesdropping, Pawky. I just couldn't help catch-

ing that." Then, "Get this," he said, in the colloquial language of Schultz, Flynn and Steve. "If you've heard that I've been put out of the running, I must immediately suspect that the man in charge of the gawssip column is either soused or twisted. Inform him for me—will you? —that Flawsy's my girl—my girl still."

Hirschberg started to say something, but Chawnce, clamorously talking right across the merchant's words, silenced him. "I leave this awfternoon to bring in a 25-horse gasoline hoist. I'll be back—let's see—Friday. Mawx," to Hirschberg, "you're a good Jew. Do me a favor—will you? Tell that gawk, Grabowski——"

He stopped in a choleric stutter. His lips twisted in a hateful half-smile. "Don't think I won't make good!" he shouted, at length managing to articulate. "If he tries to elbow me off the walk—I swear by the death of Christ—I'll kill him!"

The little cane doors of the bar squealed on their hinges and fanned the air furiously, as he plunged to the street.

"It's bad," moodily commented Flynn, in conversation with Schultz that evening. "I jumped more'n a sixteenth of an inch when I heard tell of it. We know Steve. If the kid carries the argument to him——"

"He'll hide the contents of a cannon in a certain member of the Institute, yuh can bet—allowin' that the member don't beat one into his back." So Schultz finished it. He added: "What I'm a-thinking of is how stinkin' sad it is for somebody to be out after Steve just when he uncovers payin' ore. Poor Fred Case got his'n about the same time, remember, from that mean white."

And Flynn himself wondered if this fellow from the East, whose praises he had sounded, might not, after all, be one whose way was small.

* * * *

On the road to town, Friday after sunset, Flynn encountered Schultz, who was tramping out toward the leases.

"Chawnce's back," Schultz announced.

All along Flynn had been aware that ever since the engineer dawned on Bobtail he had been subjected, from Schultz's quarter, to a surveillance prompted by an unreasoning distrust and dislike. There was, unmistakably, the note of hostility in what Schultz next gave out.

"An' he ain't mended his manners. John, he's been a-lookin' for trouble from the time he made his bow on this here stage—and I hope to hell he finds it. I won't interfere. Your fellah's forcin' what the theatre folks call a climax, so let 'em shoot it out, I say."

"I thought when we organized the town the other night that was gona be disallowed hereafter."

"I'm a duly authorized constable o' this here county now—yep. But I'll stand for one more scrap, John. See what I'm a-doing? Hangin' myself out of the way."

Flynn ground out a profane exclamation, and "There ain't gona be that one more scrap," he declared. His eyes were on the roofs and tent-tops of Bobtail, lying deep before them. "I'm a-gona see the kid about this woman."

"It won't do no good, John. He refuses to break off diplomatic relations with her."

"I don't mean that. Something has struck me—and it's left me sick. Schultz, if the kid ever relocated, he'd do it not knowin'." He glared with frank contempt at the constable. "You've been pretty d—— industrious, hain't yuh? Well, why didn't yuh tell 'im that *she's* Steve's wife?"

"Don't he know?" Schultz mused painfully for a while. "Why didn't yuh tell 'im yourself?" he suddenly snapped out.

"I thought Steve was through. Oh, may the luck let me catch the kid before any firin' begins!"

With that, he darted toward the town. He turned once—and saw Schultz jogging after him.

"Fun's up sure!" Flynn panted to himself when he wheeled into Mulvey street. Men were hugging the shack fronts on either side of the thoroughfare. Faces fixedly gazed over saloon doors. From the upper windows of the Stars and Stripes Hotel, two women, in the neglige of kimonos and loosened hair, leaned in anxious attention. Steve and Chawnce were in the street. They had it all to themselves. "We're safe here," Flynn heard the man at his elbow remark to another. "If the argument goes to the big flare-up, the compliments of the day'll fly up an' down the avenue."

Steve stood there, silent, placid, alert—his face as expressionless as an oyster. Chawnce was without his glasses. Their absence, or something, made him look strange and wild. He was silent, too—dumb with fury, for his face twitched, and his eyes seemed mere slits under their brows.

Flynn's brain burned with fears and recalls and incitements that came and went hotly and rapidly. If he jumped in, he'd hurtle hard against the first rule of the game. Yet—there were a mother and sisters in the East to whose hearts this lone boy was dear. They were proud of him, too, and of his success. Now was he to fight in the street like a dog over a lady of a hundred loves and perhaps——

The old man heard the voice of Chawnce. It was high in the utter abandonment of anger. In the pain of anger, it plaintively half-sobbed:

"Damn your heart, she's my girl on her own word, and you've got to keep away! Do you hear that, you——"

As though acting with the agreed-on drop of a handkerchief, with calculated backward steps the men in the street opened wider the distance between them, each all the while lynx-like in his intent watch on the other. Chawnce's face, wrathily red, on a sudden turned as chalkish as that of a corpse. As far as Flynn knew, the engineer had behind him none of the experiences likely to harden a man to crises that promised him a chance to die. Had a four-flusher's quick anger rushed him into a fight that he was not stout enough to stand out? Looking at the engineer's blanched face, Flynn felt his own heart drop; he felt empty of stomach and weak in the knees. Then——

Chawnce dropped his right hand into his coat's side pocket. Flynn realized, rather than saw, that Steve was supporting a heavy revolver on a plane with his shoulder—that Chawnce was holding at his own side a blackish weapon that lacked the outline of a cylinder. Both men had drawn in a movement that beat the eye.

Their automatics twice splashed fire simultaneously—the reports of the shot battered the air like a single clap of thunder.

Steve's business hand went back and up, as would that of a player hit by a pitched ball. His gun was flung off among the on-lookers. "Jiminy!" exclaimed the man behind Flynn. "The kid coughed from the hip!" Chawnce was a statue in the street. His automatic, still low at his side, covered Steve.

The spectators waited, with the fishy eyes, the faces static in paralysis, the heaving chests, of an electrocution jury just before the death-time. Steve returned the engineer's level look with head intrepidly raised and shoulders back. He had lived like a lion, and he'd die—Flynn shut his eyes. Almost immediately, a voice—that of Chawnce—cut through the silence:

"I could kill—but I cawn't murder!"

With the least little turn of his wrist he pointed his pistol to earth. Tongues and bodies broke from auditorial discipline. The audience became actors. The on-lookers boisterously crowded around the principals of the gun duel.

Flynn, pressing through one group, grabbed the engineer by the shoulders and shook him. "Clear up, kid! You're in a fog. Don't chuh know how you're bulling? She's his wife—his real wife—an' she's went back to 'im, kid?"

"His wife?" Chawnce pocketed his pistol and walked straight into the jam that indicated Steve's situation. Men deferentially made way for him. Without looking at his late antagonist, the engineer addressed Flynn:

"I humbly beg his pardon. I liked the lady, but I didn't know. I'm not a wife-thief!"

"You're a trump," said Steve, with his slow smile, "provided yuh didn't do this by accident. He cracked my knuckle," he explained to Flynn, as he pulled a dirty red handkerchief from his neck and wrapped it around his gun hand.

Chawnce turned on his heel and sauntered toward a near saloon—the Jackass Inn. On its low stoop he again faced the crowd in the street and looked up. The women in the windows of the Stars and Stripes Hotel were waving their hands at him. He bowed, and grinned his respects.

Then his eye fell on Flossie's husband. "Steve, will you join me?"

"Will I? Well, I guess I'm always glad to lean against the lumber with a guy like you."

The two disappeared behind the swinging doors of the Jackass.

"I seen it all!" joyfully shouted Constable Schultz, charging on Flynn. "Say, John, he's broad-gauge—that there Institute fellah of your'n—an' his way's as big as Nevada. Come on, fellers, let's steady our nerves."

MY RECOLLECTIONS

(In Need of No Apology)

BY HARRY COWELL

Milady looked into her glass;
It cast unfair reflections.
Things come to such a pretty pass,
She turned away and wrote, alas!
"My Recollections!"

Her withered garlands needs must wreathe—
Acceptances, rejections:
Her Balaklava must bequeathe.
Of great malodorous Dizzy breathe:
"My Recollections!"

Society must needs atone,
As we, for its defections.
Well-aimed the glass-housed threw her stone:
Unwilling, Edward's self must own
"My Recollections!"

Though deeper than her wells of ink,
Though blacker, our dejections;
Once more Propriety'll be pink
When in Oblivion's seas shall sink
"My Recollections!"

For me a nobler monolith
High reared by like connections!
I, mindful of my kin and kith,
Forego to flood the market with
My recollections.

Man, man-of-letters, I'd make clear
My callings and elections:
Suggest your ladyship hold dear,
Revise, if you cannot revere,
Your recollections.

The dead, unglov'd, you handle, rip:
Such dev'l-may-care dissections
Are killing if the scalpel slip.
With livelier quips would I equip
My recollections.

Your matter stands, if not your style,
In need of nice corrections;
Your taste is, pardon! simply vile!
Suppress, though we cannot, a smile,
Your recollections.

MRS. McNOTT'S DISSIPATION

BY F. RONEY WEIR

WHEN COUGAR BILL returned from the postoffice he brought three letters, and one was for the cook, Jim McNott's wife, he also brought to that lady the information that "Jim was down to the Walley on a spree."

Mrs. McNott was not surprised. Ever since her marriage, eight years before, Jim had been indulging in sprees. He had a notion, inherited from Scotch ancestors, that "sprees" were man's prerogative.

At first his wife had pleaded with him to reform; later she set herself to endure her trial with sullen patience, but as Cougar Bill delivered his news, she suddenly concluded that phase of her life with Jim McNott. She had reached the limit, and a fierce spirit of retaliation which had lain dormant, or stirred at times to an impotent, snaky existence in the woman's soul, suddenly sprang into full, strong life. She hung the dishpan over the table in the cook-house, rolled down her sleeves, and went in search of the "boss."

"You'll have to get another cook, Mr. Lee. I'm going."

"Why, Mrs. McNott, this is rather sudden, isn't it?"

"Not so very. It's been brewing for about seven years."

"Where is Jim?"

"I don't know."

"Isn't he going with you?"

"Not if I know it."

"Where are you going, then?"

"If Jim McNott asks you where I have gone, you tell him 'on a spree.' That's where he is always going, and he never asked me to go with him, so why should I invite him?"

The "boss" protested, but Mrs. McNott held firm, and stalked off down the trail, swinging her battered handbag vigorously.

Just before she turned the corner where the road lost itself in the big timber, a man came into view around the bend, and her heart stood still. Not from fear; a woman who has cooked for three years in shingle camps has more hardihood than those not so familiar with "drunks," but she recognized her husband, and it had been her wish not to meet him again.

With all his faults he was a lovable reprobate—that Jim McNott, and the only being on earth for whom she cared.

"Hello, Beulie!" he called, long before he reached her. "Have you heard?"

Her heart warmed at the sight of him. How big he was! How handsome! So much a better looking man than she was a woman, but—she had forgiven him for the last time! Over and over again he had repented, and promised and fallen. It was her turn now. Her mouth grew square and cruel.

"Have you heard, Beulie?" he repeated, and his eyes glittered with excitement as he approached.

His breath was redolent of liquor, but he was not drunk.

"Where are you bound for, Beulie—after the money?"

She nodded, although she had no idea what he meant.

"Gad! but isn't it luck, though? How much did Simpson owe you, Beulie? Forty-five dollars, wasn't it? And he couldn't pay you, so you took stock in the Wait-a-bit mine at three cents a share, and to-day the word came in that Wait-a-bit is worth ten dollars a share and going higher! But how did you hear, Beulie? I was coming to tell you! O'Connor told me the news, and I started right for home! Gad, Beulie, we're rich! We're worth about thirty thousand dollars!"

"We!" said Mrs. McNott, coldly.

"Well, you, then. But that don't trouble me, for what's yours is mine, eh?"

"Not this time, Jim. O'Connor told you, did he, and sent you off home before

you really had your drunk out? O'Connor expects to reap a rich harvest out of this windfall of ours—of mine—I presume! But this is the time O'Connor gets left. Neither you nor O'Connor shall ever get a smell of this Wait-a-bit money! For a change, I am going to have the fun of spending this money myself! You and I started out together, and we both worked hard. You squandered, but I saved, until after awhile we had enough to buy a small farm which we sold at a good profit. The day after the sale, you took the money, and you and your comrades went on what you are pleased to call 'a devil of a spree.' You were away from home a week and over, and when you came back you didn't have a cent, and you said you had been robbed. Then you sniveled, and begged, and promised, and I forgave you, and buckled on the harness once more. We started again—you spending and I saving——"

"A man has so many more temptations than a woman," began McNott.

"Same old story!" broke in his wife. "Let me finish: You spent and I toiled! You went on sprees, and I took in washing——"

"It was a d—— shame!" broke in McNott again.

"Yes, it was, all of that, but let me finish, Jim. Yesterday, when I went to put away another ten dollars to make up my fifty, I found somebody had 'borrowed' twenty dollars of my money—the money I had nearly killed myself to earn in that old cook-house. Somebody had 'borrowed' my money to go down to O'Connor's on the 'devil of a spree.'"

"That's right, Beulie—borrowed, only borrowed—you should have had it back, my girl, every cent of it."

"You earn twice the wages that I do, Jim McNott, and yet you took twenty dollars of the money I was saving to get my spring clothes with! When a man will do that he has reached the end of decency. When I found that you had taken my jacket and dress and handed them over the bar to Jack O'Connor, I knew that if you had ever had any love for me it was dead. I felt that it was my turn, and I took out the thirty dollars which you had so kindly left, put on my jacket, and threw up my job. Cougar Bill brought me this letter, and I see now that it is from Mr. Simpson, telling me, probably, about my good luck; but I hadn't read it and didn't know of the strike at Wait-a-bit until you told me just now. I guess that is all I have to say. And now good-bye, Jim; take care of yourself, and if you ever should happen to get lonesome, just hark back to the dreary nights I have spent crouching with fear, trembling, and crying, and praying, while you were having your good times."

"But, Beulie, Beulie, where are you going?"

"I am going, Jim, on a devil of a spree!"

Then she left him, standing stunned and unbelieving, and, swinging her moth-eaten handbag in rapid, unhappy jerks, disappeared in the forest.

He started to follow her. He believed she had gone suddenly mad, and he feared she might lose the trail and get into the timber. And he loved her—loved her? Why, she was all he had in the world!

But his uncertain steps were inadequate when matched against the sturdy gait of the passion-goaded woman.

When he reached the valley station, where the Seattle train picked up its passengers once a day, it had been gone twenty minutes.

Not until she was nearing the city did Mrs. McNott think to read the letter which Cougar Bill had brought her from the Valley. It was from Simpson, the man who had sold her the Wait-a-bit stock. He wished to buy it back, and offered her forty thousand dollars, appointing a place of meeting where the transfer might be made.

Two days later found her with an uncomfortable wad of bills pinned securely inside her blouse, wandering aimlessly up and down the city streets. So far she had spent but little of her wealth. Contrary to her former experiences, everything she desired to purchase was too cheap. She had thought to squander fifteen dollars for a hat, but the one which was the most becoming was only four dollars, so she bought it and left the shop unsatisfied.

This was too tame! Altogether too tame! Jim would have made better time than this in getting rid of money. She

straggled into a jeweler's shop and priced diamond rings. The nobleman behind the counter, eyeing her mackintosh and handbag, loftily informed her that the rings she indicated were worth two hundred dollars apiece, and did not offer to take them out of the case. Mrs. McNott said she would take five, and the young man's eyes bulged in his head. He doubted her sanity. They were two hundred dollars apiece, he reiterated, with his mouth hanging half open. "I said I would take five," and she tendered the purchase price, which he received in a stupor of surprise.

When Mrs. McNott returned to her hotel she locked the door of her room and turned on all the lights; then she sat down before the mirror, drew off her cheap black gloves and put on all the rings. She moved her hands back and forth rapidly, trying to believe the glitter of the diamonds a great pleasure. But she knew it was not, and at last drew off the rings and threw them carelessly into her bag.

"These knotty old paws of mine are too far gone for diamonds," she muttered. "This is too tame."

She spent an hour laboriously counting her bills. There were so many of them it was quite discouraging. She sat down with them in her lap, some slipping to the floor, while her thoughts wandered back, and back, to the days when her mother was alive. They had lived in a battered old house on a country road, not far from a sleepy little town in Wisconsin. She remembered the three windows peering out to the east, two from the second story, and one from beside the sagging front door. How many times, as she had come home by the ragged path, she had caught glimpses through that window of her mother bending over a glowing cook-stove, where every pot and kettle gave out a delicious supper odor.

Where had she heard that Cousin Elizabeth Crane lived on the old place?

Why not pay Cousin Elizabeth Crane a visit.

* * * *

She did not expect an enthusiastic welcome from Cousin Elizabeth Crane, and she was not disappointed. Mrs. Crane tried to seem pleased to see her guest, but the remembrance of their privations as a family gave a certain constraint to her greeting. Her poor, overworked, economical mind lingered over the grocery bill which the hens alone could not lift, but which must await the slow processes of nature until, figuratively speaking, the cows might also put their shoulders to the wheel. The girls needed new spring clothing, but that was nothing to the needs of Taylor, the son, who was in the city studying dentistry. Taylor's wants kept his mother in a state of perpetual debt and anxiety. Taylor must dress well if the girls wore their fur caps all summer. And now here was Cousin Beulah McNott, back from Washington, to stay all summer, like enough. She and the girls got along very well without sugar, coffee or tea, but of course it would never do to ask a guest to do without these luxuries.

After supper, Cousin Elizabeth suggested going into the best room; but Mrs. McNott preferred to sit in the kitchen with her feet in the oven of the cook-stove. It seemed more like old times, she said.

"I presume you'll go to see your father-in-law, old Jem McNott?" queried Cousin Elizabeth.

"I suppose I must, although I haven't any particular love for him," answered Beulah.

"He's a good enough man," said Cousin Elizabeth, "when he ain't in liquor. Of course, he's ruther disagreeable then—any man is, I guess," and then Cousin Elizabeth happened to remember the shortcomings of Jim McNott, the son, and coughed wheezingly.

Susie, the irrepressible daughter, giggled, and May, the sober one, in order to turn the conversation, began hastily to describe the sudden death of their next-door neighbor, a childless widow by the name of Ross.

"She built since you left," explained Cousin Elizabeth. "She only had three acres, but the house is perfectly magnificent. A great big upright and a wing, with porches all around——"

"And awnings over all the windows," put in Ruby, the youngest girl.

"And there is a piano," added May, with a sigh. "And a fireplace," said Susie, "and the minister's wife, Mrs. Sherwood, is a lovely hand-painter, and she painted

a good many hand paintings for Mrs. Ross. Oh, they are just b-e-a-u-t-i-ful!" finished Cousin Elizabeth, "and she never took a lesson in her life!"

"No, never took a lesson!" witnessed May.

"Not a lesson!" echoed Susie.

"Not a single lesson!" declared Ruby, "but she says it has always been the dream of her life to take a few lessons."

"Why don't she, then?" asked Mrs. McNott.

Cousin Elizabeth and all her girls snorted together and began in one breath to enumerate the reasons why the minister's wife had never studied art; among which were a sickly husband with a small salary, a regiment of boys to be clothed and schooled, and an invalid daughter.

"As I started to tell you, the Widow Ross's house stands right there as she left it. Carpets—oh, the most beautiful carpets—on the floor, marble-top table in the parlor, piano-lamp, chairs—everything! She made a will that the place should be sold just as it stood, and the money given to the Milwaukee Home for the Aged. I don't know what is upstairs. I never was in the house but once. Mrs. Ross was a kind of a cold, reserved woman—felt kind of stuck-up because she had such a beautiful place, I guess."

Mrs. McNott did not seem very attentive. She made no comment about the Ross house, but interrupted to ask, "Whatever became of old Mrs. Parks?"

The girls all laughed. "Oh, she's taking in washing just as she did before you went away, and spends part of her wages to buy wood and potatoes, and part to buy colored ribbons. She wore a red bow in her hair to church one Sunday, and Brother Sherwood almost laughed right out in the pulpit!"

But Beulah McNott did not laugh. She recalled what Mrs. Parks had said to her one day long ago. "Beulah, when I see a piece of lace, and hold it in my hands, it makes me feel crinkly all up and down my spine! And ribbons are such pretty things! I love 'em! I dreamed once that I had a velvet dress and gold bracelets nine inches wide!"

"And where is Fanny Allen?" asked Mrs. McNott.

"Oh, working out around, and making just as big a fool of herself over sick cats and lame horses and homeless dogs as ever. Brother Sherwood told her one day that if she would put her mind on the Lord's work more—the missionary cause, and the Sunday school, and not worry over animals so much she would be of more use in the world."

"Everybody has his hobby," mused Mrs. McNott.

"And most of 'em silly enough," said Cousin Elizabeth with a wheeze. "Now there's Charles Sherwood, the minister's oldest son—he's always takin' kodak pictures; and the next one, George, is a coin collector—got a number of hundred dollars in different kind of coins—and Rob likes to play golf—why, he's at it a good deal of the time."

"All able to ride their hobbies except the mother," broke in Mrs. McNott. "And Cousin Elizabeth, if you could have one wish granted, what would it be?"

"Why, I s'pose I'd wish that Taylor could have money enough to take him through school without havin' to pinch so."

"That wish is for Taylor. What would you wish for yourself?"

"I know what I'd wish," said Ruby. "A harp! I've always dreamed of having a harp!"

"I'd be content with a piano," laughed May.

"My girls are all musical," sighed Mrs. Crane, "and they never had no chance. It takes every cent we can scrape to put Taylor through school."

"But when he is through, he will pay you back," said Beulah.

There was an immediate chorus of the girls: "Yes, he'll be apt to pay us! He's going to be married just as soon as he gets through!"

"Oh, well, you know, Beulah, girls have to learn to git along without, but boys have to have things."

"I know the world seems to believe that, Cousin Elizabeth, but I don't know why it should be so."

"It is, though," Mrs. Crane declared finally, "and that's all there is about it. A mother will sacrifice everything for her children."

"But you sacrifice everything on Taylor!" pouted Susie.

Aunt Elizabeth told Susie to "hush up," and led her unwelcome guest away to the best bedroom soon after.

The next day will never be forgotten in the Crane family. Cousin Beulah went out alone the next morning, "on a little matter of business," she said.

"She's gone to see old Jem McNott, and try to worm a little money out of him," guessed Mrs. Crane.

"Well, I'll bet a dollar—and even more—that she doesn't get it," said Susie. "He turned his son Jim out of doors years ago as much to save the expense of bringing him up as because of his disobedience."

When Beulah came back it was nearly night, and she was so tired and worn-looking that Susie was justified in her suspicions that her visit to old Jem McNott had been a failure.

She had been to see old Jem McNott, but she had only sat and gazed with cold, angry eyes at the old man who had ruined his son by his own example, and then turned him from his doors.

"And where is Jem?" demanded the old Scotchman, superciliously.

"In Washington, I presume."

"An' it's a won'er you'd a-come gaddin' aboot the country, a spendin' Jem's money while the lad is hard at it——"

"At least the money's none of your's," answered Jim's wife, with a curling lip. "I don't remember that you gave Jim anything of value when you sent him adrift."

The old man was angry, but his daughter-in-law sat stolidly under his abusive epithets. At last she rose to go.

"When are you goin' back?" demanded McNott.

"When I see fit."

"When you see fit! When you see fit!" roared the old man; "then mak' sure ye see fit befoor your money's a' gone, fur I'll na see fit to furnish ye wi' more!"

"I wouldn't ask you for money to save myself from death!" said the woman, and there was a quality in her voice and a look in her eyes which awed the old man. "If it was in your power to undo all you have ever done for your son Jim I might beg you on my bended knees to do it, but that isn't possible!" Then she said good-bye and went her way.

She was tired and depressed. She was homesick for the mountains, and longing for the kindly glances of a pair of blue eyes from under shaggy eyebrows—eyes resembling those of the old man upon whom she had just been wreaking her little vengeance.

"I wonder," she mused, "if Jim ever gets such deadly spells of lonesomeness when he is on his sprees!"

It was not until that night when she handed the key of the Ross house over to Cousin Elizabeth Crane, begging her to accept the place as a gift from her most unworthy cousin that she experienced some of the exhilaration which dissipation is supposed to bring.

"The piano is May's," she announced, "and Ruby shall have her harp as soon as it can get here from the East. It was ordered to-day."

During the week of moving pandemonium reigned in the Crane family. Mrs. McNott was more awed than were her relatives by the grandeur which she had bestowed upon them. The rugs were gaudy, and there were crocheted tidies on the backs of the chairs, but to Beulah's eyes those rooms were fit for kings and princes to dwell in.

"And now," wheezed Cousin Elizabeth as she deposited her bulk on one of the patent rockers, "now, dear Beulah, you have given me this comfortable home—this beautiful house, and May the piano, and Ruby the harp, and Susie three years at the Chicago music school—now what are you going to do for Taylor?"

The good woman had suffered an almost paralyzing surprise when Beulah had bestowed upon herself and her girls such magnificent gifts, but it was nothing to the surprise she received when she was informed that Mrs. McNott did not intend to do a single thing for Taylor!

"He is a man," said Cousin Beulah McNott, with a stubborn set to her jaw, "and will be sure to get enough of the good things of this life. If he doesn't, it will be his own fault. If you will read over your deed, Cousin Elizabeth, you will notice that you cannot sell your home; and when you are done with it, it will belong to such of your girls as remain single. Should they all marry, it will revert to a certain charitable institution which I am going to start in this vicinity. I had a lawyer

make it out that way on purpose, so you couldn't give any part of it to Taylor."

"But Cousin Beulah, what have you got against my poor boy Taylor?"

"Not a thing."

"Then don't you think it is awful selfish of you not to help Taylor when you are so amply able to do so?"

"Yes, but folks who are dissipating are always selfish. I started out to be selfish. I have worked hard and earned money and other folks went on sprees and spent it for their own pleasure without thinking anything about me. Now I am spending money for my own pleasure, and I don't propose that anybody shall dictate to me as to what that pleasure shall be. I would not let Jim dictate to me, Cousin Elizabeth, and I don't intend to let you!"

In a very short time, the news went abroad that Beulah McNott had come home laden with untold riches. People who had ignored the Cranes as not belonging in their strata of society while they lived in the old house, hastened to call upon them in the new. Among the first to come was a committee of ladies asking for a contribution for the new church.

Mrs. McNott was patient and polite, but sent them away empty-handed, expressing a wish, however, to meet and become acquainted with their minister's wife, "who painted."

The ladies hastened to send Mrs. Sherwood, hoping she might receive the check which had been refused them.

"No," said Mrs. McNott, "I haven't any money to build churches, but if you will accept it, I should like to pay your expenses during a two years' art course in a Boston school."

The minister called next day to try to convince Mrs. McNott that her charity would be much better placed by helping his two sons, who were still young, to an education, rather than his wife, whose day was over. But the lady was provokingly stubborn. "I am not doing charitable acts," she insisted. "I am just trying to give myself pleasure, and I mean to do it in my own way."

This was the beginning of the insane doings (so the town named them) of Beulah McNott. When old Jem McNott heard how she was wasting money, he came to expostulate. First he reasoned with her, then roared at her, but she sat and gazed at him, smiling in an impersonal way, and at the last assuring him that she meant to save enough to go home with, as he had advised upon the occasion of her visit to him.

To old Mrs. Parks she gave the velvet gown for which her heart had yearned, and a lace fichu fine enough to crinkle the old lady's spine beyond all further usefulness. To these she added gold bracelets as wide as she could find, together with gloves, fan and a bonnet which was a millinery wonder.

She bought a big house on the banks of the river which ran through the town, and in it she installed Fanny Allen and her two nieces in charge of a dog hospital and retreat for homeless animals of all sorts.

People told wild stories of the erratic Western woman who "didn't care what she bought just so long as it was absolutely foolish."

She went to all lengths in this respect. She paid to have Mildred Smith's eyes straightened, when everybody knew that Mildred was of no earthly account; but they were astonished to see what a really pretty girl she was after the operation. She gave a servant girl a dress which cost a hundred dollars, and a pearl necklace costing twice that amount. She put a sum of money in the bank for old Mrs. Goff, who had a mania for taking patent medicines, the money to be used for no other purpose. After the lady's death (Mrs. McNott had a premonition that it would occur in the near future) the remaining funds were to be turned over to the dog hospital.

"And mind you see to that, Fanny Allen!" warned Mrs. McNott, "I shouldn't lie easy in my grave if Mrs. Goff's drunken nephew got hold of a dollar of that money! Saloon-keepers have had all of my money they are ever going to get if I can arrange it!"

She did not confine her proceedings to one town, but circled out among neighboring villages and through the country, buying things for women which the world called foolish and useless, but which were not so, because they gave keen pleasure to those who had yearned for them in vain.

It took her a year to get rid of her for-

tune, for she was obliged to proceed with caution, hedging her gifts about that no masculine hand might ever grasp any part of them. This was a woman's dissipation; this was a carouse for the other side!

But she heeded old Jem McNott's warning, and saved enough money to carry her home.

One day, in Seattle, she met Jim McNott, face to face. She wore the seedy old cloak in which he had last seen her, but her hands were in the pockets in a jaunty way, and there was a satisfied look in her face which had not been there when they parted. She pulled out a hand and gave it to him smiling. "Jim, dear, how are you?"

His face was sober and worn, and his eyes hungry. "Beulie, my darling, where have you been?" he asked, eagerly.

"Haven't you heard?"

"No, and I have looked everywhere for you! I thought once of writing East, but I knew there was nothing to take you back there. I have nearly died of worry—you—with all that money——"

She laughed. "You won't have to worry about that money, Jim. It's all gone—every cent of it."

"I didn't care about the money, Beulie, but I was afraid——"

"Well, it is gone, Jim—every last cent."

"And you, Beulie, where have you been?"

"You shall never know from me! You never told me where you had been when you went on a spree. Where I have been or what I have done you will just have to take on trust, as I had to take you when you came back."

"Beulie—you are coming back to me, then: to be my wife again, to live with me and love me as of old?"

"If you want me, yes; if you want me, Jim. I've always cared more for you than for anybody else in the world—even myself. But I just got desperate! I worked hard and saved, and you spent all our money. I thought I'd just give you a taste of how it felt to stay behind and wonder, and fret, and lie awake nights, while I went on a spree."

"You did what you set out to do, Beulie. I've walked the floor in agony—I—even prayed that you would come to no harm——"

She laughed and clung to him. "We're even then, I guess. We can begin square again."

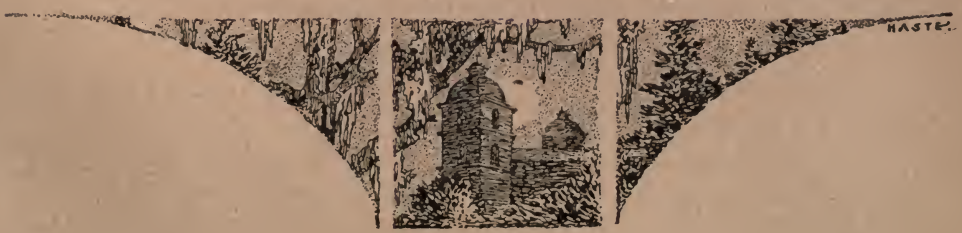
"But you did the praying for eight years—I have only stood it for one."

"You only spent about four thousand dollars, Jim, while I have spent forty thousand. It was actually hard work to get rid of it along at the last, when I was in such a hurry to get back, you know. Where are you going? Have you got a job, and can you get me one?"

"I've—I've got a surprise for you, Beulie. I—I'm not drinking any more—haven't drank a drop since you left me, and as I have been working hard right here in the city all the time, money has been sort of sticking to my fingers. I thought if you ever did come back——"

And then he led her to the car, and at last they came to a simple little cottage in the suburbs, meagrely furnished—why, in comparison with Cousin Elizabeth Crane's new house it was not furnished at all, but it represented Jim's savings, and in Beulah's eyes it was resplendent. Her home! Her own! And bought with Jim's money! And she was not to cook any more, but to stay safely and keep the little house in order!

"Jim!" she said. "I don't deserve it! A woman who has spent a fortune in reckless dissipation don't deserve a dear little home like this."



THE HOME-COMING OF BILLY

BY JULIEN JOSEPHSON

THE NIGHT was wet with fog and as murky as a black, starless sky could make it. It was a long walk from the hotel, and I was glad when at last I stood before the dingy, old-fashioned little station.

I opened the door of the waiting room and looked about me. It was a bare, uninviting place, laden with the heavy atmosphere of silence. A battered old lantern on the wall forced a weak ray through its soot-clouded chimney and filled the room with long, ragged shadows. Against the walls were hard, wooden benches covered with pencil smudges and pebbled with whittled scars. A small, barrel-shaped stove standing in the corner roared and popped in the dead stillness, seeming in its solitary animation almost a thing of life.

Snuggled together in a corner near the stove an old couple were dozing. The man was of frail make and wore an old-fashioned frock coat of shiny black. Gray-haired and deeply wrinkled, he must have been seventy years old. A tall, broad-brimmed hat accentuated the natural pallor and leanness of his face until it seemed cadaverous. His wife was a tiny slip of a woman in an old black cashmere, with a big gray shawl pinned about her shoulders. An odd little bonnet half-hid the brownest, kindliest of old faces.

I closed the door very softly behind me. But slight as was the sound, the old woman blinked at me, suddenly wide awake; and a moment later the old man was regarding me intently with his dull gray eyes.

"Nasty night, sir," he began, tentatively.

"Miserable," I replied with sincere emphasis.

"Goin' fur?" he queried, eyeing my luggage.

"San Francisco," I replied. "Where are you bound for?"

The old man looked at me steadfastly a moment without speaking. "Wal, sir," he said finally, "we ain't goin' nowheres. We're jest waitin'—Mattie and me—jest waitin'."

For some moments there was silence. The old man kept his half-closed eyes fixed thoughtfully on the stove door. He turned toward me abruptly. "Excuse me, sir, but did ye ever happen to hear tell o' Billy Sanders?"

Somehow, the name sounded strangely familiar. I felt certain that I had either seen or heard the name somewhere during the past few days. But at that moment I could not place it. "Seems to me I've heard the name somewhere—but I can't just place it now," I replied.

The old man shook his head sadly. "I didn't know but maybe ye might a' heerd tell o' him. Ye see," he went on huskily, "Billy's our boy—he's all we got in the world. We're ixpectin' him home to-night on the Overland."

My sympathy went out to the simple old soul. "Has he been away long?"

"Long?" he repeated in a far-away voice. "We ain't seen our Billy these ten years. He ran away from home—Billy did. He was a bit wild, I guess. But they wa'nt a bit o' harm in the lad! An' he's comin' back to his old daddy now—an' it'll be jest like God's sunshine to hev him back!"

The old man's eyes were shining with an ecstatic light as he finished, and his voice had become that of a childish old man, high-pitched and quavering. He looked at me mutely, and his lips twitched. The mother began to cry softly. But in a moment they both brightened. The father fumbled a moment in his pocket and brought out a crumpled sheet of paper, which he smoothed out and handed to me. It was a letter, stating in substance that William Sanders would arrive in Dillard that night on the Overland.

I looked up and nodded.

"We was powerful happy when we got thet letter," the old man went on fervently. Then he stopped short, as if some disturbing thought had occurred to him,

and a puzzled look came over his face. He leaned over my shoulder, and glancing at the letter laid a thin, knotty finger on these words: "I trust that you have looked at the matter sensibly. It's a sad business —but God knows best."

"Hev ye any idee what thet might mean?" the father asked in a troubled voice. "Ye see—they wasn't no other letter except this'n. I 'low Cousin Stephens must 'a got us mixed up with somebody else—he bein' secretary to the Guve'nor and writin' to right smart folks."

"I suppose so," I replied thickly, for want of something better to say. But I lied when I said it. For all at once I remembered where I had seen the name of his boy. I prayed that it might be only a coincidence, and sat there in silent compassion.

The long drawn shriek of an engine whistle scattered my thoughts for the moment. Then there was a roar and the clatter of wheels, and the Overland, now only a mile away, came racing on through the darkness. In an instant the old couple were on their feet, hurrying through the door and out to the platform. As the train pulled up, a tall young fellow stepped from one of the coaches, closely followed by a short, thick-set man whose face was almost hidden in a black muffler. The tall stranger stepped forward so that the light of the station lamp fell strongly upon him, and I could see that he was a man of perhaps thirty years, with a handsome, reckless face.

"Billy, Billy!" came suddenly from the old father—and he rushed with a plaintive cry into the tall stranger's arms. The old man hung upon him and patted his shoulders frantically in the excess of his happiness. Out of the jumble of sobs and hysterical laughter I could hear the old folks murmuring "Billy, Billy!" over and over again with indescribable tenderness. And now, as I caught a full glimpse of the son's face, I could see upon it an expression of keenest suffering. When he finally found voice his words were husky and broken: "I didn't think ye'd ever want to know anythin' about me again—after what I done."

"Don't talk thet way, Billy!"—it was the father's voice—"ye was only a child when ye run away. We've forgiven ye long ago. We love ye, Billy—and we want ye to stay with us fur allus!"

A light of sudden understanding came over Billy's face, and he looked almost happy. He placed a hand gently on his mother's frail shoulder. "Not this time," he said, softly. "I can't. Ye see, I—I got to go." His voice was perilously near to breaking. "But I'll be back afore long —an' then I'll stay with ye a long time."

The mother began to cry softly. "Why, ye're just as thin as a shadder, Billy! Don't leave yer ol' mother thet loves ye! An' all them cookies jest wasted! They's a whole jar of 'em waitin' fer ye, Billy! Ye allus was a turrible hand to take quince an' apple to 'em——" Here her incoherent rambling was swept away in one great sob.

The short man who had followed Billy from the train shifted his muffler, and I had a good look at his face. I started. It was Tom Patton, an old schoolmate of mine, and sheriff of Douglas County. I slipped quietly over to him.

"What's the trouble with the boy?" I asked.

"Train robbery," the sheriff replied gravely. "It's a pity, too. Decent young chap. I've known Stephens, his uncle, for years. Bad company, I guess. But it's his first—and he only gets two years, with a good chance of pardon. It's a heavy blow to the old folks. I was afraid they'd take on badly about it—but they don't seem——"

"They don't know," I interrupted, almost indignantly.

Patton looked puzzled. "Why, Stephens told me he wrote to them."

"The letter never reached them."

The sheriff stared hard at the station lamp until he had to rub his eyes. He was a man of understanding.

He looked up just as Billy was bidding the old folks good-bye. Then, catching the prisoner's eye, he motioned to him covertly. In a moment the prisoner was beside us. Now the old couple were slowly leaving the station. The mother was trying bravely to keep back the rebellious sobs. The old man, with his plaintive, quavering voice, was trying to comfort her. For a moment the prisoner gazed after them with drawn face and trembling lips. Then he broke down and cried like a child.

WHAT A WOMAN NEVER FORGETS

BY ERNEST RUSSELL

JUNE STEVENS stood in the doorway of the old house abstractedly gazing down into the valley, where a November wind was driving the gray mists upon the huddled dwellings of the hamlet at the bend.

She could hear the gruff bellow of the river as it tore through the gorge beyond, while frequent gusts of wind dashed in her face the cold and wet defiance of the storm.

If in her thought there was aught of antagonism to this tumult of nature, June Stevens' face did not show it; rather did she appear to welcome it as though consonant with the mood which stirred her.

Finally, however, she roused herself from her revery and slowly made her way to the shed beyond. Mechanically placing a stick of wood upon the rickety old saw-horse she took down the saw from its peg, and set herself to her task. Ah! how she hated it, this man's work, put upon her day after day and year after year by a shiftless ne'er-do-well of a husband. The saw viciously bit its way into the wood under the stimulus of her anger.

At length the last obdurate stick lay upon the floor, and she was kneeling to gather the result of her labors when an inadvertent and stifled cough sounded from the doorway.

June started to her feet, a heavy stick in her hand, and turned toward the figure which confronted her a quick, penetrating glance of inquiry. The hard lines of resolution in her face, the menace of her attitude, faded before he had spoken—faded in the very instant that revealed to her the pallid face and appealing weakness of the intruder—and she knelt again to fill her hollowed arms.

"I'd give you a hand with that wood if I could trust my legs," he volunteered apologetically. "Fact is, though, I haven't much strength—guess I've lost what I had in those hills back yonder."

"Oh, I guess I'm equal to it," she answered as she rose to her feet, and, with the wood piled even with her blue eyes, looked steadily, searchingly over the top of it into the man's face.

"So you've been trampin' it over these mountains, have you?" she said abruptly. "Well, you certainly don't look fit for it—takes a ruggeder man than you look to be to get 'round in this country, and you picked a mighty poor season to do it in, too. Must have been sleepin' out, I reckon."

The man, steadying himself with one hand against the door casing, listened to her rapid sentences and looked into the eyes which were bent upon him from behind the barrier of the wood. Something in them of compassion, as well as an accurate analysis of his plight, must have passed to his understanding, for he answered quickly, "I guess there ain't much use lyin' about it to you, and I don't need no lookin' glass to tell me I'm advertisin' the fact myself, but I escaped from Halletburg jail a few days back, and I've got just about as far as my strength'll let me." He paused for a moment as if halted by a gust of stern memories, and then went on hurriedly: "I don't s'pose you'll believe me, any more'n the jury that tried me or the judge that sentenced me—'n I don't much care either—but I never done the thing I've been all these years in prison for. I know one thing, though: I've got to quit this trampin' on an empty stomach an' sleepin' on cold ground in wet duds. Twelve years inside of stone walls don't fit a man to stan' it. I've got to hole up somewhere 'n rest. I saw your husband, or leastways I s'pose 'twas him, go off up the road a while ago. I don't know whether he'd give me up or whether you would, but I've told you the whole story, 'n I'll leave it to you—that's all."

His voice broke in an intonation of surrender; his lips quivered, and he looked away over the dismantled garden and its bare, crazily-tilted bean-poles toward the sentinel spruces upon the ridge beyond.

The rumble of a wagon across a bridge in the valley was borne to their ears with startling clearness, and his eyes sought hers again. June took a few quick steps past him and, turning in the path, said: "I guess we better go into the house. There ain't much passin' on this road, but I reckon you'd feel easier where there's nobody spyin' on you 'n a good fire to cosey up to."

He followed her in silence into the sink-room of the old house, and June closed the door behind him and locked it. In the room beyond, a clock ticked loudly, and the faint musical trickle of spring water in a tub broke the quiet.

She led the way into the kitchen, and dropping the wood with noisy clatter into the wood-box, brought a chair before the stove. The man slipped silently into his seat and watched her furtively as she brought frying-pan and coffee-pot from the cupboard at hand and busied herself about the table.

"I ain't goin' to try to fill you up on vittles," she said, without looking at him. "These eggs 'll stay your stomach some, and a cup of hot coffee 'll warm you up a bit, but what you want most is to get out of them clothes and into a bed. It's pretty risky business, aidin' escaped prisoners, but I ain't goin' to turn a sick man out into them hills in no such weather's this, law or no law. Now, you set up to the table and eat."

He drew his chair to the table and sat down heavily, resting his head upon a whitened hand while he stirred the steaming coffee. Plainly he was too ill, too far drained of all physical and mental energy to respond with any enthusiasm to the food which lay before him. His eyes drooped feebly, and he shivered frequently though the fire crackled merrily behind him and coals glowed bright red at the open hearth.

"Strange, ain't it? I ain't seen any home food like this in years," he said, half to himself and half to his benefactress, who was at work over her dishes in the adjoining room, "but every day for years I've been imaginin' how it'd taste when I did get to it, 'n now I can't eat it when I've got it." As he sat dejectedly looking through the raindrop studded window upon the gray boards of the barn and the lifeless stubble of the slope beyond, the eyes of June Stevens were fixed upon him with an intentness that overlooked no slightest feature of his face, no expression that dwelt there even for a moment. Indeed, had he been less tightly in the grasp of his misfortune, less conscious of his feeble tenure of health and freedom, he must have felt before this the steady recurrence of that hungry glance which, creeping downward from the close-cropped gray hair, recast to the familiar mould of earlier days the deep-set weary eyes, the whitened cheeks, and the chin whose pointed line showed through the stubble of recent growth.

At last, as though she had just remarked the untouched food, June stood in the doorway and said: "You're just too tired to eat, ain't you? Well, you come along upstairs with me, 'n I'll show you where you can sleep. You needn't be feared of anybody's interruptin' you—he's gone coonin' over to Curtises, 'n like's not won't be home for two or three days—that's his way, anyhow."

They mounted the steep attic stairs, and passing through the open chamber came to a little unplastered room whose two small windows looked out upon a sandy road and autumn-tinted woods beyond. The four posts of an old bedstead jutted toward the brown rafters above a portly feather bed, and the place was clean and spicy sweet with the odor of drying herbs.

"I might almost think I was to home in Careyville," he said with pathetic simplicity as he looked about him. "Guess I'll quit shivering once I crawl into that bed; they's nothin' like feathers to rest a body, my mother used to say."

"It's better'n you've been havin' lately, I guess, 't any rate," she replied with a grim smile. "There's one of his nightshirts you're welcome to," and she placed the garment on the bed. As she started to leave the room, she hesitated a moment, and then, without looking back, said: "There's one thing I haven't asked you yet, but—seein' as you've told me con-

siderable about yourself—would you mind givin' me your name?"

She was slowly closing the door behind her as the answer came from within: "My name's Stone, Gilbert Stone; 'n what's yours, please?" There was a certain shock in the actual pronouncement of this name that had been repeating itself over and over in her mind since he had come, yet she did not start.

Her breath came quickly and her mouth grew suddenly hot and dry, and when she answered, it was after a first attempt had but framed itself in inaudible whispers. "I'm Mrs. Stevens," she said at length, and as she moved away added: "If you need anythin', you can knock on the wall; I'll be in the room below to hear you."

She passed through the open chamber and down the stairs, stepping as lightly as if her charge already slept, and entered her room. Crossing the floor to where a mirror hung between two windows, she paused to gaze at the face which looked out questioningly into her own.

Why had he failed to know her? Was she indeed so changed, then? Had the miseries and the disillusionments of her life so written themselves upon her face as to alter it even as her life had altered?

She turned from the mirror and seated herself by the window. Ah! how long it seemed since they had parted; how much had happened; a prisoner's existence his, a prisoner's existence hers, and behind the misery of it all, the memory of such happiness!

She rose with sudden impulse, and going to the closet in the corner, returned with a box, and for some moments sat with it unopened in her lap, looking out upon the slowly falling leaves and the gray clouds above. At length she raised the cover and took out several faded photographs, and a thin little packet of letters.

The memory of his desertion was an anguish that time and hardship and an unfortunate marriage had only intensified. With her remained always the merciless finality of the words he had written from a distant town to sear with bitterness a nature which had given all its sweetness into his keeping. She took the letter from its envelope and looked with steady eyes at the faded handwriting below a date of fifteen years before. "I have made up my mind," it began, "to break up our little affair before it gets too serious, so I have left Strowbridge for keeps. I have been thinking for some time it was a little too one-sided to be interesting, and so I have come here to start over again without being bothered by the fools who are always willing to take a hand in other folks' business. You can fix up any story you like to explain matters, and I'll agree on my part to make no remarks on the subject."

This was the legacy with which she had been left to meet the gossip of the village, this the burden which her heart and hers alone must bear through all the coming years. What bitterness it had brought her—through what weary days and sleepless nights of strife against grief and shame she had labored, only her bruised heart knew. And now, beneath her roof, in the room above her head, lay the author of all this woe of hers—ill and half-starved, hunted like some wild creature of the woods where he had slept, ignorant of her identity, yet supplicant of her mercy.

June placed the letter back in its envelope and again stood looking out upon the slope. The wind had suddenly shifted, the rain had ceased. Beyond and through a little grove of half-denuded maples a rift in the clouds disclosed a timid streak of blue. Leaves were being blown far afield in the rising wind; somewhere a door creaked complainingly and a loosened blind rattled and slammed at intervals.

All at once the noise of carriage wheels and the click of a horse's hoofs upon the road startled her into the consciousness of his peril. Around the bend in the road cantered briskly a clean-limbed bay, and in the open buggy behind sat two men. A glance at the ruddy face, the blue suit and brass buttons of the driver was enough. She stood a single instant in paralysis of mind and muscle, and then with a sudden indrawing of her breath hurried to intercept their coming. In the sink room she paused to grasp a pail and hang it upon her arm. As her hand rested on the door knob she heard, with the exaggerated sense of one in fear, the cough of him who lay alone in the room above. An instant later she stood upon the step outside, looking upward in feigned surprise at the two men

in the buggy. "Good mornin', or afternoon, ruther, Mis' Stevens," said the man she had recognized, leaning forward to regain the reins he had thrown over the dashboard, "just in time to find ye to home, I take it. Well, we won't keep ye long."

The constable leisurely threw one leg over the other and clasped his hands over his knees, smiling down at her. "Dan round the place?" he questioned.

"No," she answered pleasantly, "he went away this mornin'. You can find him, though, I guess, over to Curtises, or you might serve your papers on me, if I'll do." She was composed enough now, and advanced her little sally of wit with a quiet smile, as she stepped down to brush the horse's dirt-spotted flank.

"Well," responded the constable, "you an' Dan can rest easy, I guess. We're out on a little hunt, the sheriff an' me, but our game's such a sly, bashful crittur we thought we'd drop round here sorter posting people to help us ketch him. Lemme make ye 'quainted with Sheriff Bradley of Cameron County, Mis' Stevens; he's more interested in this hunt 'n any man I know of, 'thout it's the man we're after—ain't ye, Brad?" and the fat-faced constable nudged his companion good-naturedly.

Sheriff Bradley was evidently of a different type from his talkative companion. He had not smiled at the other's pleasantries, and when appealed to, simply nodded his head gravely, holding the woman before him under a calm and steady scrutiny.

"We're looking for an escaped prisoner, Mrs. Stevens," he began in a quiet voice, "and I want to tell you, and I want you to remember, what he looks like. He's about the height and about the age of our friend Sanders here, but he's a lot thinner and he looks ten years older. He'll be pale. very pale, with short gray hair and dark eyes. What he's wearing for clothes I can't rightly say, but likely something pretty rough, borrowed from a scarecrow or picked up in some sugaring camp. He ain't visiting houses much, I reckon, but he's bound to, sooner or later, for food —and then we'll have him. I want to ask you now, Mrs. Stevens, if you've seen or heard of any man who'd answer this description?"

June had felt this inquiry coming—had vaguely framed its possible form—yet in its directness, with that image at the shed door filling her vision, it fell upon her tense spirit like a blow. Her knees shook beneath her, and her hand tightened about the carriage shaft, but there was no hint of faltering, no tremor in her voice, as she calmly looked into the gray eyes beneath the slouch hat and answered: "No, Mr. Bradley, I haven't—and I hope I shan't. We're off the main-traveled road, you see, and even the neighbors don't get to us any too often, let alone strangers."

"Well, Saunders," said the sheriff, "he hasn't come out this way, then. He'd pick this place in a minute if he had. We might as well be moving," and then, as the other took up the reins, turned again to the woman and added: "One thing you can bear in mind—he ain't a man to be feared. He's a well-meaning fellow, if he is a jail-bird, and he won't be in no condition to make resistance, even to a woman. If he comes this way, get a message to Saunders as quick as you can. I forgot to tell you there's two hundred and fifty dollars reward out for him." Saunders, turning the horse in the spacious yard, waved his hand toward the waiting woman: "My regards to Dan," he called back. The wagon whirled around the corner of the barn and they were gone.

June waited until she heard from the valley the rumble of their carriage across the bridge, and re-entered the house. A glance at the clock showed her that it lacked but little of three. With the woman's spirit in her rising in resentment at the enforced neglect of her charge, she hurriedly made ready porridge and toast, and with these mounted again the attic stairs.

Pushing the door inward, she entered the room. The blinds were closed, and in the semi-darkness at first she saw only the outline of the huddled form upon the bed, and heard the hurried breathing of the invalid. Placing the food upon the table, June swung a single blind ajar, and in the admitted light was conscious that the eyes of Gilbert Stone were following her. His face was flushed and wore the anxious look of one in pain, and as he began to speak, she shook her head in mild reproof. "Didn't I hear you talkin' to somebody?"

He formed the words with effort, but after a pause went on: "Officers, weren't they? After me?" She nodded. "Did you send 'em away, or are they waitin'?"

He was looking at her keenly now, and she smiled down at him as she answered, "Don't you worry—they're gone. You're goin' to stay here till you're well, and nobody's going to bother you."

He seemed reassured at this, and his eyes closed weakly, only to open again and rest in vague perplexity upon her face. As she listened to the short, frequent cough, and touched lightly with her hand the hot forehead of the sufferer, her mind flashed back to her girlhood, to the bedside of a brother she had nursed through the crisis of an illness such as this, and she recognized every familiar symptom of the disease that gripped the man before her. There was not much to be done. She remembered the observation gravely put by the good old doctor in the stillness and suspense of that scene of long ago. "Pneumony's bigger 'n any doctor's power, my good child, 'n about all you can do is to watch 'n wait 'n hope." And so she set herself to her task.

The slow evolution of the hours brought morning and noon and night again. She knew the progress of the disease was terribly rapid, for his skin was assuming a more dusky hue, his breathing had become shallower and with abrupt inspirations. His pulse grew feebler as the heart action weakened, and the cough became more and more ineffectual. With the arrival of night the fever increased, and her charge murmured incoherently in a mild delirium. The crisis of the disease was approaching.

Still the woman sat far into the night, wide-eyed and alert, her mind dwelling upon the myriad potentialities of her strange situation. What course could she follow if the officers returned, or if neighbors visited her and discovered the presence of this unknown invalid in her house, and what would be the outcome of it all when Dan himself returned? When Gilbert recovered—*if* he recovered, she found herself thinking—what of his escape and her agency in that perilous undertaking? Yet her brain rendered no decisions, shaped no course of action. The one immovable tenant of her mind was her love for the man before her. Her whole nature responded to the re-endowment of this affection, gradually opening to a repose in its pathos and its tenderness in the measure it had been denied her.

Sometime toward morning she dozed. Awakened by a squirrel scratching his way in nervous haste across the shingles overhead, June was surprised to find the eyes of the invalid again fixed upon her, yet she was not sure he saw her. His face had grown darker and his breath came in quicker, shorter gasps than before, but he seemed more tranquil.

She slipped a hand beneath the bedclothes and touched his limbs. They were cold. Could it be that, as she slept, Death had crept into the little room to claim the life that she was guarding, to take from her, without a word of reconciliation or recognition, all that linked her even to this temporary happiness? She stroked the man's forehead softly, looking down into the great, dark eyes as if to seek an answer to her thought. As though to bring her comfort, a pathetic softness hovered about them for a moment, banishing the perpetual question of his stare, and faded again.

Suddenly a key grated in the lock of the door below and she heard the whine of the dog. The eyes of the sick man had closed again, and he gave no sign of consciousness.

She heard the door close and followed the sound of the heavy footsteps as the man beneath made his way to the front room. The steps ceased, and she heard his muttered exclamation at the sight of the unused bed and the tread of his retreating feet as he returned to the sink room.

The door of the stairway creaked as it was opened wide, and a heavy boot banged upon the little landing at the bottom. Toward the chamber above was shouted in harsh impatient tones that made her shudder: "June! You up there?" She did not move, but sat gazing upon the man before her. At the sudden projection of that name upon his fading consciousness, the sick man suddenly became transfigured. Raising himself to a sitting posture he looked into her eyes with one searching glance, murmured faintly *"June—June Carter!* Ah, it *is* you!" and in the effort fell back upon the pillows. He lay upon

his side with one whitened hand outstretched on the coverlid, his face toward the woman in the chair, his eyes closed. The thin lips were parted in a gentle smile and the expression of despair and suffering which had dominated his features had vanished.

June's head bent forward and rested in her hands upon the bed. She did not hear the steps which sounded heavily upon the stairs, and along the creaking boards of the open chamber, to cease suddenly as her husband stood upon the threshold of the room. The gaze of his bleared eyes roved from the bent figure in the chair to the limp form of the dead man and back again. The tufted eyebrows knitted themselves closer together into an expression of angry bewilderment, and his first words broke with appalling force upon the stillness of the room. "Well, what in Hell——" He stopped abruptly as his wife's hand rose in a deprecating gesture. She lifted her head and looked upon him. The face he saw was the face of Sorrow, but a sorrow obscured and held impotent in the grasp of an ineffable happiness which barred him, as it barred all else save memory, from entrance to the shrine at which she knelt. "He is dead!" she said, quietly, and turned from him, as from a stranger, to look with unseeing eyes upon the waving trees and the dun slope beyond.

THE WEST WIND

BY C. ASHTON SMITH

O keen west wind with the sea's salt tang,
And the breath of a distant strand,
Say, what are the things whereof you speak
As you fly o'er the hills inland?

Methinks in your murmuring voice I hear
The thunderous roar of the sea,
The crashing waves on the rocky beach
That boom everlastingly.

Methinks you tell of the white-sailed ships
That cleave thro' the main apace,
With the canvas taut and a line of foam
At the stern to mark their race.

Methinks you speak of the isles afar
With a faint, sweet breath of balm—
The isles of the deep-blue sunset seas—
Of the bamboo and the palm.

Methinks I hear in your sighing voice
The tale of a storm at sea—
The maddened waves and the splintered wrecks—
Such are the things you tell to me.

THE BURNING AT BALD ROCK

BY FRANK THUNEN

"FUNNY THING how an Indian likes to gamble, isn't it?"

So saying, Thompson took the bulging sack that hung over his shoulder and set it carefully on the ground. We had walked all the way to Bald Rock, eighteen miles from home, and were quite ready to rest.

It was dusk when we reached the end of our tramp. We had just emerged from the heavy timber into the edge of a clearing, and Thompson pointed out to Joe Atkins and me the object of our trip, a motley aggregation of Digger and other Indians here in a solitary spot in the wilderness assembled on the clearing below us for a burning.

"They'd rather gamble than eat," he continued, "but never stake their money on anything but where the call of a turn depends on guess-work. They won't buck a game that calls for any thinking; it's all chance with them."

As the sack struck the ground it gave forth a muffled clink and a soft little gurgle, as of a jug filled with liquid.

"They may prefer gambling to eating," remarked Atkins, with a sly wink at me. "The ways of the savage are peculiar and beyond understanding. They do say, however, that drinking is about as keen a pleasure as anything else, according to their dim, savage lights."

Thompson looked foolish. He had not confided to us what the sack contained. It had been surrounded with a haze of mystery during the entire trip, and every attempted advertence of the conversation to it was promptly parried and discouraged by our companion. We were irresponsible tyros, and, in addition, Atkins was a preacher.

Thompson explained to me after it was all over that his secretiveness was intended as a barrier between his own plans and the over-conscientious sensibilities of the preacher. Thompson was a good fellow and desired to be liked.

It was on his invitation that Atkins and I had accompanied him on this arduous climb over a difficult mountain trail to witness the burning. It was a long and lonely trail, and it was probably more for the sake of our society along the way than for our counsel that we were asked to go along. The canyon of the North Fork of the Feather, deep, wild and desolate, lay between our homes and the Indian burying ground. Beyond, we were defied by the steep, sun-beaten side of Bloomer hill, two thousand feet of perpendicular real estate planted in the midst of the trail. But the novel night's seance in prospect leveled the hills and curtailed the way.

The short autumn evening was rapidly advancing when we sat down to rest at the edge of the clearing above the rancheria. The Indians had been gathering from all quarters of Butte and Plumas Counties for two or three days to hold this imposing demonstration over the unimposing holes-in-the-ground, where slumbered the departed brethren. At midnight the rite would commence, so Thompson told us. Being wearied with our tramp, and the time being ample, we sat and watched until darkness came to lend a proper weirdness to the scene, while Thompson, who had witnessed the uncanny procedure before, recited some of its details to us.

A score of campfires dotted the slope before us, and a monotonous chant floated up to us from sundry groups of gamblers at the grass game. Its music mingled in seeming consonance with the roaring of a creek, reduced by distance to a murmur, as it tumbled down a canyon several hundred yards beyond. Matronly squaws could be seen bending over campfires preparing supper in a manner not unlike their paleface cousins on a camping trip. Some of the less domestic of them watched the

gambling, and not a few even went so far as to take a hand. Upon a knoll hard-by, a temporary shrine had been constructed. It was a circular pen of closely piled brush eight feet high and fifty feet across, and afforded perfect shelter from the chill night wind during the season of worship. There was only one place of ingress, a narrow way on the lee side. Fleecy white smoke floating over the enclosure reflected the dancing light of a fire within it.

Presently an aged Indian emerged from the enclosure and began to shout in Digger dialect.

"That's John Chinaman," explained Thompson, "and he's got his funeral hat. I can tell it from here."

"That so?" queried Atkins, with interest. "What's its significance?"

"Oh, nothing; it's only a battered up old straw affair that he's worn at every burning for the last six years, but it's as much a part of him in his business as the surplice is of the priest. He's master of ceremonies to-night, you know. They let him do that, because he can cry harder and feel better while he's doing it than any other Injun on the job. Old John," continued Thompson, "needs a little stimulant, though, before he can bawl just right."

"Did he send for you?" asked Atkins, with a significant look at the sack.

Thompson gave a start of surprise, but was unabashed. He took up the jug in the sack and shook it. "Tootsum's cereal," he said with a grin.

"Cereal of some kind, beyond doubt—malted and distilled, too, I suspect," ventured the preacher, "and good for an indefinite sojourn in jail when furnished to Indians."

"Now, my good man," said Thompson, patronizingly, "you don't know what it is I have in here, and there's no need of your finding out and being slandered with the knowledge; you won't need to know anything that won't do you any good. Do you see the point?"

Atkins saw it at once and accepted this view, for he desired very much to witness the funeral rites of this barbarous race of beings. But we left Thompson at once.

As we sauntered along toward the brush enclosure, I turned from time to time to watch Thompson, who had come part of the way and then tarried to watch a group of Indians and half-breeds on their knees about a fire, gambling. The young fellows received him cordially, and one of them spoke his name. A few moments later, we heard his voice mingle in the chant of the gamblers. Two old squaws, who tried to act coquettishly, giggled delightedly at Thompson's easy adaptation, and moved closer to the game. Our friend was apparently content to be left to work out his own entertainment now with his hosts. Atkins said for his own part he was willing that thus it should be, and led the way into the enclosure.

A different atmosphere pervaded this place. All revelry was outside; within was silence. This was not owing entirely to the sanctity of the hour or the place. Youth and energy with their concomitants of ten cent ante, booze and other adventure preferred the open; while, on the other hand, old age, phlegm and sloth, in men, women and dogs, found most comfort about a friendly fire, sheltered from the chill winds. But, in spite of its barbarity, it was a solemn occasion. Even the dogs looked solemn.

Around the fire, some standing, some squatting on their heels, and some prone and asleep, were a number of wrinkled and leather-visaged relics of the earlier types of Indian. One weather-beaten old fellow, with pendant jowl, like the chops of a blood-hound, raised himself from the ground on one elbow and demanded "tobac."

John Chinaman was there, prostrate on the ground, and without sacerdotal vestment, toasting the soles of his bare black feet before the fire. And there, too, was Captain Bill. Bill was chief of one of the local Digger clans. Large of paunch, self-satisfied of mien, and just a little clumsy dignity in his bearing on account of his rank—that was Bill. He cut an imposing figure, standing in toga praetexta in the foreground where the firelight struck him fairly and revealed his greatness. John Chinaman arose and stood by the Captain's side when he became aware of our presence. He regarded us doubtfully for a moment; then he lay down again.

There were also a few slatternly young squaws with tiny pappooses, swathed in soiled blankets and bound in carrying frames. They lay promiscuously about,

the mothers careless of the discomforts to themselves or their helpless offspring, and the latter endured the hardships in stoic silence.

Other prominent members of the phlegmatic group were a score of nondescript curs of mongrel breed, which skulked about and sniffed at the sacks and baskets of dried eels and fish and other foodstuffs ranged about preparatory to immolation. They were all lean and ribby and too lazy to be quarrelsome.

Several clumps of tall pine saplings stood upright in holes in the ground, and from each pole streamed an array of bandanas, shirts and various other articles of apparel. Some were adorned with fancy parti-colored baskets skillfully woven by the Indians from the bark of dogwood and willow. All these were to be burned in sacrifice, we were told by an executive squaw in bright red calico who was authoritatively directing the draping of the poles.

Our interest while we watched these preparations had crowded all thought of Thompson out of our minds. At ten o'clock we saw him again, at the entrance-way to the enclosure. With him were two half-breeds in cowboy hats, neckerchiefs and overalls rolled up at the bottom. Seeing us, Thompson came in. His bearing now toward us was of exaggerated affability, which I suspected was a stroke of policy. Thompson made himself very much at home, and spoke familiarly with the Indians, showing plainly he was well accustomed to their ways.

At last, when he was ready to leave the place, he spoke to one of the half-breeds, saying: "Show them around, Dick." And Dick, with all the self-assumption of a licensed and tagged Barbary Coast guide, undertook the assignment. The other half-breed started off with Thompson, casting a glance at us over his shoulder as he passed out. I stepped carelessly toward the gateway, and Dick took me by the arm.

"You want some baskets?" he asked, leading me to a bunch of the draped poles. "Here's some fine ones," he continued, handling the pendant fixtures.

Discoursing entertainingly upon the art of basket making, he carried out Thompson's instructions. As for the latter, we saw nothing more of him until long after midnight.

Shortly after Thompson had left, the two old crones who had attempted a flirtation with him while he gambled, came to the entrance, glanced within, then turned and left.

At the approach of midnight the devotees were greatly augmented in numbers. They passed with greater frequency in and out of the enclosure, like the increasing activity of a swarm of bees with each warm-breathing moment of a bright summer morning. Occasionally a young male strayed in, probably out of curiosity. The more elderly males had reserved their positions about the fire seasonably. Many of the newcomers, both male and female, gave indications of intoxication as the night advanced.

Two or three times we saw Thompson's half-breed henchmen lurking about the place, but they never stayed long in our sight, always appearing to be bent upon some errand of importance when they came and always leaving an air of mystery when they had gone.

At length, John Chinaman gathered his limbs together and sat up. Clasping his shins in his stubby fingers and resting his chin on one knee, he remained for some moments gazing meditatively at his weather and grime-seasoned feet. Soon he arose, and, stepping just outside the enclosure, croaked out a hoarse declamation into the night. This lasted several minutes. Then he returned to his place by the fire and stood for a time, eyes pensively downcast, awaiting the acknowledgment of his necromantic communion. The immediate outcome of what he had spoken into the darkness was a still greater congestion about the fire. After a short time Atkins and I found ourselves crowded away from the fire and jammed back into the brush barricade.

Then John Chinaman straightened his bent old form and began again to speak, fervently, gesticulatingly—and an all-night's seance was inaugurated. His words were uttered in a vernacular that neither Atkins nor I could interpret, but evidently they carried conviction to his impressionable listeners.

The executive one in red calico was the first to be moved. Burying her face in

the folds of the vestments swinging from a bunch of poles, she emitted an eerie, rasping note, a weird caterwaul of maltese timbre. Another woman squatting near screeched out a counter note as distressing as the first. Then another and another; they caught up the spirit of the orgie. Falteringly, one by one, they paid their respects, and presently the compact group was all agog.

They took down the poles, removed the articles piece by piece, and cast them upon the fire 'mid screams and dismal wails and a discordant requiem engaged in by all in a raucous assortment of measures and keys. Captain Bill and others of the men became enthused and bawled ridiculously.

The cry had at length reached its zenith. The dogs alone were silent; they merely yawned. John Chinaman, upon whom depended so much the success of the "big cry," as the ceremony is termed, lent his voice to the din. With marvelous energy for one so old, he bent double and sprang into the air, hopping from one black foot and alighting on the other with rythmic alternation, and roared in pretended disconsolation.

Having seen the affair well started, the few men of the company began soon to disperse. A few of the elderly ones sat looking on with an air of half-interest; but faithful John Chinaman was the only active one who seemed loyal to the spiritual call. Captain Bill skulked out and betook himself beyond the pale of the shrine.

Then one of the half-breeds that had been in Thompson's company earlier in the night appeared at the gateway. He entered and approached John Chinaman. That dignitary was still prancing about and roaring vociferously, when the half-breed quietly touched his arm. Instantly the old fellow was diverted. He turned an attentive ear unto his solicitor and the next moment permitted himself to be led quietly away.

"Let's watch them," I said in a low voice. "Thompson is up to something. We'd better put a stop to it, don't you think?"

I led the way and Atkins followed. Silently we shadowed the half-breed and the Indian into the woods. There was no moon, but the starlight of the clear autumn night distinctly revealed their forms in the open. They took the same general direction that Thompson had taken when he left us in Dick's charge. After crossing the clearing, they entered the shadow of the pine and spruce thickets and passed on toward the creek. With some difficulty we kept their trail, which led across the creek over a fallen log.

We stole after them up the opposite side till, shortly in advance, an old shanty loomed, an uncertain light shining through the cracks. We saw John Chinaman and his companion enter and passed round to the far end. As we came near the building, two squaws slipped round a corner and disappeared in haste behind the shanty.

"See those old rascals," whispered Atkins; "they've been dodging Thompson all night."

The walls of the shack were loosely boarded. I applied my eye to a chink and peeped through into the poorly lighted interior. The one small room was crowded. They stood close and seemed to be engrossed in something taking place in the center of the group. Captain Bill was standing opposite my chink. His broad back intercepted my view so that I could not see what was going on, and scarcely a word was being spoken.

Atkins leaned toward me. "Gambling!" he whispered softly. "I thought as much."

I mounted a stump near the shanty wall. Peering through the space between the eaves and the plate, I looked down over the heads of the occupants of the shack. There were neither floor or chair, and the only light came from a lantern set upon a large box, inscribed on which was a faro layout. The Indians bet with avidity at the alluring device, and Thompson was gathering in considerable quantities of small change. They pressed close about the dealer in their interest. A young squaw tittered joyfully as Thompson, with an oath commanded:

"Drop that, there, Dick! You lost that!"

I believe Dick dropped it. There was an interval of silence, broken by the mildly reproving Dick. "Ain't I your capper, Tommy?" he demanded with maudlin querulousness.

"Shut up, you mutt!" exclaimed his superior; and again Dick subsided.

Atkins turned away, but I was becoming interested in Thompson's scheme of decimation. Allowing my gaze to rove about the room for a moment, I beheld on the opposite side a buxom young squaw with plaited and beribboned raven hair. Our eyes met momentarily; she snickered, and I jumped to the ground, beating a hasty retreat.

Atkins wanted to go home directly, but I remonstrated, urging that we should first rescue Thompson from what I feared might become a perilous situation. He had been drinking. Atkins finally consented to return to the brush pen and keep casual watch over him. It was our intention to employ some strategy to get Thompson from his victims as soon as we safely could. How to accomplish it we could not tell. We well knew that intoxication and betrayed credulity existing at the same time in the same Indian could not be depended upon to maintain that peaceful relationship which marks the vacuous resignation of a thoroughly saturated white man. The case looked serious to me, and I was impatient for the rescue. But how? Full of whisky and the mad desire to gamble, to take Thompson from them abruptly would be like taking a poisoned bone from a pack of starved dogs.

Circumstances, unaided by any effort on our part, solved the problem for us sooner than we expected. Hardly had we adapted ourselves to the changed scenes and environment about the shrine when the entire gulled crowd trooped into the pen, Thompson in their midst. They had evidently banked all their available coin. Thompson had it tied securely in a shot-sack and carried it in the right side pocket of his coat. It made a ridiculously pretentious sagging bunch, which he supported by passing his hand underneath. He also clung to his sacked demijohn. The cry was given renewed impetus. John Chinaman, as the leader, was particularly demonstrative.

Thompson's eyes shone with mischievous fun; he grinned with maudlin humor and in harsh discord with popular sentiment. Presently he began to affect the chant, the prancing hop, the moaning, and in general the distress and misery assumed by the stanch ritualists.

One old squaw waddled forth with faltering steps and held a child's bonnet aloft for a moment that all might see; then she dropped it among the embers, which was the signal for a general outcry.

Thompson had been watching her. In a trice he snatched the old straw hat from the head of John Chinaman, and, with a howl, threw it after the bonnet. It was John's holy hat.

The Indians were electrified into instant silence, which seemed to strain for expression. Thompson swiftly swept the inner circle of tawny faces for some acknowledgment, and he found it.

The red-gowned executive squaw cursed him fervently, and another spat upon him with feline malignance. John Chinaman resented the affront perpetrated upon him by dealing a feeble blow at Thompson. The latter gently thrust the old fellow into the arms of the execrative squaw, calling forth a fresh volley of maledictions.

It soon became evident that Thompson had more than the innocuous choler of John Chinaman and his irate apostle to consider. With malevolent rumblings and sharp ejaculations, several bucks, lacking nothing of venom but the war-paint, made for him. Captain Bill thrust them aside with his burly form, exclaiming, "Me an' John's runnin' dis t'ing!" His black eyes were agleam with anger, and he made a vicious lunge at Thompson.

High and tense was the feeling our companion had aroused in the breasts of the Diggers. The deity of a homage-paying band of zealots had been grossly outraged. It was like the splutter of a short-fused cannon cracker, a sputtering, spitting spark, and—fizzle!

Thompson darted through the gateway and ran for the woods, still clinging to the demijohn and the sackful of coin. Atkins and I followed close behind.

Thompson seemed to feel no alarm; he soon stopped running and remarked that he had left only because he was loth to disturb the meeting. He coolly declared his intention of taking a nap then and there, and proceeded to do it with marked success. Atkins and I left him snoring, and made timid advance on one of the fires outside the sacred shrine.

"I've had enough," exclaimed Atkins, "and as soon as day breaks I'm going home."

It was about three hours later; the Eastern horizon gave just a suggestion of paling, and I, too, had become thoroughly imbued with the sufficiency of my experience, when Thompson came striding down upon us.

"Where's my sack?" he demanded.

"Yes; where is it? Which one?" asked Atkins.

"Who said I had more than one?"

"Yes, who? Nobody. I just had a suspicion that——"

"Now, quit your jollying! You got them!" retorted Thompson, becoming angry. "Now dig them up!" He was entering upon the second chapter of his spree and was short-tempered.

"I haven't seen them," we replied in concert.

After some desultory remarks concerning the loss of his mysterious sack, in which Thompson avoided mentioning his experience at the faro table, we retraced our steps to the woods, where we had left him sleeping, and began to search.

Our first clue was the smoldering remains of a small fire, beside which lay sleeping soundly, and as drunk as alcohol could make them, the two squaws whose interest Thompson had aroused. They were so helplessly sodden that they gave only equivocal signs of life even when roughly prodded by the toe of Thompson's boot.

Atkins refused to prospect among the bushes for the missing property, but I continued the hunt, and at length was rewarded by the discovery of the jug, which had been tossed into a clump of manzanitas. But the whisky was gone.

I brought it forth and showed it to Thompson, who, with a profane, despairing remark, gave up further effort to elicit anything from the squaws.

"How much did they get?" I asked.

"More than was good for them!" answered Thompson shortly.

"That seemed to be the order of things last night," retorted Atkins allusively and just as briefly.

"Ah, what's the use beating about the bush? How much boodle did you lose?" I asked bluntly. "We saw you through the cracks in the shanty."

Thompson looked us over severely for a moment, uncertain whether to be angry or not. Then he threw an arm about the shoulders of each with the most intimate and ingratiating air of comradeship he had yet shown, and to Atkins' sublime disgust, urging us gently away from the scene, he said: "I had over a hundred and a quarter, and they got the whole cheese —but you needn't say anything about it."

And we never did.

LUNAR LUCUBRATIONS

BY IVY KELLERMAN

HAVING DISCOVERED in his English-Lunar dictionary that "lunatic," which on the Moon means "citizen of Luna," is defined as "an insane person," the Man in the Moon became properly indignant. He summoned his ether-plane, and proceeded to investigate the matter, for on the Moon the impression is current that insanity is an Earth-characteristic.

Upon the first of these journeys Earthward, he observed the sign "School of Languages," and promptly sought the office of the Director.

"Does not yonder announcement contain a superfluous letter?" he inquired.

"Doubtless it should read 'School of Language.' I have noted, even in my slight acquaintance with inhabitants of Earth, that there is indeed room for improvement in this regard."

"Not at all," replied the Director. "Our School of Languages will teach not merely English, but any tongue besides one's own which he wishes to acquire."

"In order that one may be able to read the masterpieces of these dead languages, I suppose. I am told that they are superb, and I marvel that they have not been made accessible in translation, so that all may read them."

"Oh, they've all been translated, but it's a matter of culture to be able to read them, or say you can read them, in the original, you know. Our School, however, has nothing to do with dead languages. We teach all the important modern ones."

"All, did you say?" inquired the Man of the Moon in a puzzled voice. "Then do not the inhabitants of Earth have one general medium of intercommunication?"

"Of course not. That would be undignified. You just happen to arrive every time in a place where English is spoken. Each nation has its own language, which is quite different from that of any of the others, and each citizen above the lower classes must learn as many of these as he can, as a part of his education. His mother-tongue he picks up, in a more or less mutilated condition, during his childhood and early youth. The others we teach to him, charging according to the difficulty of the language selected."

"Then these languages are hard to learn?"

"Certainly," answered the Director, impatiently. "It is the rarest exception that any person learns to speak any one of them with perfect accuracy. Real mastery of the language of any nation demands about half a lifetime, preferably the first half. We teach the people enough to get along with. That is all that is expected."

"But why, then, is not some one language selected for all to learn, in order that if all of the student's time is concentrated upon it, there may be some hope of its being really mastered?"

"Impossible! No nation would submit to the choice of the language of another nation for international use. Don't you see the economic and political advantage such an arrangement would give to the people whose mother-tongue should be chosen? That could only be accomplished by force, and so far no one nation is strong enough to conquer all the others and make them learn and use its language and drop their own."

"I see. Well, why not construct a neutral language, one scientifically built, musical to the ear, and very easy to acquire. Then let everybody learn it. That would solve the difficulty."

"No, it would make no difference at all. There is such a language already, spoken by several thousand cranks in various parts of the Earth, but we do not care to have the facts generally known."

"Why, why not?" exclaimed the Man of the Moon. "I should think it would be well to cause this language to be taught in all the schools on earth. Think of the resultant economy of time, to say nothing of the convenience of it!"

"Sh! What would become of all the teachers of foreign languages! They would all be thrown out of employment. And besides, if everybody on earth could understand everybody else, what an embarrassing situation would exist! As absolute proof of the absurdity of your suggestion, anyway, let me tell you that our fathers and grandfathers got along without any such international language!"

A NEW RELIGION AMONG THE WEST COAST INDIANS

BY SARAH ENDICOTT OBER

THE INDIAN as a part of our conglomerate nation is difficult to deal with. Not touching on the shameful past, when he was "licked into shape," to the discredit of Americans as a nation and as nominal Christians, we must soon reckon with the Indian as a citizen, and surely it should behoove us to make him a desirable one. The Indian is capable of attaining the best of citizenship when it is based upon Christianity, or the worst element without that basis. The results of the right kind of missionary work attest to this, as the works of Father Duncan at Metlatkahtla, the McBeth sisters among the Nez Perces, Father Wilbur with the Yakimas, Spaulding, Captain Smith, with the Oregon Indians, and the Eells, father and sons, with Spokanes, and Puget Sound Indians, and other missionaries testify. Compare their results with the tribes who have never had Christian instruction and influences, and there can be only one choice as to the kind of citizens evolved.

The Indians on the Pacific Coast have had but little missionary work done among them. At present in Washington there are only two Presbyterian missions, one Methodist and several Roman Catholic missions among the Indians. The Western Christians are indifferent and negligent as to the salvation of these poor national wards, and leave them almost entirely to the vilest influences of degenerate white men. So the poor Indians have been defrauded not alone of land and earthly possessions, but of purity, character and immortality. But for this strange religion, based upon Christianity and intermixed with heathenism, they would have been left largely to degradation, drunkenness, immorality and possible extinction.

It is within thirty years that the Shaker religion started, having its inception with two Indians, John Slocum and wife, Twana Indians, living on the Big Skookum, near Olympia. They were ignorant, drunken and degraded. They had some religious instruction in the mission of Rev. Myron Eells, but later joined a Catholic church. But they were not saved from their sins. When in November, 1882, the man was sick unto death, he sent for an Indian medicine man. His wife was distressed, and urged him to be faithful to the "white man's God," and the religion they had professed, and not revert to heathenism again. But she could not prevail on him, and when the Medicine Man came, with tom-tom, rattles, bells and witch-charms, dancing, howling and performing incantations and hypnotic performances, the poor woman fled to the woods, there for three days and nights pouring out her soul in prayer to God for her husband's salvation. Then a vision of the Savior was vouchsafed her, comforting, assuring and cleansing her from all sin. There came with it an ecstasy and a strange tremor, every nerve, muscle and limb shaken in a marvelous manner. This was the first inception of Shakerism, and from this the name is derived.

The woman returned to her home, shaking, dancing, praising God. She found her husband to all appearance dead, and the Indians wailing over his body, awaiting her return before burial. When the Medicine Man saw her he fled in terror. The Indians assert with all reverence that "those in whom is the spirit of evil cannot stay in the presence of those in whom is God's spirit." The strange power came upon the seeming dead man, and he arose shaking, and praising God. He always asserted that his soul had gone into God's

presence, and there he realized his sinful and lost condition. That God had given him a new lease of life, entrusting to him a message to his people, that "Jesus Christ, the Son of God, could save and keep from sin."

The subsequent life of John Slocum and that of his wife proved their sincerity. In all the remaining years they lived sober, righteous lives, devoted to preaching this new Gospel of Salvation to their people. The new religion spread like wild-fire, until at present it has its followers in nearly every tribe from California to Alaska, and has gone over the mountains to the Yakimas, Spokanes and other tribes. And everywhere these results are seen, that drunken, degraded, diseased and immoral Indians are utterly changed, regenerated, and in some tribes saved from extinction. Thirty years ago the death rate exceeded that of the births, but now the number of Indians is much greater than before.

At first only the moral class of uneducated but intelligent Indians accepted this new religion, while the more superstitious and ignorant still clung to their old beliefs and practices, the Tomahnowus, with their "witch doctors," "medicine men," their barbarous incantations, savage mutilations, and ceremonies. But when the paternal Government forbade the ancient religious rites, these turned to Shakerism, and under its name continued the old practices. Now but few of these, however, are clinging to the old religion, but have come out into Shakerism. The Shakers have several different sects, some educated in Roman Catholicism, have many of the ceremonies and beliefs of that church. Others who have had Protestant training keep the evangelical beliefs in their new religion. Some few are still practicing the old Tomahnowus under the cloak of Shakerism.

John Slocum, making claims of supernatural powers, reigned supreme at first, establishing a church of which he was leader for many years. But there soon arose other leaders, who established churches and who were strong and forcible men. Big Bill, Mowitch Man, Mud Bay Louis and Big John were some of these. John Slocum lived for fourteen years free from sin and disease, and before his death he relegated his leadership to

Shaker Convention, Jamestown.

Makah Klootchmen.

Louis Yewalock, a good and powerful man. Slocum had a beautiful prayer, which is translated as follows:

"Our God is in heaven. If we die He will take our life to heaven. Help us, O God, so that we shall not die. Wherever we are, help us not to die. Our Father, who is there, always have a good mind to us."

At the first in this religion as in all other new movements, there was wild fanaticism and all sorts of miracles were expected and claimed. There were surely the great miracles of salvation from sin and disease, but the Indians gave out prophecies of great calamities, an universal deluge, the end of the world, etc. Some attempted to fly, or walk upon the water. But soon these wild fanaticisms ceased, and the new religion became more normal. It met with great opposition from the Government officials, missionaries, and white people, and every means was used to check, or to stamp it out. The leaders were imprisoned, persecuted, ridiculed, discouraged in every way, but nothing could obliterate their faith in their new-found Savior, or quench their zeal. When Big John was imprisoned, his followers stood about the jail, praying and expecting to see the walls cast down and his release by a miracle. When they were disappointed, their faith never wavered, nor did their zeal cool. Big John once rode through the streets of Olympia with arms outstretched in shape of a cross, proclaiming himself to be the Christ. The ridicule he met with from both whites and Indians made him modify his claims to that of being a prophet.

At first the new religion was a curious intermixture of the old heathen religion and Christianity, into the warp of ancient superstitions was interwoven the woof of Christianity, all intermixed with the wild phantasms of those to whom were vouchsafed visions. But Shakerism has gradually eliminated much of the ancient superstitions, and has been slowly evolving into a Christian religion. Each year it gains some new practice, some valuable precept from Christianity. Within a few years the Shakers have discovered baptism, and made it a part of their church doctrine. They have now their Bishop, Mud Bay Sam, a brother of the greatest of their leaders, Mud Bay Louis. They have their elders, of whom I have met two, strong, good men, from the Yakima tribe, Joe Riddle and Luke Teo. They take the New

Testament for their guide, though but few of them can read, for the younger educated ones do not accept Shakerism, and for the greater part are without any religious belief.

A Yakima Indian wrote me over a year ago of the coming of baptism to his tribe. He said:

"Some Sound Shakers come to Yakima Shakers, and they have new God's gift, they got baptism. But near all us Shakers, we get baptised. I glad to get baptism. I read in Holy Bible about Jesus get baptism, and I not know how it mean. Now I know that baptism mean bring me nearer to Jesus—mean my heart all clean like Jesus. I glad I get baptism —God's gift."

This same Indian wrote me explaining in answer to my questions, what Shakerism was. His letter will give a terse and clear concept of the religion as now practised.

"I used to think Shaker religion no good religion, but since I come Shaker, I find it true religion. Shaker religion has teaching same as other religions. It is God's gift to poor ignorant Indians, that has no education. The Shaker religion teaches us to be for God in this world. Teaches us same as Jesus Christ teaches in New Testament. Teaches us to same as you teach, I think, from your letter. Teaches us to keep the ten Commands. God show me His great law that everybody follows when they become His children. God made my right hand to open Holy Bible, and made me read his great law. It is New Testament, Matthew, 22.37 to 39 verses. A true Shaker is true follower of God's teachings. Shaker religion teaches us to be true temperance, not only in public, but everywhere, for God sees everywhere. Shakers has no educated ministers, for some cannot read or write, but they has God's teachings, which comes into their heart. We don't go against any kind of teachings, because we know every church belongs to God, so if you happen to be where Shakers are, it would be good help to us if you give us what God's gift you have."

By "God's gift" they mean some message vouchsafed them when in prayer before God. So few can read or have the Bible that they get their messages from God directly. Some of the leaders remain in prayer before God for days, until they receive a "God's gift." Some of these messages are very beautiful, and all are helpful to godly living.

The Shakers have a very simple but Christian creed. They believe in God, the Creator, and Heavenly Father, in Jesus Christ his Son, and the Savior of mankind in the Holy Spirit who dwells in their hearts, and gives them the "God's gifts." They strongly enforce temperance and morality. They seek divine healing, and will have no medicines or doctors. They believe in perfect cleanliness of body, dress and home. They say that "God cannot live in a dirty house" (body.) They never begin a day without prayer, or go to their rest without it. They never eat a meal without asking a blessing. Some Indians are continually in prayer. Once I went in a canoe for three days on the Vancouver Island coast, and the Indian, a Shaker, who paddled the canoe, was continually singing in a low tone, his face always peaceful and smiling. I said to him: "George, what are you so happy about? What are you singing?"

"I no can tell—I no have words," he replied. "I talk with Jesus all time. He make me happy all time."

When we were caught in a maelstrom of angry waters, near where the Valencia was wrecked, and when we had barely kept afloat for hours, then cast on the rocky shore, I said to George: "Where would you have been now if we had not reached shore?"

"With Jesus—all time with Jesus," he replied. "With Jesus alive—with Jesus when I die."

That Indian, one of the Nitinats on that horrible coast, was until recent years a barbarian. The Methodist Missionaries came to his tribe when he was a young man, and he endeavored to find salvation in the "white man's God," but he could never be delivered from drunkenness and lust. Six years ago he was doomed, in the last stages of tuberculosis, one lung entirely gone, the other nearly so. He had severe hemorrhages, and was as weak as a baby. He felt the burden of his sins, as he told me: "My sins were like big mountain—heavy all time—no could get free."

He went to the United States, and at

Shaker church and Indians, Jamestown.

Olympia met the Shakers. He found they preached a Savior able to save to the uttermost. He went to them, asking to be saved from his sins. The leader told him that he must let his whole heart go out and take hold of God. That he must come to the Shaker meeting that night, and try to take hold of God. He came, and stood in the circle of worshipers, and tried to take hold of God. He said: "Long time I no could find God. Long time I no could stand—I weak as baby; but I let my whole heart go out to find God. I die if not find God. By and by God took hold of me. My hands go up—God took hold of me. I not know any body—not know anything only God. By and by I see great bright One—Saghalie Tyee—Jesus Christ—He come down to me—He take all sins out of my bad heart—it like He take my flesh out of me—but I no care—sins all gone."

He never asked for healing, but it was given him, and to-day he is a strong, perfectly healthy man. He was completely under the dominion of drink, tobacco and lust, but from that one experience he has been completely freed from them. His story was corroborated by the Coast Patrol, and by the missionary who both declare that he was in the last stages of consumption, and a very wicked man, when he went away, and that in six months he returned perfectly well and entirely free from his former vices.

At first the Shakers "shook" for everything they desired, for fair weather, favorable winds, for success in fishing or hunting, for escape from danger or deliverance from trouble; to exorcise evil spirits, and cast out diseases, as well as for salvation from sin. But now their "shaking" is confined mostly to deliverance from sin, trouble and disease, their religion is becoming more spiritualized. They formerly "shook" for days, weeks even, until exhausted, but now wherever they can be controlled by Government the times of meetings are restricted to one mid-week, and three Sunday services, and the hours limited so they will not extend to midnight.

The Shakers are very strict in keeping the Sabbath, doing no unnecessary work on that day. I was invited to attend a prayer service at Neah Bay, where there were over one hundred and fifty Indians, about seventy being visitors from Vancouver Island and The Straits. I found the whole company gathered about a long table in a large house. The table was well set, with white cloth and napkins, and the food was of the best quality, and well cooked. But only the hot drinks had been prepared on Sunday, all the rest was cooked during the week. After the feast, all the company stood around the table for an hour and a half, and different ones prayed alternately. I could not then understand Chinook, but the earnest fervor of the petitions, the reverent faces and complete devoutness of all the worshipers attested to their sincerity and devotion. In all that time not one except the smallest children relaxed from their attitude of devotion, or opened their eyes. At the conclusion of the prayer service, they sang several chants, and then danced about the table seven times, ringing their large hand bells. When the leader passed my chair, he gave me the Shaker salutation, both our hands meeting in form of a cross, and most of the Indians did the same. When all were seated, he came to me, and very cordially welcomed me, and asked me to give to the people whatever God's gift I had.

I asked him what I should tell the Indians, as they already knew of the Savior, and His power to save to the uttermost, and as I had held several meetings with them.

"Oh, Miss Ober," he said, earnestly, "we Indians are so afraid of death. When the ones we love best die, we are afraid of their spirits. Is there anything in your Bible that will take away the fear of death?"

It was Easter Sunday, and I asked him if he knew of our dear Lord's resurrection and victory over death. He said he had never heard of that. What better subject for an Easter sermon than the resurrection of our Lord? So I told those poor, groping souls about the One who became "flesh and blood" that "through death he might destroy him that had the power of death, that is the devil, and deliver them who, through the fear of death, were all their lifetime subject to bondage."

It is the greatest joy to have hearers who are not gospel-hardened and to whom the "old, old story" is fresh and new. The wistful eagerness of those faces, the re-

Old Hall and wife, Clallam Indians.

sponsive understanding of those moistened eyes drew the words from me, and brought me a blessing even greater than the one I endeavored to impart.

It was at Neah Bay I first had dealings with the Indians, and first learned of the Shakers. I was assisting the Presbyterian missionary, Miss Helen Clark, and she, as well as all other missionaries, opposed and condemned Shakerism, and tried to check it and stamp it out. At first I took her belief as to its being a harmful religion, wild and fanatical, and a "devil worship," and I felt that it must be broken up. But there were three sects of Shakers at Neah Bay, and the most of the four hundred Makah Indians were Shakers, while but few attended the Mission.

One day one of the leaders met me and asked me to come to his meeting on Sunday, and tell his people about the "Bible Jesus."

"I will come gladly, Mr. Kallappa," I replied, "but will you not tell me what you know about Jesus; then I can tell your people what I know of Him."

"I poor, ignorant Indian," he said, "but Jesus take away my bad heart. Jesus live in me all time, but I not know much about Bible Jesus."

His experience, to my surprise, was as good a confession of faith and expression of regeneration as I had ever heard. I will try to give it in his own words.

"One time I bad—drunk—steal—lie—no like work—dirty bad (meaning immoral.) I go white man's church—hear about white man's God—I say He no good for Indian—He not keep white man good. I go to Shaker church—I say—that fool religion—no good. But God speak to me—I no like hear God speak. I go way—git drunk—no like hear God speak—I sleep—all drunk. Then Jesus Christ come down to me—down from sky—look at me—I no can look—all bright—like sun. But Jesus Christ look down in my bad heart—and love my bad heart clean."

The man's reverent face and voice, his peaceful look, testified to his sincerity. And his life was a better witness; everyone gave the same testimony: he was formerly a drunken, worthless Indian, but after that one experience he had become a sober, godly, industrious man, and for fourteen years his daily life had been above reproach. I was surprised and touched, and as I went to that little band of Shakers and told them of the Bible Jesus, I found their lives so Christ-like that I felt the hand of God was in that religion, and that only His power could so change and keep them from sin. So I began to study and investigate, and God has led me very wonderfully among the coast tribes from the northern part of the dreadful west coast of Vancouver Island to the Columbia river. Everywhere I have found the same results; wherever the Shaker religion has penetrated, in regenerated lives, and clean, godly people. I have attended two large Shaker conventions, one on the Straits of San Juan de Fuca, and the other among the Cowhichans on Vancouver Island. At both I saw several hundreds of Indians gathered for religious services, and holding their meetings day and night, and truly felt that the Holy Spirit was in their midst. At Jamestown, where in former years the Clallams were notorious for their drunkenness and debauchery, I found a village that was now noted for its sobriety and righteous living. It was as delightful to be with men and women who were continually engaged in prayer as it used to be to attend the Northfield Conferences.

I have given the Christian side of Shakerism, but I wish to tell of the elements that are still retained from the Tomahnouwus, and also of the hypnotic element. The Indians are past masters of hypnotism, and there is much of that strange power in Shakerism. They have their prayer services where there is only prayer and singing, where men and women stand for sometimes five or six hours in devotional exercises. They wear long, full white robes, bound about the neck with blue ribbon that forms a cross on the breast. At Jamestown both men and women were clothed in spotless white when not wearing the robes. In their prayer services any one prays upon whom the spirit comes.

Their evening service consists of a dance, such as was common in the old forms of worship. One Indian said to me, "We Indians always played before our God; we thought that was the true way to worship. It tells in Holy Bible about David dancing before God. Is it any

Flathead Makah, Neah Bay.

wrong for us to dance before Him?"

The Shakers have generally a good, though plain, wooden church to worship in. The room is very bare, and there are only seats in the rear. At the front of the church is a kind of altar, generally a table covered with a white cotton cloth. On this is a wooden cross, painted white, and on its top and ends are three lighted candles. Sometimes there is a large arch over all, with lighted candles upon it. The worshipers are in ranks, the men on one side, the women on the other. All face the cross, and the service begins with a chant. One of their chants is as follows:

"Kwass tsnakmahs tse tah nah tsohn tos pray klo mahs tse sta."

Another that an Indian gave me the translation for was: "Our God is good. We love our God. Our Jesus saves us. We will not die if our Jesus saves us. We thank you, O Jesus, for saving us from sin."

Some of the prayer services are very beautiful. There is none of the dancing, or but little of the bell-ringing. There is a kind of intoning in which all join between the prayers. Different ones pray, as they have "God's gift." It is at these services that the most spirituality and Christianity are shown.

The usual evening service is the Shaker dance. This resembles the dance of that nearly extinct sect, the Shakers of New England, but this Indian Shaker religion has no connection with that sect. The worshipers form in ranks, the men on one side, the women on the other, facing the cross. All join first in a chant, and large silver hand bells are rung rhythmically. The leader starts off in a peculiar jog-trot of a dance, singing, "hi, hi, hi, hoi, hi, hi, hi!" All join in, and in turn follow him, each one turning about three times, first. This motion is repeated when passing the cross. Soon the dancers form a large circle, and if there are any who seek salvation from sin or disease they are standing or sitting in the center. The rhythmic clang of bells, the wild singing, the regular thud of heavy feet grows faster and faster, wilder and wilder, as the ardor of the worshipers increases.

With upturned introspective faces, closed eyes, clasped hands, all seem oblivious to any outward thing, but somehow keep perfect step and time, avoiding all obstacles. They begin to gesticulate, and to me, every motion is full of meaning, and seldom devoid of grace. Some extend their arms, with waving motions, as if swimming through seas of ecstasy; others reach upwards, their hands outspread as if to grasp some occult power; some stroke and brush their bodies, ending each movement with an outward, downward fling, as if removing accumulations of sins; some with intent, absorbed countenances, in attitudes of petition, are lost in devotion. These all seem to me the outward expressions of groping souls—the instinctive yearnings of poor, benighted humanity for divine revelations.

The scene baffles description. More and more violent grows the dance, the noise, the whirling figures. Twirling like dervishes, weaving in and out of the circle, they dance. Old Klootchmen foot and jig as lightly as the young girls at their side, though fat, unwieldly and shapeless. Rough, sin-scarred men are transfigured, their faces shining with some mysterious inward power, their gnarled hands outstretched as if to take hold of the very God Himself. Young men and women lithely spring and dance, totally oblivious to sense or sex, completely dominated by that strange ecstasy. Suddenly the "shaking" comes upon some one, every nerve, muscle and limb shaken in a manner impossible to describe. Sometimes it comes upon several, or it might be that it is withheld from all. The Indians assert that it cannot be produced by their own volition, neither can it be stopped at will. They claim it is an answer to prayer, and is the power of God, coming into their lives. They say that only when that comes upon one is sin and disease taken away.

I attended a large convention at Jamestown on the Straits of San Juan de Fuca. There were religious services held for five days, and nearly all of each day and night. These Indians, the Clallams, are not under Government restrictions, having bought their own land and owning the whole village. They are far advanced in civilization, and during the past twenty-five years have developed from a drunken, dissolute tribe into sober, industrious, clean-lived people. There are some fine men and women among them, of unusual-

ly tall stature and physique. There were about one hundred visiting Indians.

At one of the meetings two men presented themselves for membership in the Shaker church. One was an old man, notorious for his dissipated life, and guilty of murder in his youth. Now he came a humble penitent, seeking God's forgiveness. To my surprise the power came upon him early in the services, and it was marvelous to see the traces of wickedness and dissipation effaced from his wrinkled countenance, and to see him transformed —his face beaming with peace and happiness.

The other was a young man, a mere boy, tall, stalwart, with one of the finest and most intelligent faces I ever saw among the Indians. His parents were Shakers, and had brought him up carefully, and he knew nothing of the wickedness of the outer world. He could not "get the shake," though he stood in the circle all that night until nearly morning. He seemed much distressed, and feared that God was displeased with him. The next night another attempt was made, and the leader, William Hall, a fine, intelligent man, talked to him so lovingly and forcibly that I could scarcely keep back the tears.

"Daniel, my son!" he said (the young man was not related to him, but Mr. Hall loves all of his tribe as if they were his children). "Daniel, my son, I love you as my own heart. Your father and mother are both dear to me, and it is all my heart's desire for you to find God. I am glad you seek after God before you go into sin. Now there must be something in your heart that is not right before God. Look into your heart—see what is keeping God out. Oh, Daniel, my son, if I could take hold of God for you, how glad I would be! But no one can take hold of God for you. Let your whole heart go out and take hold of God."

He begged and pleaded with the boy to concentrate every effort on God—to take no notice or thought on what went on around him—to be utterly *alone* with God. The boy listened with a pitiful, eager face, and evidently concentrated all his whole being upon the thought of God. He assumed an attitude of petition, with hands clasped, eyes closed, head upturned. He stood in that attitude from eight o'clock that evening to half-past three the next morning.

I never before witnessed such intensity of emotion as was expressed by those Shakers that night, or such strange ceremonies. Every one of that large gathering did all in their power to bring the "shake" upon the boy. Here is where the hypnotism comes in. They clustered about him, dancing frantically, ringing many bells close to his head, making hypnotic passes over him, stroking, rubbing, whirling him round and round, but he never moved an eye-lash, or flinched. I saw women whirling round and round him for over an hour, until I could scarcely distinguish their separate figures, so rapid were their dizzy evolutions. Then they whirled him about with them, till severally they fell out, exhausted, and only one was left, a small woman whose head did not reach the boy's shoulder. How she did it I cannot tell, but she whirled that stiff, motionless body round and round, and all

Quinault woman.

over the room, and he never moved even his feet. They passed so close to me I could see them clearly, and the boy was like a wooden statue, without sign of life or motion. Finally both fell to the floor, the boy's head striking with an awful crash.

The woman was soon resuscitated, but the boy lay without life or motion, in the very same attitude that he had taken at the beginning. For an hour the Shakers continued their performances, until at 4 a. m. I left. But the next morning, when I went to the first meeting, there was Daniel, as lively as a cricket, dancing away, and full of happiness, for he had "got the shake."

I cannot explain these things, but this I know, that only the power of God can take sin and sickness out of human lives. Only His power can regenerate lives and keep them from sin. I know there is both hypnotism and heathen forms of worship in Shakerism, but there is far more of God in it, and the very core of Christian belief and experimental salvation. My motive for investigating and studying Shakerism is to endeavor to discover some means whereby it can be purged from what is not of God, and brought into a real Christianity.

This movement cannot be ignored, opposed or exterminated. It must be met, faced, and some means found by which to deal with it. If they can be met in just the right way, with Christian sympathy (not sentimentality), with kind, reasonable treatment, I believe the whole of the Shakers can be won for Christ and for our nation. What would it mean for such a large number of people who are delivered from drunkenness, immorality and other vices to become the nucleus of an Indian element of our nation? Would it not be worth striving for?

I firmly believe that because we, as the church of Christ, have been so negligent (to use the least libelous word) of these poor souls—because we have not given them the Gospel, or righteous influences—that God Himself came to them, and as He came to Paul He revealed to them a Savior who could save to the uttermost. And He came in a way they could comprehend, through their old forms of religious belief. It is not possible for a race to give up instantly and entirely their religion, that has been instilled into their very being through generations of ardent worshipers, and to accept another religion radically different, and often beyond their comprehension. The young may be carefully trained, and educated, and may eventually accept a new religion, but the older ones, bewildered, superstitious, ignorant and incapable of comprehension, still will cling to their familiar beliefs and modes of worship. This is the case with the Indians. They need time and faithful teachings to bring them into real Christianity. We cannot *force* a religion upon them, or *force* them into a religion. We cannot eradicate and supplant in a generation the effects of ages of worship. So as we blundered, God took up the work, and through gradual insinuations, He is bringing these Indians into a knowledge of His Son, Jesus Christ. Even now they put us to shame by the way in which they accept salvation, and give up their lives to the power of the Holy Spirit.

And I firmly believe that because we, as a nominal Christian nation, have so cheated, defrauded and neglected these Indians, because we have tacitly left them to be the prey of degenerate and vile white men—because we have allowed them to be polluted, their very souls destroyed—and the whole race threatened with extinction—because we are guilty of all this—God Himself has taken a hand in this matter—He is saving and delivering these Indians in spite of all that man has wrought, and still attempts to work among them.

Is it not time that simple justice should be done the Indians? Is it not time that we should endeavor to efface the record of criminal negligence (to use the least libelous word), and attempt to help these helpless wards of our nation to become citizens that are an honor, not a detriment?

THE RIGHT TO DO WRONG

BY AUSTIN BIERBOWER

THE PROBLEM of personal liberty is puzzling, involving the question of whether one may, without restraint, do what the majority think wrong. Liberty often brings injury to others. The freedom of the individual must be modified by the needs of society. That we differ on prohibitions does not imply that none may be imposed. While one should be free to do what he pleases if he does not injure his fellows, our conduct affects others, and their welfare limits our rights.

To preserve society and promote its well-being we should acquiesce in the limitation of liberty as well as enjoy it where harmless. The ideal of government is the greatest liberty possible. When interfered with least, one is most happy. But we act as a whole, and none may not do what all suffer by; and how to act as many and still keep our individuality, including our tastes, is a problem.

There is a clash between the requirements of the individual and those of society. Each wants what would limit the functions of the other. Society would have every man work as one of a great number, while that one would otherwise be left free to work as an individual. The proper amount of limitation is a problem of politics—the greatest liberty and the greatest efficiency of the whole. When the liberty of the individual interferes with that of society, or the liberty of society with that of the individual, there is irritation, and either man or society must surrender something. The virtues are mostly social, and look to the regulation of men in combination. We allow none to kill, steal, slander or otherwise injure, and we place corresponding restrictions on all, the observance of which regulations constitute morality.

All demand such morality, and so make society impose restraint on the individual. But what is of doubtful injury we should eliminate from the restrictions. We want no more regulations than are required, even to promote virtue; and there is a wide difference between the liberals and others on the function of Government and on the rights of the individual. Some would have great restraint, while others would impose scarcely any. The proper amount of regulation is the end sought. For this, man must be limited in liberty and be free where limitation is avoidable.

There are several subjects on which issues have been formed, involving personal liberty in politics as well as in society. Liberty has lately been enlarged. More is found possible than the ancient world supposed, and on more subjects. Some restraints formerly universal are now discarded. There still remains, however, a residuum of limitations which the sociologist thinks one of his chief problems.

One such restraint involves the sale of intoxicants, which, though intended to be harmless, is injurious. Intemperance is the greatest evil that afflicts the race, except war. Every family has a sorrow founded on it, and all who indulge in strong drinks suffer serious results. However man may intend to use these properly, he is liable to abuse them. While they are sold, countless drunkards are made and families ruined. Not only the drinker, but his wife and children are injured. Others suffer as much as the guilty, and while the sale of intoxicants makes drunkards, their use in a social way creates customs of drink. So the manufacturer and seller are responsible for man's chief calamity.

The most common weapon of those who try to curb intemperance is prohibition. They would forbid the manufacture and sale of intoxicants. They make no distinction between their use and their abuse, or between their good and their bad effects.

They would surrender the advantages to extirpate the evil. Even drinkers would often give up their cups for the sake of others.

Prohibitionists claim that the Government should not license an evil. The whole people, they think, are made responsible for drunkenness if they authorize men to produce it or do a business from which it must follow.

They have, however, a hard task to establish a clear-cut issue on intoxicants. They cannot make it a moral question as they could slavery or polygamy, which were never right. They must admit that liquor has good uses, that it can be employed in the arts and in cookery to advantage; that people can drink without excess, and that there are many kinds of liquors shading off from whisky to cider, some of which are not intoxicating, or but slightly so. They are met with the fact that some of our citizens are from wine drinking and beer drinking countries, who are little given to excess, although they use stimulants. In short, they cannot show that it is always wrong to drink intoxicants, or that these may not be used where harmless. So prohibition cannot easily be made an issue, and the number of prohibitionists is small, so that they seldom carry a general election.

Some temperance men favor other forms of restricting the evil. Thousands feel that they have as much right to carry on a trade in liquor as in lumber, and that if some abuse the use of alcoholic drinks, others, who use them properly, should not be deprived of them. They hold that one class should not be made responsible for another, that personal liberty is interfered with in prohibiting the business, and that liberty is worth more than sobriety. They say, moreover, that if we allow interference with personal liberty in this matter, we break down the principle and admit interference in other matters.

A large business is done in intoxicants; and those who carry on this business point to the many who are employed by it and to the vast increase made thereby in our products. They claim that we shall be rendered poorer by destroying the business, and that our corn cannot be utilized so advantageously as for the manufacture of whisky. Scarcely any industry is so remunerative as the making of beer and wine. The vineyards of California and of other sections will be immensely less valuable if prohibition is enforced.

To these arguments the prohibitionists can reply that the greater the business the greater the evil; that we should not engage in what destroys our citizens; and that the Government should not force us as a body to participate in this evil by legally permitting it.

Many temperance advocates want high license as a better curb than prohibition. They insist on permitting the sale of liquor when it may be done without harm. Though liable to abuse, it is not necessarily so; and they would not restrain so many from such a lucrative traffic. Much revenue is derived from it, and they would tax the business to pay for the evil it entails. If it makes criminals it pays for our police and jails. Its abolition would reduce the revenue and impose on all greater burdens of taxation. High license, too, limits the saloons and enables the authorities to regulate them.

Other remedies are proposed for drunkenness, so that the friends of temperance are divided on the remedies. While prohibitionists regard their measure as a matter of principle, in which there can be no compromise, and will have prohibition or nothing, others see no moral question involved, and favor high license or moral suasion as more practical. Others still think all measures useless, and take no part in restraining the business. The forces of temperance cannot work together, and so they accomplish little as a whole.

Thus we are in the predicament of opposing to a great evil the sacrifice of personal liberty. The question is, Have a portion of our citizens the right to do wrong? and may they conduct a business which necessarily or virtually entails a great evil? It is a question of liberty or injury. Shall our people be free, or shall they be restrained for the good of others? That is, shall we limit our liberty or limit an evil?

The laws of society, as we have seen, require a limit to personal liberty. The advocates of the right to sell intoxicants cannot maintain the proposition that man should be left entirely free. There are

limitations of many kinds, and the question of permitting this business involves that of granting a special privilege. Shall liquor be unrestrained while all other interests are restrained? May we as a whole provide against the destruction of men in business? Fast driving, improper building, unhealthful homes and dangerous sidewalks are all prohibited in restraint of liberty. Shall we exempt intoxicants from such regulation when they are more dangerous than all others combined? If many are inclined to intemperance are we justified in trying to save them? The temperance question is not all one-sided.

The liquor dealers are now violating some laws in asserting their right to carry on the trade. In Chicago they openly disregard the statutes and definitely carry on their business on Sunday. Nor can the authorities effect a conviction for such offense. The people do not want severe restrictions on saloon keepers, and it is not as easy to enforce a law as to make it. Elsewhere temperance laws are ignored. Liquor is sold in prohibition territory, and sold secretly where open saloons are prohibited. We are in danger of fomenting anarchy or a disregard of our laws if we are extreme.

Not only in the sale of strong drink, but in that of other intoxicants, as cocaine and absinthe, is business carried on to the injury of the people. These articles have little use but for intoxication. So thousands are engaged in the business of harming others, and claim they have a right to be so engaged. The people, they say, should be left to care for themselves, and these dealers should be free to destroy them if they can. The fact that evil results necessarily from the business is not thought ground enough for prohibiting the business. Wickedness has rights which Government must respect, including the right to kill and make diseases. Should the people be left to protect themselves; or may the Government protect them as they do against impure foods? Some think that personal liberty should be guaranteed to the extent of trading in whatever one chooses, and that if it injures others, the others need not patronize it. Men want the right to injure any who are willing to be injured, or at least to work on them when they may possibly escape the injury. Some dealers in these drugs defy the law; and it is a question not only of harming traffic but of enforcing the laws. They assert their personal liberty notwithstanding the evil inflicted, and notwithstanding the statutes on the subject, demanding the right of one class to harm another as part of personal liberty.

Another subject on which the issue of personal liberty is raised as against the welfare of the whole is gambling. This is a means of getting one's money without an equivalent, or of getting it by accident. It departs from the usual way of earning money, and induces bad expectations and habits. Injuring the whole people, it raises the question whether the State may take means to prevent it. The gamblers insist on personal liberty, while others insist on limitations of such liberty for the good of the whole. The former claim the right to take another's means in this way, if the other takes the chance of obtaining the gambler's in return. The fact that the practice is demoralizing is not considered. If one loses his money he does so willingly; and the gambler demands the right to take this chance. Its prohibition is thought to interfere with an important right. He wants men wholly free; and if some suffer, it is from the exercise of freedom. Those who defend gambling maintain that the people should be allowed to do as they please since they do not affect others; for no one is injured by gambling but by his consent. He feels that the chance of getting a great amount by risking a less is worth more than the smaller amount. The gambler should not have the custody of others, or be held responsible for their losses. He wants the right to do wrong. The liberty of the wrongdoer is thought more valuable than the safety of the victim.

So many would have no laws against racing or any form of betting. They champion personal liberty—the liberty to do wrong if necessary, at least when none are injured but those who willingly participate. The gambler does not demand the right to injure any who do not try to injure him. May private warfare be conducted for gain; or should all be protected against the loss of their property except in trade?

Gambling is thought to stimulate business and bring money to a city or State. Horse races fill the hotels and cars, and cause money to circulate. There is an air of prosperity about gambling towns; and in frontier places the practice is general. Men take much pleasure in it, which more than offsets the losses they suffer. Occasionally one is made poor, and even commits suicide because of his losses, as at Monte Carlo; but generally the victims are as anxious to promote gambling as the gamblers. The question is, has one a right to make money by injuring the people, or may he increase his fortune by the depletion of another's?

On the board of trade, stock exchange and other marts of business there is a large element of gambling. Where grain or stocks are not delivered, and one buys merely the chance of making money if the market advances, it is pure gambling; although there may be a bona fide purchase of merchandise which may increase in value like other things. This is not gambling, but legitimate trade. All business has an element of uncertainty in the rise and fall of prices. The States usually make gambling contracts void; while actual trading is upheld, although a risk is taken on the rise or fall of goods.

The fact that some are more liable to lose than others is merely a matter of financial ability, and there is no way of equalizing men's capacity for trade. Some get rich and others poor by any kind of business, and it is a question whether one has the right to take advantage of weakness to make himself rich while his customer is rendered poor and deprived of even the necessities of life. Some have hundreds of millions and others but five dollars. The right of the wealthy to oppress by accumulating large sums has seldom been disputed, although a common form of actual oppression. More suffer than are benefited by great fortunes. Should the Government interfere to render the people more nearly equal? Shall some have liberty to get all they can and compel others to lose all they have? The greater power of one class enables them to destroy the rights of others. It is done with the consent of those who are made poor; but this fact does not make the conduct of the rich less injurious. In allowing men to become as rich as possible, and to keep their riches, society enables one class to exploit another. Should this power be limited? is the question. May a class willfully injure another class? The dealings of the rich make poverty as well as the dealings of the saloon-keeper. One takes advantage of weakness, and the other of vice. Those who have the power of accumulation have some obligation to protect the interests of the poor, or of those who have not such power; and the people as a whole, by their Government, have a right, and are bound, to protect all against great wealth, especially when such wealth is got by unfair means or by a discrimination between classes. We foster injustice by protecting certain industries, commerce and other forms of business. Some are more apt than others to see the chances in such conditions; and the fact that they can do as they please is no justification of their doing so. They demand liberty and exercise it, with the result that many suffer. Liberty may be too great, and the proper limitation is needed.

As to the social evil there is a decided clash between the moral forces representing the interests of the whole and the offenders who claim personal liberty. Many would have the pleasures of licentiousness notwithstanding the sacrifice of others. While indulgence is thought wrong by all, many think it is not the province of Government to forbid it. They indulge regardless of consequences; and they want to be free to follow their inclinations. However injurious it is to others, a class find the vice necessary to their greatest happiness. They are willing to observe secrecy as far as possible; but if there are laws, they want the right to violate them with impunity. They are willing to venture on indulgence and take their own chances of escaping social and civil penalties. Should the greatest happiness of men be limited? Some think the happiness of the offender worth more than the protection which the law can throw around the victim. A few only are sacrificed for the pleasure of the many. The professionals are willing victims, anxious to ply their trade; and when so many are willing to gratify the opposite sex, should they be restrained? There is here a demand for personal liberty to carry on a vice.

It is claimed that the social evil should be licensed—that thereby the indulgence in vice is more limited than by laws against it. May we as a State consent to an evil, and even to a violation of the laws, to effect good? By licensing the evil it can be confined to certain localities, and to a limited number of professional prostitutes; whereas otherwise it may extend over the whole community and to all parts of a city. The question arises whether the State may be a party to the offense. It is thought they condone it, and even promote it, when they license it.

This raises the general question again whether the State may license a crime or the violation of its own laws. It cannot always enforce stringent laws; and may it measurably succeed by allowing violations of them?

Should we provide in our State laws for their neglect and get money out of people for violations within certain limits? In other words, has the State a right to connive at wrong-doing, and the people a right to do wrong?

Limiting crime to certain localities is legislating with reference to part of our people—protecting the respectable or wealthy portions of a city, and providing for vice in other portions. The people are thus divided, so that legislation is different for different classes. Have the criminals a right to indulge themselves against some citizens and not against others? and should they be allowed to commit their crimes anywhere? The wrong-doers want sections set aside for vice, and want the right to engage in it recognized as personal liberty.

So the prohibition of obscenity and all restraints on the press exhibit a conflict between morality and liberty; also the regulation of the nude in art and immoral theatres and dance halls. Many believe that some impropriety can be indulged without serious results, and they want liberty for that. Others want prize-fights and similar cruel sports. They demand the right to batter their fellows without interference, since the victims consent to be battered, hoping to batter in turn. The right of taking this risk is insisted on. And so with the right to sell drugs and food without limitation, leaving the people to protect themselves instead of making the officials do it.

There is thus a great conflict between morality and personal liberty. While many still persist in opposing restraint notwithstanding some evil, liberty is everywhere limited in practice, and the only question is, how far it may be done to advantage.

LEX TERRAE

BY LUCIA E. SMITH

Of flowers, a matchless one!
Nurtured by fog and sun,
Thou hast in silken fold
Mingled the red and gold
Of skies, when suns belate,
Drop through the Golden Gate.
Hearted with Spanish flame,
Passion of Gold thy name.
Cling to the foothills' side,
Strong in thy beauteous pride;
When passion is no more
Seek then some other shore.

UTILIZING WASTE WATER WASHES

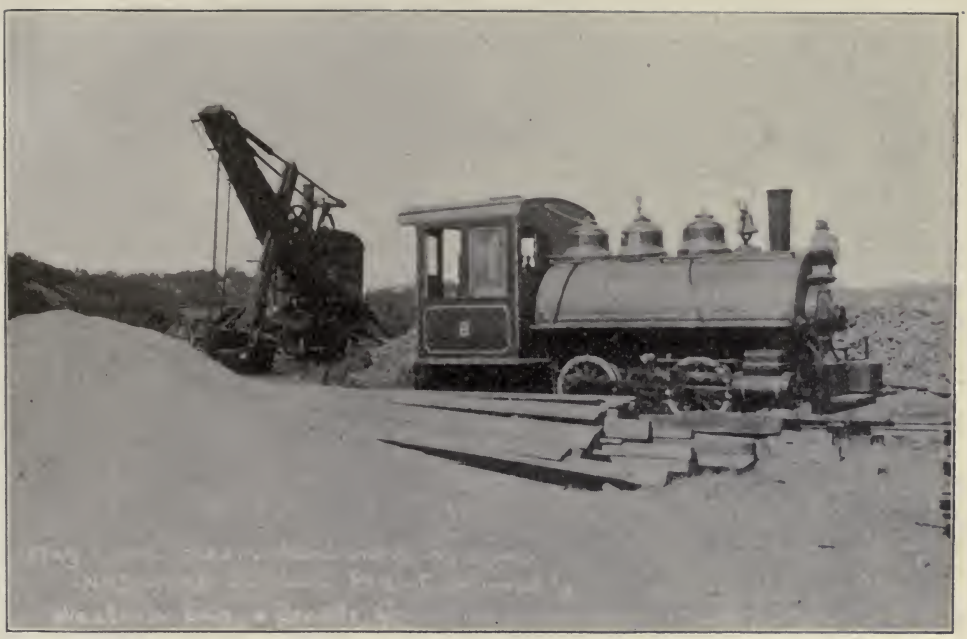
BY ARTHUR L. DAHL

STAGE COACH travelers in certain parts of the West are inclined to indulge in the common witticism of calling the barren washes, or dreary deserts, across which they travel "Rattlesnake Farms" or "Gopher Ranches." The joke still applies to a vast area of unproductive land, supporting only the poisonous reptile or the wily gopher. Yet each year the swift currents of Yankee ingenuity and scientific utilization of unvalued resources are cutting away and diminishing the banks of these waste places, adding them to the productive area of our country.

Irrigation is bringing into life the dormant potential possibilities of the Desert; drainage and the construction of great systems of levees are reclaiming the swamp and tule lands, whose only products have been pestilence and mosquitoes. Where water is neither available nor burdensome, lands are being trained to produce crops by improved methods of cultivation and the husbanding of every available drop of moisture. And now, out in California, the land of golden fruit and shining metal, even the waste washes of the river beds are being used for commercial purposes, and, in many instances, reclaimed for horticulture. It is an interesting fact, too, that the redemption of these lands is being accomplished by the very forces which, to a large extent, produced them. Mining methods largely caused them, and mining methods now make their reclamation possible. To understand this fully, we must take a retrospective view of the history of Western mining.

The romance of gold mining has always

Waste River.



Steam shovel used in handling dredge tailings.

been an interesting story. The pauper of yesterday has often become the prince of to-day, and, like the fever for gambling which enters some men's souls, the quest of the shining nuggets has been to many adventurous prospectors as alluring as was the quest of the Golden Fleece in the days of Jason and his Argonauts. The miners of '49, the Argonauts of our age, were the pioneers in the development of the resources of the Golden State. Tiring of digging the gold from the Mother Lode, they turned their attention to the production of golden harvests from the soil and even in the artificial construction of the State's metropolis, mining has played a leading role. The vast fortunes derived from the famous old Comstock mines were used largely in the building of San Francisco.

Lode mining is practiced to-day along practically the same lines as of old. Hydraulic mining, while always effective in producing gold, has almost been abandoned because of the damage done to lands over which the resultant debris was strewn. The early era of hydraulic mining in California, while it produced untold wealth, brought to the valleys of the Sacramento an enormous deposit of silt and gravel, which filled the beds of the streams and caused them to overflow their banks in seasons of heavy rains. Most of this deposit was worthless, yet the grains of gold now being mined by the dredging machines were deposited along the river courses by the old hydraulic process.

Placer mining has passed through many successive steps, beginning with the pan and following with rocker, the long-tom, the sluice-box, the ground sluice, drift mining, the monitor, the hydraulic elevator and lastly the dredging machine.

The dredger has not supplanted, but rather supplemented the earlier forms of mining. With its use, land containing values so low as to be shunned by placer prospectors, will return tidy dividends to dredge operators, and it is the only successful method evolved for recovering gold below the water level.

The pioneer dredging operator in the American field was W. P. Hammon, familiarly known as the "Dredging King," on account of his close identification with that industry. It has been less than a dozen years since he built the first successful dredger in the Oroville field, but since that time more than sixty-five dredging machines, each costing from $75,000

Road between Sacramento and Folsom, built with crushed rock from dredge tailings.

Waste River washes.

to over $200,000 have been constructed and placed in operation in the principal California fields on the American, Yuba and Feather rivers.

Many owners of "Rattle Snake Farms" along these rivers, who had eked out a precarious existence on their rocky farms, awoke one morning to find their lands wildly sought after by the dredging operators. Prices as high as $3,000 an acre were frequently paid for lands that a short time before were hardly worth the taxes assessed against them.

At first the only thought in the minds of the operators was to extract the gold from the gravel, and after the passage of the gold ships through the area, the lands were left piled high with cobblestones and abandoned for all useful purposes. But one day the Natomas Consolidated, one of the large Hammon companies, thought it might be well to experiment with the dredge tailings, with a view to utilizing the hard granite stones for macadam or concrete. Difficulty was at first encountered in crushing the rounded stones, and many thousands of dollars were spent in improving and strengthening the machinery. Success was finally met with, and two complete rock-crushing plants were erected on the dredged-over lands, each capable of turning out 2,000 tons of crushed rock per day. The supply of material was practically inexhaustible, and its accessibility enabled the operators to place the crushed rock on the market at an exceedingly low rate. Considerable missionary work was found necessary before the large consumers could be persuaded to try the new crushed rock, the objection being raised that the rounded stones did not present enough sharp edges to knit the material together. This objection was soon overcome by crushing the stones into various sizes and grades, suitable to different needs. The railroads were persuaded to try the crushed rock for ballasting purposes, with the result that it was soon used exclusively on many divisions contiguous to the dredging areas. This field is constantly expanding, the Southern Pacific hauling the material for long distances on account of its durability for railroad use. The enterprising manager of the rock crushing plant in the vicinity of Sacramento, persuaded the county road trustees to use the crushed tailings in building a stretch of roadway between Sacramento and Folsom. Although subjected to the heaviest kind of traffic, this roadbed has come to be known throughout the State as a model roadway. This experiment opened up a wide field for the stones as highway material, and the cheapness and accessibility of the supply has resulted in a virtual boom in the "good roads" movement in the Sacramento Valley.

The smaller sizes of the crushed rock are used by contractors in the erection of concrete buildings, bridges, etc., and the demand for the material has meant the creation of a new industry employing hundreds of men and constantly expanding.

One prominent dredging operator was heard to say that the tailings left by the machines were worth more than the gold extracted, and when one considers the beneficial use to which the product is put, the commercial value is greatly enhanced.

Nor is this all. Through the operation of the rock-crushing plants the former vast piles of cobblestones and boulders are removed and the area is left level and free from large stones. Ground of this nature is found to contain more than fifty per cent fine soil, fully sufficient to support many species of fruit trees. Grapes and eucalypts have also been successfully grown on dredges areas, and the possibilities for horticultural development along this line are yet undeveloped.

The most successful grower of fruit and grapes on dredged-over land is J. H. Leggett, of Oroville. At the time Mr. Hammon and his associates constructed their first dredge, Mr. Leggett owned considerable land along the Feather river. Some of this land he sold outright to the dredgers, while in other instances he merely granted the mineral rights to the land on a royalty basis, retaining the title in himself. His foresightedness in doing so has met with ample reward, for no sooner was the land returned to him by the dredging operators, than he was besieged by agents of the Valley Contracting Company, another large rock-crushing company, operating along lines similar to the Natomas. They, in turn, paid Mr. Leggett a good round royalty for the privilege of clearing his land for him. As the lev-

eled land reverted to him again, he had become so used to having it act the part of the goose which laid golden eggs that he planted a lot of orange trees and grape vines on the area, and his "rock pile orchard" became one of the sights of Oroville. Not only did his trees and vines grow, but they grew faster and produced better qualities of fruit than more favored soils. Mr. Leggett entered a number of contests at the State Fair, and his rock-pile products won for him several blue ribbons and a great deal of newspaper praise. Meeting with such wonderful success, Mr. Leggett experimented with other agricultural products, until to-day his lands produce fruit and vegetables of practically every variety common to the locality. Alfalfa, too, is growing sturdily on his premises, and, left to itself, would soon monopolize the area. There is little doubt but within a comparatively short time large areas of the dredging fields will be reclaimed for horticultural or agricultural purposes, adding greatly to the productive assets of the people.

At other points in the dredging districts —notably near Sacramento—considerable success has been achieved in the raising of eucalypts. The operation of a dredging machine is virtually that of deep mining, for it turns up the soil to a depth of 25 or 30 feet. Eucalyptus trees planted in this plowed field find little difficulty in sending their roots down to an abundant water supply, and their growth is often more rapid than on more highly valued ground. Lands not capable of sustaining a higher form of vegetable growth can thus be utilized for timber, and the sight of great forests of eucalypts, taking the place of present barren washes, may reasonably be hoped for within the next decade.

WINTER SKETCH

BY J. E. BREED

The brook is still;
No longer, sparkling on the air
Its music falls, but down its course
The trees stand, creaking, gaunt and bare.

Over the hill,
The storm clouds gather low, and brood,
And rising high, a muffled shout
Is heard within the leafless wood.

'Tis the Winter's call.
To-morrow, will the trees be set
With crystals, and the landscape hid
In a broad, white coverlet.

PERRO DEL DIABLO

BY GEORGE SAINT-AMOUR

FOR SEVERAL months Murray—Big Jim, his wife called him—had felt a grim sort of satisfaction at the inaccessibility of the country which held his claim. But with a knee smashed by the accidental discharge of an automatic pistol, and with no companion save Tex, the wildness of his surroundings was disheartening.

The presence of Tex meant personal safety so far as attack from men or animals went, but the smashed knee precluded all possibility of reaching his wife and Little Ben at El Toro for the present.

A man needed two mighty good legs to make his way out of these mountains. A plan to ride one of his sure-footed burros suggested itself, but a sharp reminder from the knee dismissed this idea.

From where Murray lay on a couch of pine boughs, he could see a succession of rugged peaks, deep valleys and miniature canyons—rough, broken, wild, almost unknown to civilized man.

"And beyond this rough country, seventy miles of desert to Marion and the baby," he whispered. "Confound the busted knee!"

He was overdue at home, too.

Murray turned his face toward the dog and Tex placed a paw on his arm. The big fellow looked at his master commiseratingly. They understood each other, these two.

"Something's got to be done, Tex," Murray said. "Mrs. Jim and 'L. B.' (his fond abbreviation of the mother's 'Little Ben') will worry themselves crazy if they don't hear from us pretty soon."

Stretched on his side, suffering keenest pain, an arm thrown across the big dog's back, Murray reviewed the situation. Much as he disliked to do so, he decided he would soon have to send the dog home for help. That would leave unprotected the cache further up the canyon—where his dust and a few nuggets, the result of much hard work, were buried. Who would herd his string of burros? Worst of all, if he sent Tex to El Toro, he would be alone during the long nights until his knee healed.

After thinking a few minutes, he repeated the requests and admonitions he had given Tex each morning since the accident:

"Go out and find a man," he said to the dog, holding the big head between his hands. "Go to the cache. See to the burros. Don't, don't get into trouble. Above all, old chap, find a man and bring him to me. Bring—a—man," he repeated.

Murray offered his hand and the man and dog "shook," after which Tex silently departed, followed by his master's eyes so long as visible, making his way toward the river.

Murray turned to the big olla suspended at his right, and was glad to find that he still had a considerable supply of water.

* * * *

The lone Mexican sheepherder far down the valley, of whose existence Murray was ignorant, knew that the dog was searching for a white man. On several occasions, Tex had rushed in his direction, only to turn away, growling, when close enough to distinguish features and dress. Then the big, solemn dog would go to a high point well situated for observation purposes, and sit motionless for hours, his nose pointing straight into the air.

The Mexican soon grew to feel superstitious about the dog and continually muttered: "el perro del diablo, el perro del diablo," for to his simple mind Tex seemed an uncanny beast, wandering, searching, alone—a veritable devil's dog.

To-day Tex made his way up a deep canyon with nose close to the ground. Occasionally he stopped, threw his head back and the point of his nose twitched ner-

Tex would remain motionless for hours.

vously. Then he would take up the scent again as it led him twisting and turning among the great jagged boulders.

Far up the canyon he stopped to drink from a clear little stream, and after he had satisfied his thirst, appeared puzzled for a moment. He darted about anxiously, the ever-busy nose quivering, and soon Big Jim's dog leaped across the water and re-located the scent.

A bob-cat watched him from a tree. The dog smelled the cat, but paid no attention to her. He looked formidable. The cat allowed him to go in peace.

As he proceeded, he became more cautious, scarcely disturbing the impressive silence of the mountains. A year with his experienced master in the wilds of the Southwest had taught the big fellow—a single mastiff-bloodhound cross with good breeding on both sides—that bravery was one quality and foolhardiness another. There were many things one must guard against: monster bears called silver-tips, always spoiling for a fight; lobo-wolves, savage and aggressive if suddenly cornered; mountain lions that would fight ten dogs if necessary.

As he rounded a huge boulder, Tex came to a sudden halt. Standing clearly outlined against the cloudless sky, he saw a man who did not look like the Mexicans he had been taught to avoid. His find stood, in a listening attitude, on a point of rock half way up the side of a deep ravine just ahead, at the canyon's mouth. He was either a person hunted or hunting.

For several minutes the dog waited to see what the man would do, what move he might make, but the man remained motionless as a statue, his hands on his hips, looking steadily ahead, and Tex began to slowly creep forward.

When still a hundred yards from the rock, and looking straight up at the man, Tex barked savagely. A lobo-wolf bounded out of sight; the combination of man and big dog was uninviting. The dog bristled viciously when he smelled the lobo, but he barely turned his head to look. It was the man he sought.

Very deliberately the dog started toward the rock, keeping a steady eye on the astounded, insulted man staring down upon him.

Presently the man appeared to decide that the dog's action indicated a purpose to attack him, so he started knife in hand to meet the audacious four-footed trespasser. It was necessary, however, in leaving the rock to make a detour along the precipitous side of the ravine, and when Tex saw what looked like an attempt to avoid him he became frantic. He lunged so fiercely against the rocks that the man stopped still, amazed.

With this the dog became less aggressive. The man was evidently puzzled when Tex looked up at him, whining and wagging his tail in friendly fashion. But the peace overtures continued only while the man made no move. He lifted a foot to make his further precarious way, and again the dog howled with rage and made desperate efforts to reach him. For the

first time, the man voiced his sentiments:

"Say, dog," he said, in a queer, stuttering manner, "you won't be so anxious to know me when I get down there."

Man and dog glared at each other. The anger of both seemed to be aggravated by the scrutiny, and when the dog made another upward leap the man brandished his knife.

Forgetting his slender foothold, he gesticulated wildly, when a foot slipped. He reeled for an instant, plunged forward, and with a scream of fear, began to roll and slide toward his enemy. His hand came into violent contact with a rock and the knife flew through the air, striking near the dog. It stood upright, vibrating in the blazing sun, the point of the long blade penetrating deep into a tree root.

Had it been a small stick, Tex would have paid slight heed. But a shining knife! Big Jim had several. He watched its progress through the air, and after it struck, either by accident or design placed himself between the weapon and the man tumbling toward him.

The man groaned when his body gave a last lurch and fell in a heap at the bottom. His whole frame quivered, then he lay still. There was blood on his cheek; it trickled from a tiny wound near the left temple.

Waiting a moment, the big brown dog crept to the man's side and smelled him from head to foot. He stood at the man's head and appeared much distressed. He licked the wounded temple, whining his sympathy. At the first sign of returning consciousness, Tex moved back a little, concealing the knife, and seemed much relieved when the man's eyes opened. The man looked at him, bewildered, and the dog wagged his tail gently.

The man passed his hand across the bruised temple. He struggled to a sitting position and turned his head slowly.

"Oh, it's you, is it?" he snarled.

He scrambled to his feet, reaching to his belt for the knife that should be there. Springing past him, the big dog was again beside the knife. He began to slowly, carefully advance upon the man. His great white teeth showed between the drawn black lips. The pretty "intelligence wrinkles" on his forehead disappeared. He looked ferocious. In a moment the man's courage failed him. He acknowledged himself outwitted, beaten.

"What do you want?" he cried, desperately. "What do you want? Let a fellow know what to do," he whined.

For answer, the dog continued to creep toward him, growling, turning every second or so to look at the knife.

"All right," said the man, as he saw his knife, "all right. It's the only weapon I've had for months, but I—don't want it," he concluded sarcastically.

He wheeled straight about and started to walk down the ravine. Immediately there was a change in the dog's attitude. Still maintaining his angry appearance, he acted less anxious. The captor fell in behind the captive, and they walked along quietly. Occasionally the mountain man

"I'll watch for you from the bluffs over there."

—in the dog's mind he must have been the Mountain Man—turned a frightened face to look at his escort, and was each time greeted with a wag of the tail, which might signify friendliness. If he hesitated, however, if his steps faltered, then the long, white, dangerous-looking teeth were exposed.

The mountain man received a bad fright when he reached a point where the ravine split into two small canyons. He was about to turn to the left when the dog bumped him and pushed him so violently to the right that for some distance he walked straight ahead, supported by quaking knees, his hands clenched, his face pale.

A moment later the interesting mountain tableau had its dramatic qualities intensified. Tex gave voice to thrilling, prolonged howls, a mingling of the mastiff's deep notes and the bloodhound's sharp trail yelp. While the frightened mountain man proceeded, puzzled by the dog's cry, listening to the echoes which rebounded from cliff to cliff, he was suddenly brought to a sharp halt by the sight of a small hut, partly hidden under an overhanging rock, which formed the roof of the flimsy structure.

The man stopped still to stare at the hut and the dog crept noiselessly within leaping distance of his prisoner. The sorely pressed mountain man seemed paralyzed with fear at sight of a human abode.

"What devilish fate is playing with me?" he muttered.

"I will not go closer to that place," he said, aloud, and started to turn away. But the dog's full hundred weight struck him between the shoulders. An instant later he lay on his back with the dog's front feet pressing on his chest and the horrible, threatening head close to his face. Tex was thoroughly mad, and looked it. An attempt to thwart him at the last moment had roused him to a dangerous state. Yet he dealt gently with the man so completely at his mercy. He seemed to appreciate the man's abject fear, for he stepped back, allowing the man to rise to his feet.

"Are you Old Nick himself?" whispered the man.

The dog's tail wagged.

"Well, all right," the man continued, staring apprehensively at the hut, "all right; I'll go, but I don't know what will happen to me."

He started slowly in the direction of the hut. Tex kept so close now that his head occasionally rubbed against the man's knees, increasing his dread.

As the pair were rounding a corner of the hut, the man hesitated, and Tex, impatient at the slightest delay, took no gentle hold of his trouser leg and walked straight ahead, almost throwing his victim. The dog did not seem to be in a bad humor, though; his tail was gently swaying from side to side. He was merely hastening matters. And as they approached the door of the hut, the dog dropped back a step, forcing the man he had brought in to enter and face Big Jim alone.

Tex had obeyed orders. His task was done.

For an instant the men stared at each other in silence. Murray's expression was sterner than Tex had ever seen it, while the mountain man's face expressed absolute terror when he saw the wounded prospector. His eyes were distended; his jaw dropped; he trembled violently.

Having heard the howl of a few minutes previous, Murray was sitting bolt upright, the wounded leg propped into a position of comparative comfort. The automatic 45 which had done the damage to his knee lay convenient.

"Well, Doctor Ben," said Murray, "how are you?"

The mountain man continued to stare. His lips moved, but made no sound. Presently his shifty eyes saw a rifle hanging near at hand and involuntarily (perhaps) he moved toward it. At a glance from Big Jim, Tex slipped between the repeater and the stranger. Again the trapped man tried to speak. He swallowed convulsively, while Murray looked at him with growing compassion.

"Come, come, Dr. Ben," Murray encouraged, "say something. How are you?"

He waited some minutes before he heard: "Why—don't—you—shoot?" in a hoarse whisper.

"Oh, no, Ben," replied Murray, "I don't want to shoot any one, especially you!"

Murray turned to Tex and talked to the dog as if he had the understanding of a man.

"This is Doctor Truesdale, Tex. He's an old friend." He stopped and Truesdale's face expressed wonder. "He's an old friend, Tex," Murray repeated, a kind note in his voice. "Shake hands with him."

The big brown dog walked up to Truesdale and offered the paw of friendship, which was hesitatingly accepted.

Murray was watching Truesdale closely. From the moment that he first appeared guarded by the dog, Murray was satisfied that his former friend's mind was at least slightly out of order—and this explained many unpleasant things. Closer scrutiny of the wretched man touched Murray's soft heart.

"Why, it is a long time since we have seen each other, Doctor Ben," he said, casually.

Not receiving any reply, he repeated the remark.

"And," he continued, "you're just the man we need," pointing to his wounded leg.

For the first time a look of genuine intelligence flashed across the half-demented man's face. Instantly his professional instinct ruled. Throwing off his wide hat and rolling back his sleeves, he carefully washed his hands. Then he dropped on his knees beside Murray, and with fingers which had not lost their cunning he set to work examining the wound. Occasionally a muttered sentence escaped him: "Pretty bad!" "Hurt a week ago!" "Bone slightly injured!" "Be all right in three weeks!" etc.

Meanwhile the patient remained silent. Murray was wondering how he could best introduce a dangerous subject without upsetting the doctor's slender hold on a once superior mental equipment.

Truesdale bathed the knee carefully.. Tearing a piece of cloth into strips, he bandaged the wound and stepped back to inspect his work. He appeared very critical, shaking his head from side to side.

"Thank you, Doctor Ben," said Murray. "Thank you very much. How long before I can use this knee, do you suppose?"

"You can use it a little in three weeks, perhaps," replied Truesdale.

Murray was much pleased to see that Truesdale had become tranquil, collected.

After standing in the middle of the hut for a few minutes apparently lost in thought—perhaps trying to think—Truesdale abruptly seated himself on an upturned water bucket. He dropped his chin in his hand and sat, moodily silent, now and then glancing fearfully at watchful Tex outside.

Tex came to Murray's side as if to in-

"I buried two cans of dust here."

quire about the paining knee, and Murray talked to him in a low voice without arousing the slightest evidence of interest from Truesdale. As the dog passed out, he sniffed at the stranger, but received no sign of recognition. Murray was trying to evolve a plausible scheme to bring Truesdale's mind to past events. He was sorely perplexed. He did not feel the slightest anger toward the man who, after an attempted crime, had so mysteriously disappeared about three years previous. Rather, he was sorry. He wished the whole past, as it referred to Truesdale, could be forgotten. Truesdale had given promise in the old days that he would do something worth while.

Soon an idea occurred to Murray, and he brightened up. The hopeful smile left his face, however, when he looked at his friend and saw that Truesdale's face had again become expressionless. He deliberately turned his head to shut out the unpleasant picture.

Slipping his hand into the pocket of a coat hanging at his head, Murray withdrew a photograph at which he looked earnestly. Presently, while studying the picture and without warning, he broke into subdued laughter. But Truesdale appeared not to hear. He was paying no attention to those about him. He was staring straight ahead—at nothing. Again Murray laughed, more boisterously this time, and Truesdale suddenly roused out of his lethargy by a sound which he had not heard during his long period of mental eclipse, sat alertly erect. Murray faced his unwilling guest.

"Pardon me," he explained; "I was laughing at something Little Ben did one day."

"Little Ben!" ejaculated Truesdale.

"Yes, our little boy, you know."

Truesdale walked to the open door and looked at the wild country around them —as a man who had never seen the Mogollons would look. He patted Tex on the head, and the dog made a friendly response to the caress. His face looked bright with intelligence now. After a considerable period of silence he spoke:

"You said Little Ben, didn't you, Jim?"

"The jolliest little chap in all the world," replied Murray. "He's named for you, you know."

"Named for me?" exclaimed Truesdale.

"Why, of course," said Murray. "Didn't you know? Of course you didn't. I had forgotten."

Truesdale sprang excitedly to his feet. Tex, bristling, did likewise, and Murray had an anxious moment. With the big dog facing him, Truesdale asked:

"Do you mean to say, Jim, that you and Marion named a little boy Ben—for me!—after what——"

"Never mind what happened," interrupted Murray. "Marion and I considered that you had reason to feel very bad —maybe she treated you shabbily. Anyhow, I'm glad I lost that position—and we won't talk about the other matter. I came up here and prospected, and you should see the nuggets and dust I have hidden up the canyon!"

Truesdale extended a hand, into which Murray placed the photograph.

"Little Ben, Little Ben," Truesdale murmured, re-seating himself. "Marion's little boy. Of course I love him! What a fine little fellow."

For the first time since his encounter with Tex his features relaxed; his eyes filled with tears.

Murray resumed: "We have been so happy, Ben. We've had only one trouble since the day we were married, and that was about your disappearance. Naming the boy for you we thought only right. Being 'Little Ben,' he is sort of your boy, too, you see. Marion often said to me, 'Ben loved me and we must remember him,' so we perpetuated your memory with a second Ben."

"Will you shake hands with me?" asked Truesdale, rising. He was very nervous.

"Certainly, with pleasure. You are one of my old friends," replied Murray.

Tex looked solemnly upon the renewal of friendship. He licked the clasped hands as the men faced each other, the one standing, the other lying quite helpless.

"Now, Ben," said Murray, "I want you to do a favor for Little Ben and Marion." Truesdale was attentive. "I want you," continued Murray, "to go with Tex and notify them that I am all right, and tell Marion that when I reach El Toro we shall be able to buy that nice little home we've talked about. Will you go?"

"At once," replied Truesdale. "Have

He made the dog ride the burro.

you a burro? We'll pack and start now. Does Tex remember the way? You see," he continued, hanging his head, "I don't remember how I got into the mountains, nor how long I've been here. My first recollection of this," and he waved his arm in a circle to include all of the beautiful, rugged country about them, "is a hole in a rock—a cliff dweller's home. I successfully avoided men till your dog saw me—"

"Oh, yes, Tex knows the route," Murray hastened to interrupt. "We've made the trip several times. He'll pilot you. You make proper preparations. He'll do the rest, including camp watch."

Tex became much interested when his name was mentioned.

Murray continued: "By the time you return, I'll be able to walk a little, and I'll watch for you and Tex from the bluff out there," pointing across the canyon. "You'll probably find Marion and Little Ben waiting on the mesa just outside of El Toro. They will be looking for me."

* * * *

A few miles from Murray's hut, Truesdale stopped to dig beside the river. At short intervals he paused to look at the dog and say:

"I buried two cans of dust here. There are several big nuggets, too."

He looked happy. His face was calm and peaceful.

"It's all for Little Ben, my namesake," he told the dog a dozen times. "The stuff will put him through a medical school when he's grown up."

He made the dog ride the burro when they resumed their journey.

"Just to show you that I'm all right, Tex," he explained; "you mount guard over Little Ben's dust and nuggets."

IN THE REALM OF BOOKLAND

Both the literary world and the general public are indebted to H. J. Moors for writing and placing before us so thoroughly enjoyable a book as "With Stevenson in Samoa." Mr. Moors was a close friend of Robert Louis Stevenson, and was associated with him most intimately during the novelist's life in the South Sea Islands. From start to finish the book holds one's interest. It tells in detail of Stevenson's arrival in Apia, of his purchase of "Vailima," his island home, and the construction upon it of his house; of the life in the beautiful spot; of Stevenson's quaint character, his home life, his fads, his struggles and his beautiful character. The period with which the book deals was that in which the three powers, England, Germany and the United States, were wrangling with one another over the islands, which were in a state of intertribal warfare and intrigue.

Throughout it all, Stevenson won and retained to his death the love and devotion of the natives of every faction, who affectionately named him "Tusitala"—the teller of tales. The student of international affairs will find a fund of information in the story regarding the international intrigues, the treachery of so-called civilized nations, the behavior—at times the decided misbehavior—of certain missionaries; the efforts made by baffled intriguers to have Stevenson banished or otherwise punished for alleged inciting of rebellion, when, as a matter of fact, he was exerting his every power to harmonize the warring elements. The book is extremely well written, is copiously illustrated in half-tone from photographs, and cannot fail to give a few hours of intense enjoyment to the reader.

Small, Maynard & Co., Boston.

No story of Arctic travel yet published gives so detailed, complete and graphic a description of the life of the Eskimos of the extreme north as "Hunting with the Eskimos," by Harry Whitney, the famous big game hunter, friend of Peary and other explorers, Arctic and sub-Arctic. Mr. Whitney tells in this book a story of hardship, of exciting adventure and of hunting that cannot be excelled. He accompanied Peary to the Far North upon the latter's last polar trip, and was left by him at Etah, where his enthusiasm for big game hunting and for new experiences led him to decide to remain until the return either of Peary in the *Roosevelt* or of the relief ship *Erik*. For fourteen months Whitney lived among the Eskimos, sharing their lives, participating in their pleasures, dangers and hardships, and learning enough of the real Eskimo character to make fast friendships with them. Some of the hardships through which the author passed are little less than thrilling, and some of his accounts of the fidelity and devotion of his Eskimo friends are really touching. During his long exile, Whitney hunted and killed polar bear, walrus, narwhal, musk oxen, seal and any quantity of lesser game, such as Arctic hare, ptarmigan, ducks and geese, and the like. The book is essentially a man's book, yet it has a human interest to it that any sympathetic woman cannot fail to enjoy.

The Century Co., New York.

Harold Bell Wright has written several attractive things, at least one of which, "The Shepherd of the Hills," earned for him immediate attention and favor from the discriminating literary public. He has now followed this with what he terms a Christmas classic, entitled "The Uncrowned King." It is the best he has produced. It differs considerably from "The Shepherd," and attracts by a certain analysis of the character, of the mind—or soul, if you prefer—that leaves its impress almost unconsciously upon the thoughtful reader. It is an inspiration, a solace and a delight to read it.

The Book Supply Co., Chicago.

One of the most interesting books of the season is "The Shogun's Daughter," by Robert Ames Bennet. It is the most

graphic and instructive work on the strange customs and picturesque life in Japan prior to the Meiji, or "period of enlightenment," that has been printed. While essentially fiction, of ultra romantic character, it is a remarkable contribution to sociologic, political and historical literature. The tale itself, although thrilling and full of action from start to finish, is fantastic. The principal hero—there are several—is a young American naval officer, who resigns, but later returns to Japan with a young Japanese nobleman, whom he had befriended. The period was the middle of the last century, just before and at the time of Commodore Perry's visit to Japan. The adventures of the American, his love affair with the Shogun's daughter, and the civil wars that then tore Japan, only to result in the great modern Japan of to-day, give ample field for the author's talents. The book is well illustrated in colors.

A. C. McClurg & Co., Chicago. $1.35 net.

Under a work with the title, "Government Ownership of Railways," A. Van Wagenen discusses that subject from the standpoint of its advocate. He points to the fact that most nations of importance now own their own railways, wholly or in part, and holds that they are making a success of it. While decrying Socialism, he does not wholly avoid giving support to some Socialistic doctrines. The book is well and logically written, although many arguments on the other side of the question are omitted.

G. P. Putnam's Sons. $1.25.

"Wood Wanderings" is a dainty, attractive little booklet by Charles Copeland, in which are reprinted a number of very pretty short sketches suggested by rural roamings, which were originally published in the Boston Transcript. The land of spruce, the birds of the nor'easter, the squirrel harvest, "some crows I have known," and similar subjects, have chapters devoted to them.

Small, Maynard & Co., Boston.

"Hearts Atour" is a jolly story of love-making on a European tour, in which a rich suitor is a rival for the affections of the fair tourist. There are many sprightly situations, the story is admirably told, and contains numerous attractive characters, including a fine English laddie, an aviator—to bring it up to date, of course—charming English people and good Americans. The Ranelagh Club, Oxford, a fine English country estate, a London season, and good old Stamford, Connecticut, give some of the environment.

The Evening Post Job Printing Office. $1.50.

"Uncle Remus and the Little Boy," by Joel Chandler Harris, has just been reproduced in most attractive style by Small, Maynard & Co. It is handsomely bound and well illustrated in colors by J. Conde. The familiar stories of the Doodang, of Brer Rabbit and Brer B'ar, of the Teenchy-Tiny Duck and all the other favorites, are contained in the volume.

Small, Maynard & Co., Boston.

In "Molly Make-Believe," Eleanor Hallowell Abbott has written a pretty love story, suitable to the summer hammock or the winter fireside. It is largely conventional, but not wholly so, and is a well-written and entertaining tale.

The Century Co., New York.

In "The Red-Blooded," Edgar Beecher Bronson has assembled a number of exciting stories of the strenuous life. Most of them have the West for their scene, in the lurid days of the middle sixties and early seventies, when Texas, Arizona and New Mexico were the fields of the warfare between Apaches and Comanches and the advancing whites. The cowboy, the "bad man," the stage "messenger," the train robber, the frontier sheriff and marshal—all these types are given full justice in the stories. Other types of "the red-blooded" are described in early aeronauts and hunters and travelers in Africa. The illustrations are good.

A. C. McClurg & Co., Chicago. $1.50.

XI. Must Jews Become Christians in Order to Return to Divine Favor?

BY C. T. RUSSELL, Pastor Brooklyn Tabernacle

USING THE WORD Christian after the ordinary manner as applied to the various sects, Catholic and Protestant, we answer No! Such is not their future course as outlined in the Bible. We are not forgetting that those first called Christians at Antioch were all Jews. Neither are we forgetting that the "high calling" to be Spiritual Israelites, "saints," is open to people of every kindred, nation and tongue, and hence to Jews as well as to others. We are, however, making a wide distinction between the Christians of the Apostles' days and the nominalism which goes under the title of Christian to-day and for centuries past. We know of no reason why a saintly Jew might not with full credit to himself and with full respect to the Jewish religion, accept the Gospel invitation to become a Spiritual Israelite. Spiritual Israelites are really saintly Jews who recognize all the promises of God made to Abraham and his seed and who recognize the Law Covenant made with God's chosen people at Mt. Sinai, and who recognize not only the types of the Heavenly things (the higher things), but their antitypes, the spiritual realities.

It is the accretions of error which have become associated with the name Christian which make the name and the system of doctrines which it represents repulsive to the Jew, repulsive also to more than the Jew, to many thinking people both inside and outside the various sects of Christendom, so called.

Some of the Jews' Differences.

The long training of the Jew in monotheism is his first hindrance. He reads in the Law, "Hear O Israel, the Lord thy God is one—Jehovah. Thou shalt have no other Gods before him." With this definite command continually sounding in his ears as the first and chiefest statement of the Decalogue, is it any wonder that the Jew rejects the doctrine of the Trinity? It is an absurdity to him, indeed, that there are three Gods in one God, or, as some others state it, three persons or representations of one God, or as others state it, three Gods equal in power and in glory with a oneness of purpose. To join Christendom, the Jew would be required to accept this proposition against which not only his moral sense but also all his common sense rebel. He promptly resents as contrary to all of his holy Scriptures the thought that there is more than one God.

When others approach the Jew from a different standpoint and say, We agree with you, there is only one God, but he has made three different manifestations of himself, and Jesus was one of these, the Jew replies, Would you have me believe that Jesus was Jehovah God, and that when he died, the great king of the universe expired on Calvary? I can never believe such an absurdity!

The Trinitarian replies, You must believe this or be damned to eternal torment —nothing less can save you. You must believe that Jehovah God appeared in the form of a man, and that the death upon Calvary was essential to human salvation. You may take either of two views of the matter as we Trinitarians are divided: You may say that when Jesus died on the cross Jehovah died, and that we were without a God until the third day thereafter, when he rose from the dead; or, you may say as other Trinitarians say,

that when Jesus died upon the cross Jehovah did not die, but merely disassociated himself from the body with which he had been associated for thirty-three and one-half years. With these Trinitarians you may say that Jesus merely pretended to pray to Jehovah, calling upon him as his Father—pretended (as a part of the general scheme all of which was a deception) that God for a time appeared to be a man, appeared to have human weaknesses and necessities—sorrowed, wept, ate, drank, slept—to carry out the delusion.

Is it any wonder that the Jew refuses to believe such irrational, such unscriptural presentations respecting Jehovah God? We believe that it is to the credit of the Jew that he has rejected such unreason, and that for centuries he has clung to the teachings of the Holy Scriptures. We hold that to bring the Jew under such misconceptions of the truth, and to thus fetter his reason and his conscience, would be to do him an injury.

The Jews Should Not Be "Christianized."

These very teachings already have done incalculable injury to Christians, causing needless confusion of thought and driving many to agnosticism. So far from assisting Jews into such misbeliefs, contrary both to the Old Testament and to the New Testament, we should help Christians out of the entanglements of these hoary errors, back to the simple teachings of Jesus, the Apostles and Prophets.

How plainly the Apostle states the matter, saying, that to the heathen there be Lords many and Gods many, but "to us there is one living and true God of whom are all things; and one Lord (Master, Rabbi) Jesus Christ by whom are all things." (1 Cor. 8:5, 6.) Hearken again to a correct translation of John 1:1-3, 5: "In the beginning was the Logos and the Logos was with *the* God and the Logos was *a* God. The same was in the beginning with *the* God. All things were made by him, and without him was not one thing made that was made. * * * And the Logos was made flesh and dwelt amongst us, and we beheld his glory as the glory of the only begotten of the Father full of grace and truth."

How beautifully simple and clear the matter is when we take this inspired explanation of the relationship between Jehovah the Father and Creator of all things who was without beginning, "from everlasting to everlasting, God"—and the glorious Son of God who was his *first* creation and through whom he exercised the power which created both angels and men. Nor are these passages which we have quoted isolated ones, contrary to the general sentiment of the Old and New Testaments. On the contrary, they express the very essence of all their teachings. Jesus himself declared that he came not to do his own will, but the will of the Father who sent him. He again declared: "The Father is greater than I—greater than all." He declared that he came from God to obediently do the Divine will, and that he came under the promise that he would be again exalted to the spirit plane after finishing the work which the Father gave him to do, in the which he was stimulated by the "joy which was set before him."—Heb, 12-2.

He did, indeed, declare that he and the Father were one; but he showed that he meant not one in person but one in harmony, because he did not his own will, but the will of the Father. He showed this by praying in the same connection for his disciples "that they may be *one* even as thou Father and I are one," not one in person, but one in unison of heart in fellowship with the Father, sharers of his spirit.—John 17:11.

Earthly and Heavenly Promises.

Not a single Scripture from Genesis to Revelations mentions the Trinity or even hints that we have three Gods equal in power and in glory. Because there was no Scripture one was manufactured in the seventh century by adding certain words to I. John, 5:7, 8. All Bible scholars know of this addition, and that it was not found in any manuscript of earlier date than the seventh century. Why do they not inform the people of the truth? Is it because the doctrine is so ingrained in all of the creeds that they fear that to tell the truth on this subject might cause a general investigation on the part of some? We answer that thousands are falling into infidelity because of this doctrine and the doctrines of Purgatory and Eternal Torment. We urge that the more intelligent of Christian people are losing all faith in the Divine Word because of these absurdities which they are taught to be-

lieve are the most important teachings of the Bible; whereas, rightly understood, the Holy Scriptures teach none of these things, but on the contrary present a most reasonable, sound, consistent presentation of the divine plan for human salvation that could possibly be asked for.

Assuredly we must not try to bring the Jew into the darkness and inconsistencies that we are endeavoring ourselves to get out of, and endeavoring to help others out of. But if we did endeavor to proselyte the Jew to these inconsistencies, would the endeavor succeed, has the endeavor succeeded during the past seventeen centuries since these errors were received by Christendom? Were not practically all the Jews ever reached by the Gospel reached by that pure message which Jesus and the Apostles preached, and which today is obsolete in Christendom so far as our "orthodox" creeds are concerned?

Jesus Honored as a Great Jew.

Not merely one but many Jewish Rabbis have attempted to give the Jewish conception of Jesus. They have spoken of him in highest terms as a great teacher who discussed great truths beyond the ability of his day to comprehend. Thus they account for the opposition which he aroused, and which led to his death. Why ask them to admit more than this? Why endeavor to make them believe an absurdity contrary to the Master's own words? The absurdity, the untruth, is what acts as an emetic upon the Jew and causes him to reject Jesus of Nazareth entirely. On the contrary, the true presentation of the claims of Jesus as he made them and as his Apostles made them would evidently be as unoffensive to the Jew as to the German, the Italian or the Briton. Suppose, for instance, we were to tell him the truth as follows:

Your Scriptures teach that your nation is to be used of God as his instrumentality in dispensing Divine favor to all nations. You agree that Moses was not the great leader intended to accomplish this, for he died without accomplishing it. He himself pointed out the coming of a greater Prophet and greater Teacher and greater Law-giver, the Mediator of a greater Covenant. That greater Covenant is mentioned by your prophets as a "New Covenant" which God will make with you "after those days, saith the Lord." (Jeremiah 31:31-34.) The law of that New Covenant will be written upon your hearts instead upon tables of stone. Does not this imply that the antitype of Moses, the greater Prophet than he, will be exceeding great? Look also to your Prophet—King David and your wise King Solomon. Call to mind the prophesies that Messiah shall come from this line, but that he shall be immensely greater than either David or Solomon. Point the Jew to the fact that Melchisadec was a priest as well as a king, and that of him God declared: "I have sworn and I will not repent. Thou (Messiah) shalt be a priest forever after the Melchisadec order—a reigning priest."

The Jew would have no difficulty whatever in identifying a Messiah the antitype, the greater, more glorious Prophet, Priest and King, and that all of those great Jewish characters of the past merely foreshadowed or typified the Messiah of glory. If then we call their attention to the prophesy of Daniel (12:1) they are ready to identify that prophesy also with the same Messiah. They will freely admit that he must be very great to be called, "who as God"—one like God. Call their attention then to Daniel's prophesy (7:13, 14) in which Messiah is represented as receiving his kingdom at the end of the Times of the Gentiles.

All these things the Jewish mind can grasp, does grasp—rejoices in. This testimony brings to them fresh hope, fresh courage. If, therefore, the errors of so-called Christendom were out of the way it would be a very simple matter indeed to show the Jew that Jesus, the Great Teacher of the past, who died, did not die by accident but of Divine intention, and that his death was of Divine foreordination as necessary for the forgiveness of Adamic sin and the recovery of the race from the death sentence. It surely would not be difficult for the Jew to see *that sacrifice* as the antitype foreshadowed by the sin offering of their Day of Atonement, and that without the atonement for sin on this grand scale, Messiah could not bless the race of sinners.

The Jew has a keen sense of justice, and could readily see (1) that God, having pronounced the sentence of death against the sinner could not rescind his own decision. (2) They could also see that the teaching of the Law, "an eye for

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an eye, a tooth for a tooth," implied that to redeem the sinner would require a man's life for a man's life—the death of a holy one as the redemption price of our father Adam and his race, which lost life-rights through him.

What Say the Scriptures?

God's Chosen People have been under Divine supervision and care for thirty-five hundred years so that they have been kept separate from all the nations of earth and are thus a standing miracle testifying to the truthfulness of the holy promises of the Scriptures. This teaches us to look to the Scriptures respecting their future. The same Scriptures which testify to their solidarity as a people inform us that they will become a nation at the close of this Gospel Age when "the set time" for God to remember Zion shall come. St. Paul explicitly points out that Divine favor will return to natural Israel just as soon as the "call" of this Gospel Age to the Heavenly Kingdom class shall have reached fulfillment.

Then "they shall obtain mercy through your mercy"—through the saintly few who, during this age, become identified with the glorified Messiah as his Bride and joint heir. Hence it was evidently not the Divine intention that the Jew should be amalgamated in the Christian systems of to-day. Indeed, this separateness from the masses of Christendom is to work to the advantage of the Jew in that he will be the better prepared for the earthly blessings that are then to come to him.—Romans 11:25:32.

The blessings of the new dispensation about to be ushered in will be earthly blessings, and the Jew knows that all of the promises of God contained in the Mosaic law and writings of the holy prophets of old tell of earthly blessings—not of heavenly or spiritual favors. The Jew will be more ready to respond to the new order of things than his Christian or Gentile neighbors will be. Moreover, according to the Scriptures, the princes or rulers seen amongst men will be of Jewish stock, Abraham, Isaac and Jacob, and all the prophets raised from the dead in full human perfection to be the "princes in all the earth" and representatives of Messiah's invisible spirit Kingdom. That the Jew will be in much better condition of mind to receive the teachings and requirements of those new princes needs no discussion.—Psalm 45:16.

Before leaving this subject, we note the prophesy of old which tells that at the time Messiah will manifest the glories of his power and begin his intervention in human affairs in favor of the right and against the wrong, will be a time of "Jacob's trouble," a time when the Jews will be in special tribulation from their foes. Then the Lord shall manifest his power on their behalf as in olden times, giving them a miraculous deliverance which they will recognize. In consequence the Prophet declares they shall look upon, discern, "recognize Him whom they pierced"—not by seeing the glorious Messiah (Daniel 12:1), with their natural sight, but they will recognize Him with the eyes of their understanding.—Zachariah 12:10.

At that time of favor toward them on the part of Messiah, "the great Prince which standeth for the children of Daniel's people," they shall discern that the glorious time of opportunity and blessing for which they so long waited has come. Then their sorrow will be great, as they will recognize to the full their national mistake in the rejection of Jesus, but "the Lord will pour upon them the spirit of prayer and of supplication," and their mourning will be but the beginning of their blessing and time of rejoicing. All the same, this prophesy proves decidedly that it is not the Divine intention that the Jews as a race shall become Christians, or become associated with the Christian systems of this age, which, alas, so seriously misrepresent the Great Teacher and the glorious truths which He and his Apostles taught.

Let us leave the Jew in the future to his God, that he may in due time receive the blessing which God has promised him. Let Christendom in general go on in its blindness as the Scriptures also foretell, to its destruction, but let those of God's people, sanctified in Christ Jesus, walk circumspectly, not after the flesh, but after the spirit. Let them seek as spiritual Israelites the heavenly things and jointheirship with Messiah on the spiritual plane; not begrudging to the Jew the first place in the earthly phase of Messiah's Kingdom through which all the families of the earth will be blessed.